

METHODIST REVIEW

JULY, 1910

ART. I.—BORDEN PARKER BOWNE¹

"IN Christian thought death is no calamity, least of all is it an overthrowing or destruction; it is simply an event in the life of God's children, and they all 'live unto him,' and they live unto us also." These are Dr. Bowne's own words. If the spirit of them shall rule us, this day will not be one of lamentation over defeat, but of holy joy; joy not only that his great life has been given to us, but also that it can never be taken away; joy in what he has accomplished, and likewise in his undiminished efficiency. He lives unto God and he lives "unto us also."

Teaching is an extension of the parental functions. What makes a teacher great is not so much his superior grasp of the material of instruction, or his conscious wisdom in the choice of methods, as simple yearning toward the personality of his pupils. Let us, then, celebrate our revered teacher, first of all, as an intellectual and spiritual father. What is the fascination that drew so many thousands of pupils to his lecture room and held them there such willing prisoners? It was not a place where inattentive, lazy, or sluggish minds sought indulgence, for sharp arrows truly aimed were always the portion of such students. "I have a large body of theologues this term," he wrote on one occasion, "most of them unpromising—children of the dragon's teeth, and not of her wisdom teeth at that." Was it, then, the wit and humor that sparkled in every lecture that kept his classes full for thirty-four years? Wit has power, but not such power as this. We

¹ Address before the alumni of the School of Theology of Boston University, April 25, 1910.

did, indeed, enjoy his exhaustless wit—metaphors that shriveled up our old heavens and suddenly made all things new, epigrams that could kill or make alive, puns that were at once philosophy and works of art—yet the attraction was more compelling than this. We flocked to him because he was a man with a message that we liked to hear. His idealism fitted into our needs. It was the crisp air of mountaintops and their wide horizon, the assurance that life is great and good, the very joy of dissent from popular thought-tendencies, and even from our own past selves—it was this that drew us. Yet not this chiefly. The magnet of his personality would have held us even if his philosophy had been different. Let a Bowne discuss anything that a strong, earnest, analytic mind like his could ever care to teach, and students would find his teaching a veritable water of life. Never was a teacher more free from sentimentality; rarely, if ever, did he intentionally draw aside the curtain of his inner life except in private converse with one or another student whose responsiveness had attracted his attention and led to something like intimacy. Yet his very life was wrapped up in his students. He loved to teach as a father loves to guide the steps of a child who is learning to walk. He taught his pupils as individuals, not merely in the mass, and he remembered them one by one. On his occasional journeys to distant cities how he delighted to meet the men, once his pupils, who had entered upon the stern struggle of their life work! He called them “the boys,” or “our boys,” and I think I never saw him more happy, outside his home, than on these occasions. Speaking of his experiences during a lecturing tour in the West three years ago, he said, “Throughout the trip the boys were the very best possible, and I had a kind of feeling of Simeon, ‘Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace.’” These “boys” of his are his debtors on many accounts—for help in securing positions, for advice, for gentle criticism, for encouragement in trouble, as well as for instruction—but most of all because we are just his “boys.” Whether his students generally knew the tenderness of his heart is doubtful, but now and then it could not help revealing itself, as in his response to the afflictions of Byron Palmer. The brilliancy of his philosophical discourse was balanced by deep fondness for

simple pleasures. "You ought to take to gardening," he says. "I raise roses galore. I cut every summer about three thousand choice blooms, and I find the work its own exceeding great reward." "My hyacinths are beginning to bloom; so are the narcissi. The violets are about done, but I've picked as many as twenty dozen a day from my little frame. Of all the odors, according to my nose, there is none other so gracious and refined and refining as the violet. What manner of man ought I to be with 12x20 violets in the house?"

Of his life within the family circle would that I had the right to speak without restraint. For who that has shared the intimacies of his hospitable home has failed to feel there his true greatness more even than in his lectures and his books? Here was a life lived on a high plane of simple affection, and contentment, and joy. And "the life that now is" was consciously lived in God. When sorrow came, and the wish, as he says, "not of thought but of feeling," was "that we might all die and be buried together," when he could declare, "I hardly know myself in feeling, I've learned so much since last June," then came also the Comforter. The pain was no more real than the healing hand of the Father. Indeed, I would not know where to look for a more clear, unwavering faith and joy in God. His idealistic philosophy culminated, not in a set of propositions but in a living experience of the Father and of the communion of saints. On one occasion he remarked that he sometimes felt that it would hardly surprise him if the whole phenomenal world should suddenly drop away, and the real world of spirit should stand open to his gaze.

I have said that his philosophy culminated in religious experience, but it is equally true that his intense religiousness is the starting point of his activity as a theologian and a philosopher. His whole life-endavor can be summed up in this: that he strove to raise religion to a high plane of ethical purpose and clear thinking, and to set forth and defend the rationality of its fundamental concepts. In his endeavor to elevate and rationalize religion he took the part of a progressive, and to many he gave the impression of being a radical; but as a defender of the religious conception of the world he appeared as a conservative in philosophy. In his

hands theology was neither speculation on the divine mysteries nor yet the defense of authoritative dogma, but, rather, rational reflection upon the religious experience. "There is a great demand for work which will get the church out of this false supernatural," said he. "This is the thing which finds God only in the extraordinary and abnormal, and which, consequently, looks with distrust on the harmonious working of thought and conscience and will as marks of the divine presence." He believed in an historical revelation, but that for us the essential thing about it is that, through prophets and apostles, and supremely through Jesus, we ourselves are able to accept the Christian way of thinking about God and his purposes. Men "need the Bible only as it helps them to this view." He believed in atonement as the historical fact and in the present experience of the great Helper and Revealer; in salvation as a restoration of filial relations with the Father, and the establishment of ethical attitudes and conduct on the Christian plane; he appreciated diverse types of religious experience, but he insisted that, "however far we may go in religious fervor and aspiration, we must never lose sight of the ethical aim." In his mind this is all very simple, but he found Christian teachers confusing and sometimes corrupting these standards by abstract theories, artificial distinctions, and official moral obtuseness. The moral distinctions that he had in mind are not the same as that between "saints and sinners." There is a difference between such "theological abstractions and living men." "The saints are not saved, they are being saved." He went once to another city to read a paper on "The Aim and Test of Religion." "The aim is righteousness, the test is obedience. 'What doth the Lord require of thee but to do justly,' etc. ? 'Hereby we know if we know him, that we keep his commandments.' I had a pretty good time," he remarks. "Some of the brethren said 'Amen!'" Mechanical schemes of atonement leading to artificial standards of life he could not abide. He desired a revision of the Methodist regulation concerning amusements because it sets up an artificial standard and hinders the full moralization of conduct. Good sense he regarded as a bulwark of true religion. "God grant us," he once said, "a baptism of good sense and

loyalty, not to Methodism or any other ism, but to Christ and his kingdom!"

In his own person he was a striking example of simple loyalty to the church—loyalty to his local society, to the denomination as a whole, and to the universal church. It was because he loved the denomination and the whole church that he was so uncompromising in his criticisms. The greatest severity is that of a tender man who is also loyal and in dead earnest. He often seemed, indeed, to be more severe than he really was simply because it fell to his keenly analytic mind to strip moral issues of all the accretions of tradition and all the disguises of special interests. It was not harshness but power of sustained analytic attention that made his words so sharp against the official ecclesiastical conscience. "Truth-telling," he remarks, "has never been a religious virtue." After giving examples of exaggerated and partly fictitious statements by ecclesiastics, he says: "Thus we fire the Methodist heart and establish the gospel. Of course it's not lying; it's only lingo; but to one who doesn't understand it it seems like lying. . . . But if I keep on writing in this vein, I shall need 'an ounce of civet to sweeten my imagination.'" He did not always write in this vein by any means. Thirteen months ago yesterday he declared, "I think the total outlook for good things was never so promising as it is now, and I find myself increasingly optimistic." Like the prophets of Judæa, he protested against the false conservatism of institutionalized religion. Speaking of the efforts of the Roman hierarchy to crush modernism, he said: "There seems to be a kind of renaissance of this sort of thing in the church at present. Catholic and Protestant alike have an ignorant fear, something like that which stampeded the Gadarene swine down a steep place into the sea. There is really nothing like the liberty in the Roman Church at present that there was in the mediæval period. I am meditating writing a paper on ecclesiastical institutions and the truth, for there is really a strong tendency on the part of an institution and its ministers to betray and crucify the truth. When the church is at all large men of mediocre intelligence and submediocre character and rather unspiritual instincts come to the front and get control, and from the nature

of the case they are pretty sure to be indifferent to truth and progress. 'The fear of change perplexing monarchs' is theirs, and they become hyperorthodox from the nature of the situation, and then we have the infamies which fill the pages of Buckle and Lecky and Andrew D. White and others. The tendency is so marked that every church must be on its guard against it. We can see in our own case pretty clearly how it goes. Ignorant men, unfitted for their position but having a vote, feel perfectly able to decide with the slightest knowledge or study of the case. They cannot discuss but they can decide; they cannot refute, but they can condemn; and they have so little interest in the truth that they are willing to listen to all manner of false witness if it falls in with their notions, and are deaf to anything that makes the other way."

Not pleasant words, these; but who shall say that they are out of place in a period when the rudimental principles of biblical science are not secure from interference even in a university department of theology? This unerring insight into the fundamental issue and the fundamental forces at play, joined with splendid loyalty and with a courage that feared not the face of men, made him the right arm of the forces of enlightenment whenever the rights of learning in our School of Theology were jeopardized. It was not in high disdain that he uttered his biting criticisms; rather, he took what seemed to be the most direct method of helping toward improvement. Beneath all there were good cheer, good humor, and a lovable spirit. "It is so difficult," he said, "to unite faith and critical thought in the same person that it will be a long time before we can dispense with the scoffer. He is still necessary, to tell religious people truths they would never hear if left to themselves." To one whose mind was in a state of revolt against things as they are he vouchsafed this sketch of his own development: "In sober earnest, it is a great stupid ass of a world in pretty much all respects, and notably so in the matter of religion. I don't see how any thoughtful person can help seeing it; and I think one needs to see it in order to understand the world and be charitable toward its Bæotianisms. But it is not well to say much about it, and less well to get wrathful over it.

In my youthful days I did a great deal of this; and no one was any better for it, least of all myself. Well, I have gradually come to a more cheerful way of looking at these things. God is in no hurry, and he puts up with it; and we must do so too. I am only slowly developing a fund of patience and cheerfulness in such matters, and I enjoy it more and more. And very often I find a unity of the spirit beneath very different forms of speech. I don't think I am in any immediate danger of translation, but I do find it easier to put up with a great many things than I used to." He was as loyal to his church as he was critical of her faults. It was never his method to abandon a ship when it most needs a strong crew. "In fact, we are the orthodox. . . . We should never consent to be placed in the position of heretics. We should, rather, insist that we are the true Christians, the true believers in the Bible, the true race of those who seek to live in the Spirit. This we must show by keeping sweet and reverent and alive, so that our fruits shall bear witness of us, and by showing the superficial, mechanical, and hocus-pocus character of much traditional speech. At the same time we must exercise due wisdom in showing what Origen calls the 'scandals, offenses, and impossibilities of the letter.' In other words, we must not 'yank' out the tares. It is better to let both grow together until the harvest than to pull up the wheat in our determination to root up the tares. It is slow work lifting men from the mechanical and external plane to the ethical and spiritual plane." Again he exclaims: "We ought not to sit down and be quiet; that is just what the enemy wishes. We must assert our portion in Jacob and our inheritance in Israel. We must not accept the position of suspects under surveillance, but we must assert our position as the truth indeed."

The keynote of his philosophical development is already struck in a work of his youth, *The Philosophy of Herbert Spencer*. It came at a time when Spencer's deduction of the definite from the indefinite, of consciousness from nerve "shocks," and of morality from the laws of the redistribution of matter, still seemed plausible to many. The system "reconciled" religion and science by giving to science a patent on all that is knowable, while to

religion, with grandiose generosity, was accorded the infinitely greater field of the unknowable. Bowne was quick to detect the fallacies of this system, and he displayed them with logical penetration out of proportion to his years. His undisguised motive and purpose were religious. The ancient faith that the world has meaning that can be known was to be defended, and this implied for him an interpretation of the basal ideas and methods of science. Theologians were still looking for gaps in the evolutionary order, but he says, "I feel rather suspicious of an argument for the divine existence which is based upon nature's disorder and breaks, rather than upon its order and continuity." On the other hand, he had no confidence in speculative constructions of the universe, like those of the German idealists. Finally, he was not satisfied to rest the case for religion wholly upon practical reason or value-judgments. Hence, on the one hand, his method, which was that of the reworking of the fundamental notions of science. There was no pretense of completeness, like that of Hegel's system. Eighteen years ago Bowne wrote: "More and more . . . I am becoming indifferent to completed systematic statements and to finalities, anyhow. I only aim to stimulate thought along the lines in which I conceive the truth to lie." Here, similarly, is the explanation of his choice of problems. To him the essentials of psychology, for example, have to do with the reality of the self; hence his lack of interest in physiological and experimental problems. A real self, actively constructing its own thought world, as against sensationalism and associationism; metaphysically valid knowledge as opposed to agnosticism; human freedom as against the purely deterministic interpretation of natural law; a personal ground of the universe as against the Unknowable and the merely mechanical and pantheism—this is the form in which philosophy always lay in his mind. He was consciously and frankly an advocate, a debater, not a dispassionate onlooker. For he conceived philosophy in the ancient and accredited manner, as an instrument for the furtherance of life. Of the merely instrumental nature of the understanding he was quite convinced. "Probably all our explainings," he said, "our analyses and syntheses, are but devices of our own whereby we represent the fact to ourselves, and which

to a certain extent are valid for the fact, but which, after all, are *not the fact*. That is, the operations of the logical understanding are certainly largely to be viewed as instrumental for the apprehension of a matter which is only approximately, and probably only *relatively*, expressed by them. For example, do you imagine that the chemical notation of the laboratories expresses the order of the divine conception?"

His habit of focusing attention upon problems of the deepest practical significance, and of keeping his discussions (commonly in the form of debate) always close to the main point, his avoidance of abstract system-building, and his crisp style—these, together with the inherent attractiveness of his idealistic doctrines, brought him a remarkably large following. In addition to his immediate pupils, the number of which is large, those who have found in his published writings a new wine that rejoices the intellect of man are literally a multitude. And they girdle the earth. His journey 'round the world four years ago was like the triumphal march of a conqueror. In Japan, particularly, he received such honors as fall to few scholars. But some of the qualities that brought him this popular acclaim tended to isolate him from many of the philosophers of the time. On the one hand, his sharp arraignment of what he regarded as a false naturalism, and, on the other hand, his implacable opposition to speculative idealism set him against the two main currents of philosophical thought during the last generation. But he had the satisfaction of seeing both currents swerve toward certain of his own central convictions. In what he used to call "the camp" of the empirical, naturalistic thinkers it was said that he held a brief for religion; as indeed he did, and this was supposed to be fatal to impartial investigation. But it is noteworthy that thinkers of the naturalistic type are to-day gathering around the standard of pragmatism, which proclaims from the housetops that the tests of the true, and even the meaning of truth, are found in the practical values. As early as 1887 Dr. Bowne declared that the mind is to be thought of as "a living organism, with manifold interests and tendencies. These outline its development, and furnish the driving power. The implicit aim in mental development is to recognize these in-

terests and make room for them, so that each shall have its proper field and object." We hold to the postulates of religion, he maintained, primarily because they are important for life. The function of logic is not to create them but to adjust them to one another and to the other contents of thought. Twenty years later the protagonist of pragmatism published in italics these words: "If theological ideas prove to have a value for concrete life, they will be true for pragmatism, in the sense of being good for so much. For how much more they are true will depend entirely on their relations to the other truths that also have to be acknowledged." The point of this is that Bowne was really a pragmatist—he could not be sufficiently empirical in his theory of knowledge—but that during his generation empirical philosophy shifted its ground so as to approximate the principle on which Bowne based his theistic philosophy. On the other hand, idealism also moved toward some of the positions for which he contended. Anyone who will take the trouble to trace the idealistic movement from Sterling's Secret of Hegel to Royce's Philosophy of Loyalty will understand what I mean. It really looks as if idealism, instead of vaunting itself and being puffed up with the notion that it can trace the structure of the universe in the structure of our logical understanding, has come down at last to earth by taking up as its task an analysis of the logical conditions for the completion of our life as rational and moral beings. Now, this is the problem that Dr. Bowne set to himself. His idealism, in a nutshell, is the assertion that the only kind of world in which human life can fully realize itself is a world of persons, a divine-human society, and that the process whereby we move from religious need to religious faith is rational in the deepest sense of the term reason. It would be too much to say that either the naturalistic or the idealistic type of philosophy has moved toward Bowne's specific method or toward all the interpretations that he regarded as vital. He remained in a certain isolation to the last; and, indeed, it was in part self-chosen, for his deliberate habit was to emphasize points of difference more than points of agreement. Nevertheless, it remains true that the general state of thought is much nearer the positions for which he contended than it was when he was elected

to his professorship in Boston University. He himself fully recognized this change, and he rejoiced in it with repeated announcements of the real progress of philosophy.

In religious thought the movement toward his cherished positions has been even more marked, and his own contribution to the movement is more in evidence. Here his great contention has been that it is possible, without any logical compromise, to think the process of the world, and even of religious experience, under terms of law, and yet at the same time under the categories of personality and freedom. "We cannot too much emphasize the notion of law in the religious life," he wrote two years ago. "The moment this element of law and conscience is relaxed we are exposed to all manner of vagaries, some imbecile, some destructive." The ideas with which he here works are the immanence yet personality of God, the ethical character of the religious experience, and the essentially formal or descriptive nature of law; that is, that it is merely the method of a rational will, and not power or necessity. It should give us joy to know the pleasure that he took in his later years in contemplation of the rapid transformation of theological thinking on these points. In 1901, in connection with the twenty-fifth anniversary of his professorship, he wrote: "I think . . . the religious outlook is very promising—to one who can discern the signs of the times. We are never going back to the old forms, but we shall give the old spirit a better expression. When we finally get clear of the false natural and the false supernatural, and master the conception of the immanent God, we shall have a renaissance of religion beyond anything in the past." Only a few months ago he remarked again: "How things have improved within a short time! My book, *Studies in Christianity*, some of the components of which were looked upon as heresy not long ago, is now viewed as a model of orthodoxy by a good many conservative men, and in any case much of the old stuff, well meant but misleading, has vanished from all the better churches, and it is vanishing from the others. So it seems to me that the omens are propitious and the outlook most encouraging."

Thus he wrought, and thus he has built himself into the king-

dom of God. He has built himself into us individually; into our thinking, into our characters, into our prayers. He spoke

The faith, the vigor, bold to dwell
On doubts that drive the coward back,
And keen through wordy snares to track
Suggestion to her inmost cell.

So word by word, and line by line,
The dead man touch'd me from the past,
And all at once it seem'd at last
His living soul was flash'd on mine,

And mine in his was wound, and whirl'd
About empyreal heights of thought,
And came on that which is, and caught
The deep pulsations of the world,

Æonian music measuring out
The steps of Time—the shocks of Chance—
The blows of Death.

George A. Coe.

ART. II.—JESUS CHRIST ON MARRIAGE AND DIVORCE

JESUS' sayings on this subject comprise three propositions: the sanctity of the marriage bond, its indissoluble obligation, and the defective morality of all legislation that presumes to put asunder this hallowed oneness of husband and wife.

I. Among devout, intelligent Christians the first of these propositions is not an open question. Jesus's clear and positive statement is that "from the beginning of the creation God made them male and female. For this cause shall a man leave his father and mother, and shall cleave to his wife; and the two shall be one flesh; so that they are no more two, but one flesh. What therefore God hath joined together, let not man put asunder" (Matt. 19. 4-6; Mark 10. 6-9). The ritual of the church, accordingly, does well to call this union of man and wife "holy matrimony," "the holy estate of matrimony," "an honorable estate, instituted in the time of man's innocency, signifying the mystical union that exists between Christ and his church, honorable among all men, and not to be entered into unadvisedly, but reverently, discreetly, and in the fear of God." The man and the woman solemnly bind themselves "to live together after God's ordinance in the holy estate of matrimony," and, "forsaking all others, keep themselves only unto each other so long as they both shall live." The Roman Catholic Church makes matrimony one of her seven holy sacraments, and requires that the ceremony be performed by one of her own priests. The early colonists of New England, revolting from the practices of Romish and Anglican ecclesiasticism, went to the opposite extreme of having all marriages solemnized by a civil magistrate. The Society of Friends has a practice by which the two parties marry themselves. The mere form of nuptial ceremony is a matter of personal taste and of no essential importance. The solemn thing in the transaction is the act and fact of plighted union, and we submit that the *sacramentum*, or oath of holy wedlock, is the most sacred and irrevocable bond existing among men. It is more fundamental in ethical content and

more vital to the social interests of mankind than all other sacraments put together. It involves the sacred bonds of fatherhood and motherhood, of legitimate offspring, of personal honor, good name, and self-respect, and of all blameless and beautiful family life. No judicial authority on earth should presume to annul an oath or a bond like this. This judgment is grounded in fundamental ethics, laden with intrinsic values, and essential to the highest good of man. Unlike what was said about the Sabbath rest, we dare not affirm without qualification that marriage was made for man and not man for marriage. Sex is found in all the higher forms of organic life, vegetable as well as animal. Many of the lower forms are bisexual, or hermaphrodite, and thus very expressive of the primordial unity of male and female in the constitution of the organic world. It may, therefore, be well said that man and woman were made for marriage as truly as that marriage was made for them. Hence the divine and inviolable *sacramentum* of the marriage relation.

II. In saying "What God hath joined together, let not man put asunder," Jesus solemnly pronounced judgment against all divorce. According to Mark, Luke, and Paul, this declaration was not accompanied with any exception or qualification whatever, but the testimony of these three witnesses has been virtually nullified by a parenthetical clause—"except for the cause of fornication"—which appears only in Matthew's Gospel. No reasonable critic discredits a statement merely because it has found record in only one of the Gospels, but when a writer, whether author, translator, editor or interpolator, takes pains, as in this case, to insert twice over a remarkable proviso not found in three different parallel records of the same teaching, and when his exceptive clause also exhibits little discrepancies in language and a peculiar confusion in thought, there is at once ground for the suspicion that he had some personal dogmatic interest in the subject. This suspicion deepens into strong conviction when we subject his proviso to the test of unbiased critical inspection and perceive the numerous convergent reasons for believing it to be a spurious interpolation in the sayings of our Lord. This conclusion has been independently reached by a large number

of eminent biblical scholars, such as W. C. Allen, Bleek, Bacon, Bruce, Heinrici, Holtzmann, Schmiedel, Schneckenburger, Keim, Schenkel, Volkmar, Votaw, and Wendt. Not one of these accomplished experts had the slightest interest, reason, or motive for reaching any other opinion in the case than that warranted by the evidence. But we should not allow the judgment of others to determine our own opinion in a question of such importance as this. We offer ten reasons for rejecting the exceptional words in Matthew as no teaching of Jesus.

1. Observe, first, the verbal variations and confusion of thought apparent in the double entry of Matthew. In chapter 5, verse 32, the words are "except for the cause of fornication" (*παρεκτός λόγου πορνείας*), but in chapter 19, 9, we read "except for fornication" (*μὴ ἐπὶ πορνείᾳ*). Such small differences, not important in themselves and not affecting the meaning, may be grounds of reasonable doubt and suspicion in a nice critical problem of this kind. They betray the overanxiety of a Judaizing copyist intent upon foisting into the stern language of Jesus some partial compromise with the law of Moses. Some ancient manuscripts and citations show that early efforts were made to harmonize these verbal discrepancies by changing the text of 19, 9, but the efforts failed. We observe also a peculiar confusion of thought in the statement that anyone who puts away his wife "makes her an adulteress," or "causes her to commit adultery." How this is, or must needs be, is not apparent; but if, as Bengel and others tell us, he makes her commit adultery "by other nuptials into which the divorce permits her to enter," we must note that Jesus expressly forbids such subsequent nuptials; and if he divorced her for the cause of fornication she must have been already an adulteress, and could not be made one by being put away. It is also worthy of note that the participle *ἀπολελυμένην*, "her that is put away," in the last sentence of Matt. 5, 32, and of Luke 16, 18, is without the article, or any qualifying word, and so denotes "any woman that has been divorced." This fact adds to the confusion introduced into the text of Matthew by the exceptive clause. The statement of some harmonizers, that the word must be understood of a woman un-

lawfully divorced, is without any justification in the word itself or in the context.

2. Observe, next, how many other similar interpolations appear in Matthew's Gospel. In the first beatitude the words "in spirit" are rejected by not a few expositors. They do not appear in the corresponding passage in Luke (6. 20), and they have never been satisfactorily explained. The whole gospel of Jesus teaches, on the contrary, the blessedness of those who are rich and strong in spirit. In verse 22 of Matt. 5. many ancient manuscripts insert the word *εἰς*, "without a cause." The interpolation came, doubtless, from some scribe who felt that the language of Jesus was too strong, and needed qualification. But who ever was "angry with his brother," or anyone else, without some cause? The doxology added to the Lord's Prayer in Matt. 6. 13 is not found in the parallel of Luke 11. 4, and is now omitted from critical texts and versions of Matthew. The word "fasting" was interpolated in manuscripts of Matt. 17. 21, and also in Mark 9. 29, but it has been found to be a deposit of early Judaic Christianity. So also the words "neither on a Sabbath," in Matt. 24. 20, are a Jewish addition peculiar to this Gospel, and do not appear in the parallel texts of Mark and Luke. The Trinitarian formula for baptism in Matt. 28. 19 is very open to suspicion. It has no support in the parallel of Mark 16. 15, 16, finds no place in the numerous records of baptizing made in the New Testament, does not comport with the noteworthy absence of ritualism in the teaching of Jesus, but belongs, rather, to the confessional formalities of a later date, like the notorious requisite for baptism that was interpolated in Acts 8. 37.

3. Observe, further, that the very thing the Pharisees sought in tempting Jesus with this question of divorce was to embroil him in the rabbinical disputes of the opposing schools of Shammai and Hillel, and perhaps also to draw from him some utterance against the unlawful marriage of Herod and Herodias such as cost John the Baptist his life. Hillel maintained that a man might put away his wife for any cause whatever, and he based his argument on the words of Deut. 24. 1, "if she find no favor in his eyes." Matthew's form of the question put to Jesus—"put away

his wife *for every cause*"—points specifically to Hillel's interpretation. Shammai based his interpretation on the words in Deut. 24, 1, which immediately follow the clause on which Hillel rested, "because he hath found some unseemly thing in her," and insisted that the "unseemly thing"¹ was an act of unchastity equivalent to fornication or adultery. If, then, the specific question were whether divorce were lawful on any ground whatsoever, and if Jesus made fornication the only lawful ground, he must have taken sides with the school of Shammai, and it is inconceivable that both Mark and Luke should have failed to make any note of the fact in reporting the Lord's teaching, and that Paul should never have heard of it. Such an indorsement of Shammai's teaching would also involve Jesus in remarkable self-contradiction. Nothing is clearer in the records of both Matthew and Mark than that Jesus pronounced a judgment of condemnation upon the law of Moses and set his own superior doctrine over against it. But a virtual agreement with Shammai makes him indorse the law which he declares inconsistent with that which hath been from the beginning of the creation. Moreover, such a taking of sides with any party in current rabbinical controversies is contrary to the entire record of our Lord, and the confusion and inconsistency of his words on divorce, as written in Matthew, are unworthy of him whose habit was to rise above the narrowness of such contentions and point men to the highest ideals of human life.

4. In the discussion of this subject it is very important to remember that for more than one generation after the death of Jesus a Jewish zeal for "the law and the customs of Moses" was at great pains to entangle the new gospel in its yoke of bondage. The first great council of apostles and elders at Jerusalem was

¹ The Hebrew words thus rendered in the Revised Version are עֲרוּת דָּבָר, and mean literally, "nakedness of a thing." But this phrase is at best an awkward and obscure expression, and has baffled satisfactory explanation. By simply reversing the order of the words we have דָּבָר עֲרוּת, "a matter of nakedness." The word עֲרוּת is elsewhere employed as a euphemism to denote sexual intercourse of illegal and criminal character. It is thus used nineteen times in Lev. 19 in the phrase "uncover one's nakedness." When, now, we observe that the Hebrew דָּבָר is the equivalent of the Greek λόγος rendered "cause" in Matt. 5, 32, but strictly meaning "word," "matter," or "reason," it is obvious that, in λόγος πορνείας, we have an almost exact equivalent of the Hebrew words found in the Mosaic law of divorce. Hence the parenthetic words in Matt. 5, 32 not only indorse the teaching of Shammai, they also reaffirm the law which Jesus pronounced morally defective.

called at the instance of the Jewish Christians, who insisted that "Ye cannot be saved except ye be circumcised after the custom of Moses," Acts 15.1. Peter was censured for preaching and baptizing in the house of Cornelius, and so great was his fear of offending "them that were of the circumcision" that he played the hypocrite at Antioch, and "the rest of the Jews dissembled likewise with him, insomuch that even Barnabas was carried away with their dissimulation" (Gal. 2. 13). According to Acts 21. 20, there were "many thousands among the Jews of them that believed who were all zealous for the law." In spite of his great pains to conciliate these zealots Paul became the victim of their savage fury even in the temple, whither he went with four others to fulfill his Nazarite vow. He was violently seized, dragged out into the street, and beaten by the murderous mob until rescued by the Roman soldiers. Bear in mind that those zealots were Jewish Christians who thought that they were doing God a service. Nor should we forget that in the days of Jesus not a few of his disciples murmured at the depth and severity of his teaching. Many of them "went back and walked no more with him" (John 6. 60, 66). These are hard sayings, they said; who can hear him? It is very evident, therefore, that such sticklers for ancient customs were none too good to interpolate their Jewish-Christian gospel with a saving parenthetical clause like the one in question. We have a notorious witness of like partisan zeal among the dogmatic Christians of a later time in the daring Trinitarian interpolation of 1 John 5. 7, which held its place for centuries and was defended by such scholars as John Mill, and Thomas Burgess, and Bengel. It was long ago found to be the spurious insertion of an unscrupulous scribe.

5. The foregoing argument receives confirmation in the acknowledged Jewish cast and purpose of Matthew's Gospel. According to ancient tradition, this Gospel was first written in Hebrew. It was used by the Nazarenes and (omitting the first two chapters) by the Ebionites. Our Greek Matthew seems to have been prepared for the special use of the thousands of Hellenists who were scattered abroad, and its author or translator was probably not altogether free from Jewish predilections. His

peculiar genealogy of Jesus, which runs back through David to Abraham, and stops there, contrasts notably with that of Luke, which goes back to Adam. Many other Jewish characteristics and adaptations of this Gospel have been often pointed out, and are in keeping with the Judaic interpolations pointed out above.

6. It should be further observed that Matthew's Gospel adds a statement, in 19. 10-12, which is notably inconsistent with the context. We are there told that the disciples were amazed at the remarkable doctrine of Jesus on marriage, and they said to him, "If the case of a man is so with his wife, it is not expedient to marry." Why should they have been so disturbed if their Master had only reaffirmed the teaching of Shammai and the law of Moses? If Jesus declared the indissolubility of the marriage tie, as Mark and Luke testify, this saying of the disciples would have had obvious pertinency; but not so if he had made the proviso recorded in Matthew. His lofty moral teaching cast both Moses and Shammai under a shadow, and hence, quite naturally, this querulous protest of the disciples. Thus Matthew's own context is a potent witness against the exceptive clause.

7. Turning now to the parallel in Mark 10. 2-12, we find therein no external dubiousness of the letter and no internal confusion of thought. On the contrary, we observe unmistakable marks of a much more minute and exact report of Jesus's words. For Mark is careful to tell us that our Lord's answer to the Pharisees made such an impression on the disciples that, after they had gone into the house, they asked him privately about this matter, and in the most positive and unqualified terms he said unto them: "Whosoever shall put away his wife, and marry another, committeth adultery against her; and if she herself shall put away her husband, and marry another, she committeth adultery." This last statement, which puts husband and wife on an equality before the law, would have been very distasteful to a Jew, for it rises high above the moral ideals of Deut. 24. 1-4. There is not a word of this in Matthew, but Josephus (*Antiquities*, xv, 7, 10, and xviii, 5, 4) informs us that there were at that time several notorious examples of a wife putting away her husband and marrying another, as in the case of Salome, sister of Herod the Great, and

of Herodias. Thus both external and internal evidence confirms the painstaking accuracy of Mark's record, and contrasts very noticeably with Matthew's Jewish predilection and incoherency of statements. Mark's narrative is perfectly self-consistent, carries its own internal evidences of genuineness, and is in complete harmony with the uncompromising ethics of Jesus. When, now, we observe that Luke and Paul agree with Mark rather than with Matthew, the conclusion seems to be imperative that Matthew's parenthetic clause is not a saying of our Lord.

8. The passage in John 8. 3-11,¹ concerning the woman taken in adultery, has an obvious bearing on this discussion. Jesus's words to the woman—"Neither do I condemn thee; go thy way; from henceforth sin no more"—do not support the idea that adultery is a sin so unpardonable that it alone can justify divorce. Here we see that condonement and restoration are the law of Christ. Why should anyone, other than a self-blinded zealot, place Jesus on a lower moral level than the old Hebrew prophets? We search the world's literature in vain for more affecting portraiture of conjugal fidelity than those we find in the Old Testament Scriptures, where Jehovah tenderly appeals, as an injured husband, to the love of Israel's espousals in the days of her youth, to his leading her through the wilderness, adorning her with every costly gem and token of affection, and proving in many ways his unflinching devotion; and after she had again and again played the harlot, committed fornication and adultery, and broken the hallowed wedlock (Ezek. 16. 15, 26, 32, 38), yet would he not cast her off. "For Jehovah hath called thee as a wife forsaken and grieved in spirit, even a wife of youth. . . . For a small moment have I forsaken thee, but with great mercies will I gather thee. In overflowing wrath I hid my face from thee for a moment, but with everlasting loving-kindness will I have mercy on

¹How this passage found its way into the fourth Gospel is a puzzle to all critics, but all agree that it is a genuine tradition, for the story moves in an element of thought and morals far above what was current at that time, and so it contains its own internal evidences of genuineness. It is every way like Jesus, and it is much easier to believe its truthfulness than to regard it as a piece of fiction. Perhaps, however, the same Judaizing motive which interpolated the words "except for fornication" in Matthew, removed this narrative from its proper place in one of the synoptic Gospels, for it was obviously not compatible with "the law and the customs of Moses."

thee, saith Jehovah thy Redeemer" (Isa. 54. 6-8). In the same spirit Hosea (2. 19, 20) loved and won back his adulterous wife, and thus showed forth the mind and heart of God in such bitter experiences. And thus does God ever seek to win back the faithless one and betroth her unto himself forever in righteousness and in great mercies (Hos. 2. 19). With this agrees also the oracle of Malachi (2. 15, 16): "Let none deal treacherously with the wife of his youth; for I hate putting away, saith Jehovah." Thus, according to all the prophets, Jehovah is the God who "keeps covenant forever," and Jesus applies this divine concept to the marriage covenant as an indissoluble tie. Let no man put it asunder, and thus erect a legal barrier in the way of repentance, condonement, and reconciliation.

9. What Paul wrote on this subject is of the nature of apostolic advices for the churches of his time, most of them situated in the midst of a dense heathenism. His mild dissuasion from marriage was because of the distress of manifold tribulations then present or impending. It behooved those early Christians to spare themselves unnecessary trials, that they might "attend upon the Lord without distraction." For those, however, who were already married (1 Cor. 7. 10, 11), he simply reaffirmed the commandment of the Lord himself, "that the wife depart not from her husband (but, should she depart, let her remain unmarried, or else be reconciled to her husband); and that the husband leave not his wife." There is no exception or qualification in this charge, and the way is left open for reconciliation so long as they both live; and there is also no imaginable reason for supposing that the words "let her remain unmarried, or else be reconciled" are not as applicable to the separated husband as to the separated wife. Thereupon he adds his counsel for other cases (τοῖς λοιποῖς, verse 12) arising from mixed marriages, where one of the parties becomes a Christian and the other remains a heathen unbeliever. What he says to these is plainly declared to be his own judgment, and not a commandment of the Lord. On such exceptional and peculiar cases the Lord left no specific word, for he was not a formal legislator. But he did give ample notice that his advent in the world must needs set many a man at variance with his

own household. He said one day to a great multitude: "If any man cometh unto me, and hateth not his own father and mother, and wife, and children, and brethren, and sisters, yea, and his own life also, he cannot be my disciple" (Luke 14. 26). Such admonitions indicated what heavy cross-bearing must be expected amid the oppositions of a heathen world. It was for such as were thus distressed that the apostle to the Gentiles ordained the following rules:

(1) Let not the brother who has an unbelieving wife, who is content to dwell with him, leave her, or put her away. The same rule applies equally to the believing wife (compare Mark 10. 11, 12). For, he argues, faithful cohabitation has its sanctifying effect on the unbelieving husband or wife, and it also gives their children a hallowed and hallowing influence. This is Paul's first and great commandment on the subject (Verses 12-14).

(2) But if the unbelieving partner "insists on being separated, let him separate himself" (*χωρίζεται, χωρίζεσθω*; note the middle voice of the verb in both instances). Let the unbeliever take the initiative and bear the responsibility. The brother, or sister, under such circumstances, is under no slavish obligation (*οὐ δεδωμένωται*) to follow the departing heathen partner and presume on an enforced cohabitation for his good. For no wife or husband can be sure of thus saving an alienated husband (or wife), and winning him over to her religious views (Verses 15, 16).

(3) God calls us into a life of peace, and a compulsory cohabitation is not compatible with domestic tranquillity. The apostle observes elsewhere, "If it is possible, your part is to live peaceably with all men." But where peace is clearly impossible, it is better to agree to disagree and separate (Verse 15).

This, we believe, is an accurate and faithful exposition of Paul's teaching in 1 Cor. 7. 12-16. He elsewhere avers, as a matter of fact and of common law, that husband and wife are bound to each other so long as they both shall live (verse 39 and Rom. 7. 2, 3). The apostle does not presume to put forth any commandment different from that of the Lord. There is not a word in any of his epistles to justify absolute divorce, not a word permitting the innocent party in cases of separation to marry another. Paul was the last person in the world to lower the moral standard of his Lord. For the unbeliever who insists on separation he has, of course, no counsel or advice. The heathen wife or husband is not under his church jurisdiction. But after having recommended abstinence from marriage and its cares, in those times of distress, it is improbable in the extreme that he would

have given the slightest encouragement for remarriage to another after the desertion of an unbelieving partner. Surely he must be bold and anxious indeed who pleads for the right of absolute divorce and of remarriage on his own inferences from what the apostle does *not* say.

The fundamental moral question is ignored when apologists of divorce plead that indissoluble marriage involves compulsory cohabitation after all the natural ties of affection have been broken. Any such compulsory dwelling together is clearly disapproved by the apostle Paul, and it has no warrant in the teaching of Jesus. No civil power can make a husband love his wife, or a wife her husband, nor can it compel their cohabitation; but it may, and sometimes must, interfere to protect inalienable personal rights. In some cases it may compel husband and wife to live apart, and may forbid the remarriage of either party to another. *Remarriage while one's wife or husband is living is no inalienable right.* Claims of personal liberty which are inimical to public and private morals and the general welfare have no validity in a Christian civilization. There is an incalculable educative power in the wise administration of public law and order, and every good citizen should earnestly desire to magnify in the popular mind all wholesome moral restraints. The notion that compulsory cohabitation is the only alternative of indissoluble marriage is as preposterous as the alleged impossibility of continency in a wife or husband living apart.

10. Finally, we urge against the exceptive clause in Matthew that its essential content is untenable. If legal divorce be permissible at all, there is no valid reason for making adultery the only ground. Other causes may be alleged every whit as good, not to say better. We deny the statement made by some that "adultery is the only crime that violates the essence of wedlock." The assertion is not warranted by the dictates of our moral sense nor by the facts of human personality. On the contrary, one may more truly say that any sin conspicuously fleshly is less atrocious than one malignly committed against the lives of men. For carnal passions, aroused by the exciting temptations of a moment, may rush one into sexual sin, and an hour later the sinner may writhe in

the agonies of a genuine repentance. Must we reckon such a sin, bad as it is, a better ground for divorce than a deliberate attempt to take the life of one's husband, wife, or child? How can it be shown that fornication is more destructive of the essence of wedlock than habitual cruelty or shameless brutality in the home, or constant mockery of one's religious faith? However faulty we may think John Milton's *Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce*, the one position he does make good is his exposure of the sophism that adultery is the most culpable breach of matrimony. He shows, rather, that "marriage is a human society, and that all human society must proceed from the mind rather than the body; else it would be but a kind of animal or beastish meeting" (chapter xiii). No sound ethical teaching can make it clear that fornication is the one sufficient ground of divorce, and such a notion has no right to a place in the teaching of Jesus. To attribute such a judgment to him is little better than to rank him with the blind Pharisee who takes pains to cleanse the outside of the cup while the inside is full of extortion and excess. It would be making the outward act of adultery a sort of unpardonable sin and ignoring that profounder judgment according to which "every one that looketh on a woman to lust after her hath committed adultery already with her in his heart." Which has the greater sin, he who is guilty of one overt act of adultery, or he out of whose heart proceed, as a continual stream, "evil thoughts, murders, fornications, thefts, lasciviousness," and such like?

The ten reasons we have now submitted would seem fairly to compel the conclusion that divorce and remarriage to another during the lifetime of a wife or a husband is contrary to the teaching of Jesus Christ. No civil authority is competent to put asunder the solemn fact and oath of human wedlock. The remarriage, therefore, of any man or woman during the lifetime of a wife or a husband once lawfully wedded is an adulterous union, and a crime against good society. Unhappy conditions may arise, husband or wife may become insane or imbecile, mutual hatred may develop so as to make cohabitation intolerable, and it would seem to be rationally and morally incumbent on such unhappy parties to arrange to live apart. In some cases it may

be necessary for the strong arm of the law to compel their separation. Law should protect the helpless and secure them against cruelty and wrong. But it must not undermine the foundations of society by presuming to usurp divine authority and to nullify what God hath joined together. By separating irreconcilable parties, compelling them to dwell apart, and forbidding the re-marriage of either while the other is living, the law would become a powerful educator of the public mind and conscience. But to give such parties, or either of them, liberty to commit adultery under sanctions of law is to debauch the public mind and to prostitute the whole body politic, making it *particeps criminis*. It is an old sophism that because you cannot enforce a righteous law it is better to license and regulate the crime, and the outcome of this doctrine is the legalized brothel and the saloon of drunkenness. It is an axiom of sound jurisprudence that all wholesome legislation must aim at the suppression, not the accommodation, of degenerates and criminals.

III. Having thus affirmed the sanctity and inviolable obligation of the marriage tie, Jesus was simply self-consistent in declaring the defective morality of the Mosaic legislation on divorce. The biblical history itself illustrates the futility of all legislative attempts to regulate rather than prohibit crime. The law of Moses seems never to have secured any real improvement of the evils of patriarchal polygamy. We read of the wives and concubines of Abraham, Nahor, Esau, and Jacob. Hagar seems to have been put away somewhat cruelly, and without any bill of divorcement, but it does not appear that any such writing would have helped her in her banishment. After the times of Moses we fail to find evidence of any less polygamy in Israel. Gideon had many wives and seventy sons. The pious Elkanah had two wives. The polygamy of David and Solomon was notorious. Rehoboam had eighteen wives and sixty concubines. The cruel divorcing of wives under the direction of Ezra, the "ready scribe in the law of Moses," presents a spectacle of racial bigotry that shocks our moral sense to-day. Herod the Great had nine wives, and Josephus (*Antiquities*, xvii, i, 2) apologizes for him by saying, "It is an ancient custom with us to cohabit with many

wives at the same time." The law of Deut. 17. 17 forbade a king of Israel to "multiply wives unto himself," but it names no legal number. The Mishna says that eighteen wives would be no violation of this law for the king, but adds that he should not take to himself such excessive numbers as did Solomon. From all which it appears that the Mosaic attempt at regulating divorce never succeeded among the Hebrew people in making matters and morals any better than they were in the earlier patriarchal times.

In such a study we should take at least a hasty glance at the marriage customs and ideas of other peoples. It is well known that both polygamy and polyandry have been extensively practiced among the different races and tribes. Among the Medes, Persians, Greeks, and Romans the prevailing estimate of woman was low and the marriage customs loose. But it is noteworthy that there are certain tribes in the Andaman Islands, and in New Guinea, among whom the separation of husband and wife is unknown. The Veddahs of Ceylon hold that a husband and wife can be separated only by death. Herodotus (ii, 92) tells us that each Egyptian had but a single wife, and George Rawlinson says, "There is no instance on the monuments of Egypt of a man having more than one wife at a time."¹ Monogamy seems also to have been the common practice among the kings of Assyria.² The code of Hammurabi, a thousand years older than the times of Moses, shows many a parallel with the Pentateuchal laws, and even goes beyond Moses in providing for the divorce of an injured wife—who might be declared blameless and permitted to take her dowry and return to the house of her father (section 142). The Institutes of Menu evince the low status of women in India, but in chapter ix, 95 and 101, we read: "The husband receives his wife from the gods." "Let mutual fidelity continue until death; this is a summary of the highest law for husband and wife." Monier Williams cites a passage from the great Hindu epic, the Mahabharata, which he deems very remarkable and a

¹ Rawlinson's Herodotus, vol. ii, p. 127. London, 1862. Compare also Breasted, *History of Egypt*, p. 85. New York, 1905.

² Rawlinson's *Five Great Monarchies*, vol. i, p. 505. New York, 1871.

sort of sacred text to serve for the future elevation of women in India. The following is his poetic version of it:

A wife is half the man, his truest friend.
 A loving wife is a perpetual spring
 Of virtue, pleasure, wealth; a faithful wife
 Is his best aid in seeking heavenly bliss;
 A sweetly speaking wife is a companion
 In solitude; a father in advice;
 A mother in all seasons of distress;
 A rest in passing through the wilderness.¹

In the *Odyssey* of Homer Penelope appears as a model of conjugal fidelity, and in lines 182-185 of the sixth book we read:

There is no fairer thing
 Nor better than a husband and his wife
 When with harmonious heart and purposes
 They hold their household.

Plato speaks of marriage as a "matter of great importance, of which men are hard to be persuaded; to legislate about it should be the work of God." He goes on through pages to portray a marriage union based on "loving with the soul, and living chastely with the chaste object of his affection." (*Laws*, viii, 835.) Aristotle also (*Economics*, i, 8) writes: "It was for the sake of the gods that man not only took to himself a wife, but also gave himself over to honor his bride next to his own parents. But that which is most precious in the eyes of a prudent wife is to see her husband preserving himself entirely to her, thinking of no other woman in comparison with her, and regarding herself, above all other women, as peculiarly his own and faithful to him." So it appears that sundry laws and teachings found among other peoples compare well with the ethics of the Mosaic legislation, and show us that God has not left himself without witness outside of Israel. Into the world of such various customs and ideas Christianity went forth as a creative moral and religious force. At the first it was like a little grain of mustard seed, or like unto leaven hidden in the great mass of humanity. Its eternal truths and uncompromising ethics must needs make slow progress. The early Christian Fathers, as Justin Martyr, Athenagoras, Hermas,

¹ *Indian Wisdom*. Introduction, p. xlv. Third edition. London, 1876.

Tertullian, and Clement of Alexandria, maintained the indissoluble nature of the marriage bond. Augustine taught that adultery is the only scriptural ground for separating man and wife, and that no remarriage of either party is permissible while the other is living. This doctrine prevailed in the Catholic Church and found its stronghold in the canon law. But the Protestant Reformation, the Puritan movement in England and the colonial settlements in America introduced divergent customs. The American Revolution effected a wide and permanent breach of the ecclesiastical usages of the Old World, and after the adoption of the federal Constitution each State of the American Union determined its own marriage laws. The resultant legislation has been remarkably diverse. South Carolina will not permit divorce on any ground whatever; New York permits it for adultery only, while New Hampshire designates fourteen different legal grounds of divorce. In view of the alarming increase of divorce in the United States many individuals, religious denominations, and several national congresses called for the purpose, have taken action looking to a greater uniformity of divorce legislation in the several States. Most of the churches recognize adultery as the only "scriptural ground" that justifies absolute divorce. Some include also "willful desertion." Bishop Doane represents a deep and widespread conviction among thoughtful men in all the churches when he says: "I believe that, more and more, examination and education will bring our church to recognize and realize that the only safety for the sacredness of marriage, the purity of society, the protection of the family, and the sanctity of the home is to refuse the sanction of the church to all remarriage of divorced persons, guilty or innocent, for whatever cause." We believe this opinion will command more and more the respect and approval of students of Christian sociology. The movement to secure uniformity of State legislation, under present conditions of public sentiment, is of very doubtful expediency, and would almost certainly result in leveling downward rather than upward, for all attempts to regulate and legalize divorce are but so much tampering with a pernicious crime which ought to be everywhere severely punished rather than accommodated. There is but one

law that can fully meet the problem, and that is the law of Christ. But, alas! that high and holy law has been largely made of none effect by the mischievous leaven of ancient bigotry. So long as the Christian churches refuse to see that their so-called "scriptural ground" of divorce is nothing but a spurious piece of rabbinism, foisted into one of the Gospels by a Jewish zealot in order to conserve "the customs of Moses," they lose themselves in a pitiful paralogism. As for State legislation, advance is likely to come through wise provisions for preventing hasty and improper marriages rather than by legalizing divorce. In such serious matters an ounce of prevention may be worth a thousand pounds of cure. Inquiry should be made into physical conditions, and about facts indicative of mental and moral obliquity. What a large proportion of disastrous alliances would be prevented if no marriage license could be obtained without thorough medical examination of both parties by competent authorities! The public welfare demands that all reasonable measures be taken to prevent the propagation of degenerates. Our prisons and asylums are crowded with defective children, imbeciles, and criminals, who are the offspring of parents who should never have been permitted to enter into wedlock.¹

An eminent ornithologist says that "most birds pair for life," and that "real marriage can only be found among birds."² If this be so, then may those aerial songsters call us to the higher law of Christ, and give us a new proverb: "Go to the birds, thou sensualist; consider their ways and be wise." But man's highest ethical norm is "the truth as it is in Jesus." His truth has made slow progress in two millenniums, but its advance compares well with that of science and the arts of peace. The best achievements of the gospel are so beset by traditions, and ritual, and sectarian jealousy, and dogmas of doubtful disputation, and racial antipathy, and in some cases by political rivalry, that the true Christian doctrine of marriage and divorce seems about as far distant from general acceptance as when Jesus and Paul first proclaimed

¹ See article by Martin W. Barr on "Defective Children," in the *International Journal of Ethics*, vol. viii (for 1897-8), p. 489.

² A. E. Brehm, *Bird Life*, p. 285. London, 1874.

it to mankind. Yet we doubt not that the world-civilization of the future will gradually appropriate the self-evidencing values of the enlarging experiences of mankind. As the kingdom of Christ comes more and more in power, so shall God's will be done on earth more and more as it is in heaven. That which is merely tribal, racial, and national must ultimately disappear before the enlightened cosmopolitan. When moral excellence becomes a greater power among men than the love of money, when woman's natural rights command world-wide recognition, when wives and husbands better understand that the genuine marriage tie requires deeper and richer affection after the oath of wedlock than before, and when public sentiment shall so frown on any breach of conjugal fidelity that no divorced person could find favor in respectable society, then may the teaching of Jesus on marriage and divorce have full sway and be glorified.

Milton S. Terry

ART. III.—THE POET HERRICK

What mighty epics have been wrecked by time
Since Herrick launched his cockleshells of rhyme!

ROBERT HERRICK died in 1634, and the first biography of the man appeared in 1910.¹ The reason why no "Life" of Herrick was published in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries was because nobody cared anything about him; the reason for the absence of such a work in the nineteenth century is because there was so little to say. Now the appearance of the first biography of a well-known poet more than two hundred years after his death is a literary event of some consequence, and calls for more than a passing comment. I open the beautiful volume with keen anticipation, read it with steady attention, and close it with disappointment. It is written with considerable skill, contains much good and sound literary criticism, indicates clearly the relation of Herrick's lyrics to the production of his predecessors, and properly appraises his historical significance. But Professor Moorman's *Life of Herrick* resembles the many lives of Shakespeare in the sad disparity between the slenderness of fact and the fatness of the book. This history of Robert Herrick covers over three hundred pages, and the known events of his life could be printed in about the same number of words. That such a work should be undertaken, however, is proof—if any were needed—of the permanence of the poet's fame. That a biography should appear within three years of a man's death is a sign that he has made some noise in the world, but it is no indication of how long the echoes will resound. But that the first biography of a seventeenth-century poet should appear in the twentieth century looks like immortality.

About all that we really know of Robert Herrick is this: his father's name was Nicholas, who married Julian Stone in December 8, 1582. The poet was born in Cheapside, London, in August, 1591. The next year his father fell from a window and

¹ Robert Herrick. *A Biographical and Critical Study*. By F. W. Moorman, Assistant Professor of English Literature in the University of Leeds. With nine full-page illustrations. London and New York: The John Lane Company. \$5.

was killed. On September 25, 1607, the boy was apprenticed to his uncle, Sir William Herrick, a goldsmith. Professor Moorman publishes the full text of the indenture, which is interesting. In 1613 the young man entered Cambridge, and took his B. A. in 1617, and his M. A. in 1620. Whether he remained in residence from 1617 to 1620 is unknown. Where he was, and how he spent the years between 1617 and 1629, is unknown; part of the time he must have been in London, for his poems show an intimate friendship with Ben Jonson. In 1629 he was appointed to the living of Dean Prior, in Devonshire, and became a country parson. In 1647 he was ejected from this position by the Puritans, and made his way to London. There he published in 1648 the single volume of his poems, *Hesperides*;¹ a separate title-page in the same book, prefacing the *Noble Numbers*, has the date 1647. Where and how he lived between 1647 and 1662 is unknown, except that for a part of the time he seems to have been in Westminster. In 1662 he returned to Dean Prior, having been reinstated by the crown. The last twelve years of his life are shrouded in absolute silence. He was buried at Dean Prior, October 15, 1674. No stone is left to mark the spot.

We have a portrait of him, engraved by William Marshall. It looks more like a bartender than a poet. Let us hope it is a caricature, for we all know what Milton thought of the same artist's presentment of himself. Although Herrick prophesied immortality for his poems over and over again, the little volume of 1648 attracted no attention, and made absolutely no impression either on contemporary men of letters or on the public. Whether presumptive readers were terrified by the frontispiece-portrait, or whether the poems were choked by the excitement of the political revolution, we do not know; no second edition was called for, and none appeared until 1823! Our ignorance of Herrick's career is matched only by the puzzle of his character. There are over twelve hundred poems in his book which baffle all attempts at chronological arrangement. Scholars have made all sorts of guesses at the dates of their composition, editors have "assigned" this and that poem to this and that period, and we remain in

¹ The only copy of this edition that I have seen cost its owner seven hundred dollars.

ignorance. Seldom has there ever lived a poet who prattled so much about himself; he has no reserve; he is very confidential, very garrulous; yet the fundamental traits in his character remain unknown; pleasant subjects for speculation, like metaphysics, because incapable of proof. Dr. Grosart said he was an earnest Christian; Mr. Gosse says he was a pagan; and Mr. Saintsbury says that, whatever he was, he was not a pagan. He talks constantly about various fair women, and nobody knows whether these girls existed in life or only in his imagination. Following the custom of his time, he wrote poems of deep piety, poems of licentious abandonment, and poems of unspeakable filth. Seldom has a poet written more charmingly of the rural beauty of country life, of fresh fields and wild flowers; and yet his real love of the country may be reasonably doubted, for he speaks of Devonshire with loathing, and seems to have longed passionately for London. At the beginning of the *Hesperides* we find "The Argument of his Book," which is certainly a good overture to the music it contains:

I sing of brooks, of blossoms, birds, and bowers,
Of April, May, of June, and July flowers;
I sing of May poles, hock-carts, wassalls, wakes,
Of bridegrooms, brides, and of their bridal cakes;
I write of youth, of love, and have access
By these to sing of cleanly wantonness;
I sing of dews, of rains, and piece by piece
Of balm, of oil, of spice and ambergris;
I sing of times transshifting, and I write
How roses first came red and lillies white;
I write of groves, of twilights, and I sing
The Court of Mab, and of the fairy king;
I write of hell; I sing (and ever shall)
Of heaven, and hope to have it after all.

But later on we find poems like these:

More discontents I never had
Since I was born than here,
Where I have been and still am sad,
In this dull Devonshire.

The second poem in the *Noble Numbers* reads:

For those my unbaptized rhymes,
Writ in my wild unhallowed times;

For every sentence, clause, and word,
That's not inlaid with thee, my Lord,
Forgive me, God, and blot each line
Out of my book that is not thine.

And yet in the same volume he published many poems that are not only cynically anti-religious in spirit, but almost inconceivably coarse. A professional clergyman and country parson, he often writes like a profligate. Then at the end of the *Hesperides* he put this couplet:

To his book's end this last line he'd have placed:
Jocund his muse was, but his life was chaste.

Were the last line original, we might form some true notion from it, but, unfortunately, it is a translation from Ovid!

The only way to approach an understanding of the man and his philosophy of life is to remember, first, last, and all the time, that he was a lyric poet. Lyrical poetry does not betray the character of its author, it simply reveals his moods. Every individual has all kinds of moods, some religious, some worldly; some prudent, some reckless; some showing a love of retirement, some showing a love of crowded streets; some ascetic, some sensual. It is not in the least inconceivable that the same man should at times have felt like the country Herrick, again like the city Herrick, again like the parson Herrick, again like the lover Herrick, and again like the Herrick of the "Epigrams," though a modern writer would never dare to print such amazing thoughts. With all the conscious art of the trained literary expert, Herrick thinks out loud with the artlessness of a child. With one exception Herrick almost never alludes to contemporary literature, and he seems to have been quite deaf to its voice. Professor Moorman emphasizes—what previous scholars have shown—that the two Englishmen who most strongly influenced the lyric poetry of the seventeenth century were the Rev. Dr. Donne and Ben Jonson. The author of the *Hesperides* belonged to the tribe of Ben, and owed more to him than to any other British poet; like his master, he loved the Latin classics, and knew them well. Out of the whole range of the world's literature we find that the two writers to whom in spirit and in form Herrick was most closely akin were

Horace and Jonson. He had in large measure their devotion to art, their intense power of taking pains, their hatred of careless and slovenly work. Even the slightest poems in the *Hesperides* show the fastidious and conscientious artist. Then, in spite of the Noble Numbers, the great majority of Herrick's verses breathe the spirit of Horace—the love of this world and the celebration of its delights, all the more precious because so transitory. The influence of Jonson both in thought and in meter is evident everywhere. One of the most celebrated of Herrick's poems is directly imitative of Ben Jonson, who in turn borrowed his lines from the Latin. In Jonson's *Silent Woman* we find the graceful lyric:

Still to be neat, still to be drest
As you were going to a feast,
Still to be pou'dred, still perfum'd:
Lady, it is to be presum'd,
Though art's hid causes are not found,
All is not sweet, all is not sound.

Give me a looke, give me a face,
That makes simplicitie a grace;
Robes loosely flowing, haire as free:
Such sweet neglect more taketh me
Than all th' adulteries of art.
They strike mine eyes, but not my heart.

Number 83 of the *Hesperides* reads:

A sweet disorder in the dress
Kindles in clothes a wantonness;
A lawn about the shoulders thrown
Into a fine distraction;
An erring lace which here and there
Enthrals the crimson stomacher;
A cuff neglectful, and thereby
Ribbons to flow confusedly;
A winning wave, deserving note,
In the tempestuous petticoat;
A careless shoestring, in whose tie
I see a wild civility—
Do more bewitch me than when art
Is too precise in every part.

This poetic idea is not exactly in harmony with the advice recently given to the students at Radcliffe: "Girls, stand up straight, don't look at the boys, and keep your shoestrings tied."

Despite the fact that Professor Moorman has been able to throw but very little additional light on the blank of Herrick's life, all lovers of the poet's verses (and all who read him cannot refrain from loving him) will welcome the second part of this biography, which contains much valuable historical and æsthetical criticism of his lyrical poetry. Herrick's place in English literature has never been more clearly stated. It is interesting to observe once more that in all forms of art little depends on the subject and much on the treatment. Herrick was not a deep thinker, and only rarely touched on great subjects; in reading him we do not wrestle with challenging ideas, we simply walk happily and aimlessly in a sunlit garden. The perfume of flowers exhales from his old pages, and many of his poems are as perfect in form and beauty as the flowers themselves. He talks intimately about the little things in life, but his art is so exquisite that his slender volume has outlived tons of formidable folios. A great theme in itself has never made a book live; but often a good style has defied death. Swinburne, who knew poetry when he saw it, said that Herrick was the greatest writer of songs in the English language. We cannot forget him, either in a light or in a serious mood.

From the Noble Numbers:

TO KEEP A TRUE LENT

Is this a fast, to keep

The larder lean

And clean

From fat of veals and sheep?

Is it to quit the dish

Of flesh, yet still

To fill

The platter high with fish?

Is it to fast an hour,

Or ragg'd to go,

Or show

A downcast look and sour?

No; 'tis a fast to dole

Thy sheaf of wheat,

And meat,

Unto the hungry soul.

It is to fast from strife,
From old debate
And hate;
To circumcise thy life.

To show a heart grief-rent;
To starve thy sin,
Not bin;
And that's to keep thy Lent.

From the Hesperides:

TO PRIMROSES, FILLED WITH MORNING DEW

Why do ye weep, sweet babes? can tears
Speak grief in you,
Who were but born
Just as the modest morn
Teem'd her refreshing dew?
Alas! you have not known that shower
That mars a flower,
Nor felt th' unkind
Breath of a blasting wind,
Nor are ye worn with years
Or warp'd as we
Who think it strange to see
Such pretty flowers, like to orphans young,
To speak by tears before ye have a tongue.

The first of these poems is as eternally true in the sphere of
morals as is the second in the domain of art.

Wm Lyon Phelps

ART. IV.—THE CARNEGIE FOUNDATION AND THE AMERICAN UNIVERSITY

THE Fourth Annual Report of the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching contains a reference to the Methodist Episcopal Church which deserves something more than passing consideration.

The Carnegie Foundation, as is well known, occupies a significant and unique position in connection with American education. Its influence has been felt in several important directions, and it is probable that it will exert a wider and deeper influence in the years to come. This fact and probability are doubtless fully appreciated by the president and trustees of the Foundation, so that they are undoubtedly most considerate and cautious in making any statement which has a bearing upon educational matters. For this reason any deliverance which affects an institution, a religious denomination, or a cause, should be closely observed and fairly weighed. It is known that the Foundation has precipitated a discussion of the question concerning education as a part of the work of the Christian Church; and it is also known that the attitude of this Society to denominational colleges, so called, has not been financially beneficial to such institutions. If, now, the Foundation makes a particular reference to one denomination, or even more particularly to a single institution belonging to one denomination, there must be, supposedly, good reason or reasons for such a reference, as well as firm ground for any position which the Foundation may take. In the last report, recently issued, there is a discussion of the educational needs and opportunities of the city of Washington, in the District of Columbia, and among the institutions which are referred to as located there particular reference is made to one institution in the following phrase: "the abortive attempt of the Methodists." The word "abortive" is a strong word. As commonly used it is not a nice word. If correctly employed it may be even a term of disgraceful reproach. "An abortive attempt," according to correct definition, may be pure accident, a result of negligence or ignorance,

and sometimes mischievous misdirection. Such a word as "abortive" should not be taken from the verbal arsenal except for serious engagements; and in view of the high standing and dominating position of the Carnegie Foundation there must be great interests and issues involved to require or permit the use of this word; and when it is used, let it be said categorically, it should refer to a completed episode, and not to the state of gestation. "The abortive attempt of the Methodists," as reported by the Carnegie Foundation, is the American University; an institution, projected by Methodists, located in the city of Washington, but not yet opened for any large display of educational activities. A brief review of certain established facts will put us in correct adjustment to the "attempt of the Methodists" as related to the American University, and inferences based upon these facts will permit agreement or disagreement in the use of the word "abortive." Such a review will do one other thing, and a very important thing it is. It will afford a vantage ground for a fair consideration of the problem of that particular school—the American University.

Some time before the year 1890 Bishop John Fletcher Hurst, then residing in the city of Washington, conceived the idea of a great university, conducted under Methodist auspices, to be located at the seat of our national government. The aim of the institution is stated as follows: "To become the organic instrument and the articulate voice of American Protestantism, working out and affirming the fundamental and integral relation of religion and the intellectual life in their deepest significance and highest expression." This last sentence is quoted from a recent advocate of the institution, and is not quite the form in which Bishop Hurst expressed himself. Many reasons were advocated by him for the normality, legitimacy, and potency of his conception. The chief reason, as he was commonly understood when he presented a statement in favor of the American University, was this: to prevent an exodus of young American scholars to European universities, where educational methods, social ideals, moral standards, and personal practices were non-American. He had lived and worked in Europe; he had been a student, and the friend of students, and he was a patriot. His plea was for the founding and establishment

of a postgraduate American university of the best sort, offering advantages that should be comparable with, and even superior to, what was offered abroad. Bishop Hurst may have been a dreamer, but his dreams were not hallucinations. His vision was a survey, and he computed his survey with precision. The superior quality of his statesmanship as an American educator was recognized and approved. He did not delude himself with the notion that the projected university would immediately materialize without inevitable difficulties, or that its establishment and growth would be seriously different from that of other great institutions. The mere declaration of a plan, no matter how good the plan may be, or an urgent appeal for the support of that plan, no matter how eloquent the pleader, were not to be rewarded with quick response resulting in a great foundation promptly laid. Institutions are not produced thus. There have been few universities "by enchantment." Those who knew Bishop Hurst's mind on the subject of the American University clearly understood, as we wish everyone might, that he expected a full period of unobserved formulation, with subsequent "infant trials of nursing and weaning," before his university should begin to exercise the functions of a normal organization. Why did he impose limitations in the form of preliminary conditions? Why did he sternly insist upon restraints and restrictions? That he did so impose and insist indicates clearly his thought, and his thought directly affected his work. To that work, which was a work of hardship, he gave himself with consuming devotion which resulted in personal affliction and his death. The first serious setback for the American University was the death of Bishop Hurst. It might have been easily possible for the institution to have secured more sympathy, more support, and more coöperation if Bishop Hurst had lived.

No invidious criticism is intended by the remark that the trustees and managers of the American University hesitated and halted after the projector's death. His clear-visioned hope did not possess all their minds. This is a matter of common knowledge. Complications arose, in connection with subsequent agitation for the American University, which caused many persons, and not a few of them ministers of the Methodist denomination, to

become "rainbow chasers." There may be bags of gold at the end of the rainbow, but the sorrow is that the profitable glory promised in connection with the rainbow is usually a matter of mist. In this case the word should be spelled "missed." The projection of an educational institution should never be bound up with other projects. The pulsing of warm blood in an enthusiastic heart is due to singleness of purpose. Repeated uncertainty and many fears chill and weaken the circulatory system. That the Methodist denomination, and the friends of learning, may have grown anæmic in trying to bring the American University to a good issue is not quite the same thing as saying that there has been an "abortive attempt." During the interval which has passed since the American University was projected very radical and somewhat startling changes have been effected in the American educational system. It is one of the commonplaces of academic discussion that the changes in the theory and practice of education within the last generation have been so radical as to be almost revolutionary. This explains the prevalent discussion of matters educational. In all grades, and through the complete range of educational endeavor, there has been a pulling down and setting up of standards. In no part of the field of educational activity has the change been more pronounced or more significant than in connection with postgraduate work. There is no occasion now, as there may have been a generation ago, for a complaint because young American scholars go to the foreign universities for study, with consequent attendant dangers; in fact, there seems to be an occasion for complaint at the present time that so few of our young scholars go far enough to widen their horizon and enlarge their educational vision. The academic degree of Doctor of Philosophy was formerly a prized distinction when conferred by a foreign university. It is very much less so now. American universities of worth, in every part of the country where they exist, have adjusted and readjusted their activities in such a way as to do an extraordinary amount of postgraduate work, so that all over this country—and I do not think that Eastern or Western institutions should be the recipients of particular praise along these lines—there are native institutions that are reveling in an actual

rivalry with foreign institutions, and if the phrase is pardonable, "are beating them at their own game." To put it a little more plainly, let it be said that so far as unusual electives, independent research, intense specialization, laboratory investigations, inductive efforts of all sorts, as well as the various other phases and phrases of university life are concerned, America, through its own institutions, occupies a position of "light and leading." That same degree of Doctor of Philosophy is of superior distinction in not a few particulars when conferred by American institutions. If one will add to this, which indicates a change in the practice of university education in our country, the fact that during the past generation there has been a development of State universities in ways that are nothing less than marvelous, where applications of scholarship in many novel fields are being tried, he will understand that we have not only brought the spirit of the foreign universities into our midst but have improved upon what was imported. I must not be suspected of giving unqualified indorsement and approbation to this change which has come over the face of American education. In fact, I think that in putting on some new features and in sloughing off some of the old ones we have been inconsiderate and overradical. Of the two types of education which this country has so far recognized, the older type as related to the practice of education in the English university and the newer type as related to the practice of education in the German university, I have personal preference for the former, if there must be preference for either. This does not mean that I regard English university training as in every sense adequate. The old English tradition, which regarded knowledge as a contribution to culture, which regarded culture as a qualification for leadership, and which regarded leadership as the privilege of those who had distinguished ability as both thinkers and doers, has much in its favor. The English tradition gave more emphasis to that important educational principle, which is likely to be overlooked in many places, that "the life is more than meat, and the body than raiment." The human spirit, feeding upon and satisfied by certain oldfashioned ideals, has a claim which modern materialism, dominating in an unfortunate way some of our edu-

cational methods, is likely to neglect. The present practice of education in many places, with its glorification of the real, the material, and the so-called practical, is a menace to ideals, to unremunerative pursuits, to spiritual excellence. It would not be well for anyone to align educational methods against each other in ways that seem like pronounced opposition, and mine is not the mood to do that. Nor would it be desirable to return to any of the old ways simply because of their age. This is far from my feeling. If humanistic scholarship and scientific scholarship are set at odds, the humanists will neither make the plot nor wage the warfare. That would not be humanism. One can understand and appreciate the vigorous pleas that have been made in connection with the new methods of university practice, and yet some of these new methods are more than a menace, almost a danger. In matters of the mind there can be compromise and benevolent assimilation without loss of dignity or likelihood of injury.

It will be seen from the foregoing, a very inadequate treatment of a large and vital theme, that there is little need for American students to go abroad for university instruction and privilege. This does not, however, mean that we have attained everything to be desired in the practice of the higher learning here in America. There is constant experiment in educational effort in this country. Our chief defect would seem to be not so much in connection with specified method of any sort as in the general atmosphere that pervades the postgraduate departments of American universities. The radical temper and imperial manner of some progressive scholars is quite different from the humble attitude of those who formerly approached truth as an elusive thing, to be captured only in quiet pursuit by those who possessed their souls in patience and peace. In some seats of the higher learning there has, unfortunately, been a bold assertiveness, even a blatant irreverence, when referring to old truths, old faiths, old ideals, and old hopes. What we need to observe in the pursuit of truth is this: that truth is not true because it is either old or new as related to time, but because it explains and satisfies what is essential to life. There is no need for increased superior postgraduate advantages in this country on the scholastic side of educational enterprise, but there

is need for increased superior advantages in the way of atmosphere and refined ideals, and in the way of respect and reverence. I look for the satisfaction of this need in no one university as an institution of protest, but in every American university as an institution of possible power. This leads me to say very frankly that I do not think there is need at the present time for the American University as a distinctively postgraduate institution under Methodist auspices. The lessons of the last generation must not be overlooked as we plan for the future of this institution. And in view of other and even more radical changes that may come, and are likely to come in connection with the practice of education, there can be no survey too comprehensive and no penetration too profound as our denomination founds and fosters a new enterprise. Prejudice must not bind our minds and prepossessions must not prevent good judgment. Christian statesmanship should be very farsighted. If there is no pressing need of an academic sort for the American University, as originally planned, and if our hope for the refinement and improvement of American universities is justifiable, what shall we say about a new adjustment, giving promise of great usefulness, for this institution in Washington that is not yet born?

First of all, we shall say this: that the American University is not an "abortive attempt." The facts do not warrant such a statement. And, secondly, we shall recognize the interval of pause from the promulgation of the project until the present time as a providential interposition. Such an interval is not too long a time in which to get good bearings. Two considerations present themselves in this latter connection. One is related to a Bulletin published by the United States Bureau of Education on the general question of postgraduate advantages in the city of Washington. That Bulletin makes it plain that the government is itself the most valuable postgraduate institution in the world, and that so far as distinctive advantages go for the pursuit of certain lines of postgraduate investigation no institution could ever rival the United States government. The men who are in charge of departments, with many of their subordinates, are among the world's leading experts in certain lines of investigation, and the service

of these men is at the disposal of all persons who desire to make exhaustive research in important lines. The Bulletin to which I refer is No. 398, and entitled Facilities for Study and Research in the Offices of the United States Government. The second consideration is related to the city of Washington as a field for opportunity and unusual educational enterprise. In order to present this matter most clearly I can do nothing better than to quote from the report of the president of the Carnegie Foundation, who has made clear and distinct reference to the unique character of Washington as an educational field:

Washington has been for years a ground of exploitation for educational rivalries. Besides the George Washington University there are the Georgetown University of the Jesuits (an old institution), the new Catholic University of America, and the abortive attempt of the Methodists. In addition, Washington is filled with paper colleges which deal in short cuts to degrees notwithstanding that their lists of trustees carry the names of men high in public life. . . . Without passing any opinion on the long-discussed plan for a national university, it is worth while to ask what sort of institution of higher learning in Washington would best serve the needs and aspirations of its youth in the matter of higher education.

This question cannot be answered out of hand. Washington has a population which is unique in its attitude toward education, arising out of the presence of two groups of citizens in proportions far beyond those to be found in most cities. . . .

The presence of these two groups—families on modest means, but with educational ambitions, and young men on salaries with spare time for improvement—makes Washington an unusual educational field. . . . However desirable it may be to furnish educational opportunities to these and other students, there can be no reason for affording these facilities on lower terms than other good colleges offer.

The president of the Carnegie Institute then asks,

What sort of institution of higher learning is suited to the needs and population of the District of Columbia?

He then proceeds:

Such a study of an educational field and its needs is most necessary in the present state of American education. Heretofore there has been little well-considered effort to ascertain what sort of institution might best serve the needs of a given community. The great brood of colleges which have sprung up in the last thirty or forty years have generally been imitations of the older colleges. They have been organized on the principle of starting the college first and getting the students into it afterward. . . . It may be that some form of industrial school in Washington is

more important to civilization than to add one more agency for training engineers, doctors, and lawyers. . . . The whole matter is one to be approached from the standpoint of a thorough study of educational needs and educational means.

The single defect in the presentation thus made seems to me to be a failure to recognize the importance of Washington to persons who do not reside in the District of Columbia. While it is of very great value to consider an educational field as related to the population existing in that field, I feel assured that it would be better to consider the field in some larger relationships. And in considering Washington as the most unique, important, and influential educational field in our country it has seemed to me that a new sort of Christian institution might be located there with great advantage to the church which supports it. And after considering the matter with care, I have a definite proposition to state.

We know that Washington has been regarded for many years as a strategic place for the location of certain educational institutions. We know that our dear friends, the Roman Catholic hierarchy, have displayed their ability as men of discernment by locating several of their important institutions in and near Washington. In view of what we thus know, and on the basis of a real need in the educational field, it seems to me that we can adjust the institution in Washington to a good and great service. For the plan which I have to propose I am solely responsible. While I have conferred with many persons—educators, statesmen, and church leaders—concerning this particular proposition, it is only fair to state that it has been in my mind for several years. In presenting it I am not voicing any view but my own, and I do not wish anyone to suspect that official educational connections affect my opinion. In general terms, I think the American University should be born as "The American University School for Boys," an institution of unique character, more than a secondary school, less than a college, with a course of study so arranged that readjustments could be made as need dictated them, but consisting of required subjects, emphasizing modern languages and the various aspects of history. By "the various aspects of history" I mean

annals of national events, similarities and differences in governmental organization and operation of the various nations, diplomatic relations, national and racial characteristics, physical conditions as affecting the status and character of peoples, together with other branches of historical pursuit and investigation. I should have some, but not much, natural science in the course of study. But above all, and more important than all, I should have over and around the life of students every day, without exception, an atmosphere of vital religion to influence the judgment and will of every boy, so that he would know by sympathy and experience the supremely important place which religious beliefs have had in the lives of all nations, and chiefly the superior quality of individual and national character produced because of enlightened Christian faith. This limited and required course of study should be six years in length, taking the boy at about fourteen years of age into the first class of the secondary or high-school grade, and graduating him with a diploma, not a degree, at about twenty years of age, so trained and qualified that he could secure employment under the government on the basis of civil service examinations, and should be trained particularly in such a way that he would be qualified for service as a consul or officer in the diplomatic work of the United States of America.

This is a statement, let it be understood, in the most general terms. In my own thinking this outline has been filled in after many conferences and much consideration, so that I can see the operation of the plan more comprehensively than I can state it within the limits of a brief article.

The advantages of such a novel school would be somewhat as follows:

1. It would be self-supporting from the start, if given wise direction, and would not require the enormous endowment funds which postgraduate activities require. It is a commonplace in the language of educational administration that postgraduate institutions, with large laboratories, extensive equipment, libraries made up of specialized books, magazines, and reports, with highly paid professors, whose work is more that of investigators than teachers, are expensive to support. Such a school as the one pro-

posed could be successfully administered, I have not the slightest doubt, in such a way that it would carry itself.

2. The advantages of Washington, with its permeating national spirit, with its promise of becoming the greatest educational center in this country, ought to appeal particularly to boys. At the present time Washington abounds in schools for girls, and these schools are usually of the expensive and exclusive sort. It has been a matter of surprise to many of us that a place that promises so much as a location for a great boys' school should not have appealed more strongly to those who are interested in the education of boys and young men.

3. A more important consideration, deserving of detailed statement, has to do with the changing character of educational standards and educational activities. There is a protest now being heard against the college course, four years in length, fashioned and organized upon a traditional basis, and there is a protest heard against the secondary or high-school course of study that aims usually, and sometimes exclusively, at admission to college. These protests have been heard for a number of years. While it may be true that they have not yet amounted to much, the time is not far distant, I believe, when there will have to be made radical changes in the curricula of schools and colleges, correlating them to a new educational theory and a more modern educational practice. We must not be oblivious to the fact that changes have already occurred in the curricula of some colleges and many schools. The end of this matter may be far away, but the discussions bearing upon the question of changes in school and college work are heard on every hand. The plan I propose, of more than a secondary school course and less than a full college course, giving emphasis to required studies, and not being disturbed by the multifarious elective studies that bear upon vocational or professional educational activities, has a good deal in its favor more than its mere novelty. It is pedagogically valid and economically defensible. While it might seem too radical to some and too moderate to others, yet as a *via media* at the present time, and turned toward one important end, it is full of promise.

4. The particular end aimed at by the course of study which

I would urge for such a novel school is training for government employment and, more particularly, training for a special field in connection with such employment. This is the primary object of the work; but in making toward this primary object there is no loss of time or power, as educational activities are now conducted. The heads of several colleges and law schools have been conferred with on this matter, and without exception agree that their institutions would accept with full credit the work done in such a school as is proposed, so that a graduate of the school could finish a college course in two years, could finish some of the professional schools within reasonable time, and would lose no advantage because of the required work that had been done in the school course. While the work of the school is intended to be an end in itself, so far as formal school work is concerned, yet it might be made a means to a larger end if a college course or professional training is intended.

5. We have heard many complaints within recent years concerning the consular service of the United States. Instead of the vigorous criticism to which we have listened it will be better to think of a definite plan for improvement in connection with our consular service. This service needs men who know history, politics, political and social science, modern languages, and other cognate subjects. If a school gave itself distinctively to work of this sort in the city of Washington, it would enlist the resources, support, and prestige of the national government. A member of Congress recently expressed enthusiastic confidence that the government would be glad to help such an enterprise by permitting the use of facilities, by providing expert lecturers on certain topics, and by a variety of other agencies. This does not mean that a subsidy would be expected from the government; it does mean recognition of an unusual sort for the kind of work proposed.

6. We now come to the most important consideration of all in making a plea for this "American University School for Boys." It would be fundamentally necessary for the students to know the history of Christian missionary activity in foreign lands, because this country has been related to missionary activity as no other of the countries of the world. It would be highly desirable whenever

a missionary returned from his field to have him employed as a lecturer concerning manners, customs, political peculiarities, economic resources, and other characteristic features of the particular place where he had worked; to have the whole school atmosphere surcharged by the spirit of Christian missions. It would be possible to enlist the sympathy of buoyant and hero-loving boys for the work of Christ in foreign parts in such a way that when they went out as consuls for the government they would not be antagonistic to the work of the Christian churches in the various lands that are being uplifted by missionary undertakings. The value of such a school as bearing directly upon the work of Christian missions would be quickly apparent, and I believe that twenty-five years would prove beyond a peradventure the practical usefulness of such a school as an adjunct of the missionary cause. The most appealing argument in reference to such a school is the argument that bears upon its possible connections with the work of missionaries.

7. The buildings of the American University already erected might well be utilized for such a school as the one proposed. The erection of dormitories would be necessary, but they could be put up without a burden of expense. The grounds are adequate for such a school, and if, as I think most likely, there followed certain interesting developments other departments could be installed as part of the American University.

To bring to birth such a school in the city of Washington, in view of advantages and needs in American education, with the promise of much service to the nation and to the whole church of Christ, would compel everyone, including educational experts, to respect Methodist enterprise, and would prevent the use of such a term as "abortive attempt," which I think must have been an inadvertence, and not intended as a reproach.

Eugene A. Noble

ART. V.—A PLEA FOR THE CONGREGATION

DISPARAGEMENT of the congregation is very common. From the theological student who preaches his academic sermons to the handful of rustics in his "supply charge," and who complains that these undigested repetitions of classroom lore are not appreciated by his untutored auditors, all the way up to the truly great preacher who is driven to his knees in heart-searching prayer because so many of his people have ears but hear not—from one extreme to the other—the congregation is frequently the subject of unfavorable comment. There is scarcely any failure of the pastor for which the congregation is not held responsible. Does he fail to attract the people? It is because those who hear him fail to commend him to those who do not. Are his sermons deficient? It is because his hearers fail to furnish sufficient encouragement or adequate financial support, thus depriving him of both inspiration and instrumentalities for efficient pulpit preparation. Does he degenerate into cheap sensationalism? It is because he has yielded to the demand of the congregation for that which entertains rather than profits. On the other hand, are his sermons stilted and his congregations small? The explanation is found in his unswerving loyalty to lofty standards which he will not forsake to gratify the clamoring crowd. Such an arraignment of the congregation is so common, and proceeds from such respectable sources, that one hesitates to hold a brief for so unworthy a client. To defend the congregation against these charges is to endanger one's reputation. It is to expose oneself to the charge of ignorance, of superficial observation, and of lack of sympathy with the preacher's problem. Certainly one need not think lightly of that problem. The readiness with which men exchange the task of solving it for the labors of secretarial and educational positions must impress even the thoughtless with a conviction of its difficulty. Because the problem is difficult, and because of a hope that a higher appreciation of the congregation will aid in its solution, the present plea is offered.

The term "congregation" as here used signifies the totality

of those to whom the preacher ministers, viewed as actual or possible auditors. It does not mean a select number, the "elect" of the people. Every minister takes delight in that coterie of congenial souls that finds special delight in his particular ministrations. But this select company, even though justly regarded as the best of his people in the highest sense, does not constitute the congregation. It is a larger, a more miscellaneous body. It is the congenial coterie plus the uncongenial. It is made up of the spiritual and the unspiritual. In it are included those who desire the presentation of the deep things of God and also those who seek only a stimulus to superficial emotionalism. Here are the intellectual, some of whom desire that the preacher shall make them think, and think hard, while listening to the sermon, and some of whom, like Daniel Webster, desire only to meditate upon "the simple verities and undoubted facts of religion," and who complain, as did he, that preaching often puts too severe a strain on the intellect to be sympathetic with the spirit of worship. The congregation also includes those who are indifferent to both intellectualism and emotionalism, as such, in the pulpit, and desire only that which is striking both in matter and in manner. This is the constituency of the body which every preacher is called to serve, and this is the congregation possibly greatly underestimated by the average minister. Now, the congregation has a much higher appreciation of actual values in ministerial worth than that with which it is usually credited. The ease with which the unworthy sensationalist frequently gathers the crowd leads many to think that the rank and file of the people are without discrimination. Such is not the case. The crowd has certainly made grievous mistakes, but so have the cultured few. There has been no monopoly of blunders with the throng. Many of the intellectual aristocracy of England went to their graves believing John Wesley to be a fanatic, while, with keener perception, the colliers of Kingswood had discovered his saintliness and his sanity. Edward T. Taylor's soulful genius was recognized by the sailors of Boston harbor while yet the Areopagites of modern Athens were inquiring, "What will this babbler say?" When Henry Ward Beecher came to Brooklyn, some superior minds discounted his

gifts and regarded him as only a temporary sensation. One of his biographers tells us of a Dr. Cox, an old friend of Lyman Beecher's, who decidedly discounted the abilities of the great preacher. This Dr. Cox was doubtless Samuel Hanson Cox, who was pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Brooklyn for seventeen years. He was a scholarly man, had occupied a chair of theology in Auburn Seminary, and while pastor in Brooklyn also taught church history in Union Theological Seminary. To him Mr. Beecher expected to turn for advice as to a father. So lacking, however, was he in perception of pulpit genius that he declared concerning the pastor of Plymouth Church, "I will give that young man six months in which to run out." This egregious blunder of a cultivated man was avoided by the crowd that sought admittance each Sunday at Plymouth Church. These instances of popular appreciation, which might be multiplied indefinitely, are not to be lightly dismissed on the ground that they simply evidence the power of sensationalism. If by "sensationalism" is meant the avoidance of dullness, remoteness, and technical speech, then, of course, these popular preachers were sensational, as their contemporaries who preached to small congregations were not. But such sensationalism belonged to Him who spake "as never man spake," and his example teaches us that dullness in preaching is a crime, remoteness is treason to the King, whose business requires haste and whose prophets cried, "Thou art the man," while the use of technical terminology in preaching, when compared with the simplicity of the Master's words, becomes the unpardonable impertinence of pedantry. We would not overestimate the appreciative power of the crowd. It cannot always state accurately the reason for its attraction. The Kingswood colliers did not know that it was Wesley's sanctified logic that held them spellbound. The sailors of Boston did not know what to call the genius which made the truth of God flash and sparkle when reflected in the literary gems which abounded in "Father" Taylor's sermons. The Brooklyn crowds did not always define correctly the power of Beecher nor appreciate the nicety of distinction between reaching truth by giant strides of intuition and arriving by the measured steps of logic. Nevertheless, the congregation in

each case knew that there was something in these men which made them preëminently messengers of God and revealers of truth as other preachers were not. The congregation stamped them as prophets of God. Its judgment has been sustained by subsequent generations. The crowd in these instances was correct. Some one will say, "In many other instances it has been incorrect." We reply, this only proves it fallible, and we have not argued that it was otherwise. But the fact that the crowd was correct in so many instances where the select number was mistaken proves equally that the cultured and substantial few, on whose judgment there is such general reliance, are also fallible. Our contention simply is that the average, miscellaneous congregation is as trustworthy in its general judgment of ministerial efficiency in the pulpit, and as appreciative of the same, as the smaller company of selected individuals whose judgment is chiefly respected. If this be true, it is high time that the ministry were done with the discount of the congregation. There are two phrases current in common conversation which, though born of superficial thinking, are frequently on the lips of thoughtful men. One is, "Easy to get a crowd," and the other, "Preaching over the heads of the people." But think of these phrases a moment. Is it easy to get a crowd? There are many who honestly think there is nothing easier than to assemble continuously large concourses of people. Many a man who preaches to small congregations comforts himself with the thought that he could easily get the crowd if he would but lower his standard of pulpit efficiency, and congratulates himself on the moral heroism which enables him to spurn the easy and agreeable thing for conscience' sake. But such a man, however conscientious, is sadly mistaken. There are few things more difficult than to gather and maintain large audiences of people. Here is the theater. In our arraignment of it from a moral point of view we often fail to appreciate its enterprise and its equipment. We say it has only to open its doors and the crowd will gather. But this is not so. It spends more money to advertise one evening's entertainment than many a church of average size spends in a whole year in the announcement of its services. Apart from its appeal to self-indulgence, the

theater attracts by a high degree of efficiency within the sphere of its operations. A high standard of dramatic attainment is maintained in many theaters, and the players who will not or cannot measure up are immediately dismissed. The play which does not immediately take hold upon the audience is speedily withdrawn. Indeed, the entire management is occupied with the problem of getting and holding audiences to a degree which would be heroic in a worthier cause. The same is true of political gatherings. We stroll leisurely out of the crowded hall after the political meeting and remark, "It is easy to get a crowd by a sensation," and forget the long nights and weary days during which county and state committees have labored to plan meetings and secure speakers attractive enough to insure large audiences. It is not otherwise with the church. Those who tell us that the minister need only become a clown to fill his church prescribe too simple a remedy for empty pews, even though most ministers would find themselves confronted with a very complex problem should they undertake to become successful clowns. To build up and maintain large congregations is a very difficult task. Dr. Charles E. Jefferson, speaking of the popularity of Jesus, well says, "Only a man of strength draws to him great masses of men." Dr. W. H. Fitchett, arguing that the moral impotence of agnosticism appears when we view it from a popular standpoint, significantly says, "And the problem of all creeds, it must be remembered, lies in the message it has for the crowd." Thomas Chalmers did not get his great congregations without cost. His false, though pleasing, ideal of the ministry had to be surrendered, and exacting toil in pulpit preparation and pastoral ministry substituted for his beloved literary leisure. Edward Irving found the crowd through costly obedience to the heavenly vision which led him to register a mighty protest against the drowsy indolence of the ministry, as personified in his own pastor at Kirkcaldy, and to go out to preach to breathless multitudes. Phillips Brooks wrought laboriously in the effort to produce two sermons a week and perform the parish duties, causing him to be "terribly tired," and leading him to describe his routine as "the everlasting whirligig of visiting and sermon-writing." It was this strenuous struggle which issued in

the growing congregations that waited on his ministry, and not the degrading and comparatively easy practice of playing the clown.

It will be said that these are all exceptional men to whom reference is made. We grant it, but contend that these men should be our models in their effort to attract and hold large congregations. We have no right to reflect on their character and achievement, as we so often do, by declaring that it is an easy thing to get the crowd and that popularity is cheap. Of course all men are not equally gifted in pulpit or personal attractiveness; neither are all men equally gifted intellectually, nor equally advantaged in educational equipment, yet we do not on this ground discount the ideal of an educated ministry, while on the ground of disparity in popular gifts we do disparage the ideal of a popular ministry. We have heard great and greatly honored bishops, in their endeavor to make supreme the spiritual ideal of the ministry, go needlessly out of their way, as it seemed to us, to warn explicitly or by implication the candidates for admission to the Conference against the danger of a great ambition to become popular preachers. A college president, in addressing his ministerial brethren not long since, referred to a large congregation, gathered by strenuous effort, as a concourse of people "in a building otherwise used for religious purposes"; as if the throng were less holy than the handful, and as if the presence of the people profaned the sanctuary. The parable of the great supper would seem to suggest that empty seats cause desecration, and that extreme measures, even to the point of compulsion, are warranted in order to avoid the unholy vacancies at the table which God has spread. We have failed to make the simple distinction between legitimate and illegitimate popularity. We have not emphasized sufficiently the truth that there is a popularity which only the most severe self-sacrifice and the utmost fidelity to the highest ideals of ministerial efficiency can secure. It was this kind of popularity to which our sainted bishop, William Xavier Ninde, whom none will accuse of the slightest tendency toward unworthy sensationalism, referred on one occasion when he said, in substance: "It is a great privilege to look from your pulpit into the

eyes of a large congregation. If I were a pastor, I would be ambitious to get the people in large numbers to attend my church. If laborious pulpit preparation would do it, I would laboriously prepare. If abundant pastoral visitation would do it, I would tirelessly visit. If social ministration would accomplish it, I would persistently mingle in social fellowship with my people." The popularity of which Bishop Ninde spoke is that which places under tribute every faculty of the consecrated minister. Its attainment makes comparatively trivial the success of the mere teacher or administrator. Dr. W. L. Watkinson well says: "Great popular preachers make the scholar, the philosopher, the theologian stand in the background; and they become irresistible to the multitude because they address themselves with power to the practical reason." Most of all does the minister need to be watchful lest he fall into temptation at this point. Failing to secure a great congregation, and compelled to preach to fewer people than he would, he is tempted to erect his necessity into a virtue; to regard himself as superior in ideal and ability, if not in character, to those who are more successful, and to disparage the congregations which crowd the churches of popular preachers.

This brings us to the second fallacy which is frequently on the lips of truthful men, namely, that there is grave danger of preaching "over the heads" of the people in the average congregation. There may be some danger here, but we believe it is not that to which most preachers are exposed. The real danger is that the preaching shall be below the appreciative capacity of the congregation. Phillips Brooks well said on this subject: "Generally, it is not the character of the ammunition but the fault of aim that makes the missing shot. There is nothing worse for a preacher than to think that he must preach down to the people, that they cannot take the very best he has to give. The people will get the heart out of the most thorough and thoughtful preparation if only it really is a sermon." Now, there are two kinds of preaching which do pass over the heads of the people, but such preaching reflects on the preacher, and not on the congregation. There is what might be called technical preaching. All discourse clothed in technical language is unappreciated by the average con-

gregation in this day. This is no reflection whatever upon its intelligence. If they are not interested in his technical discourse, an expert on electricity has no right to reflect on the intelligence of an audience made up of college professors who teach English literature. Because a preacher finds that a few readers of systematic theology in his congregation are delighted with his technically theological sermon he has no reason to congratulate himself that his preaching is appreciated by the most intelligent of his people. Those who did not appreciate may be the more intelligent. Those who did may have been more appreciative of their own technical attainments than of the sermon. Whatever the nature of their appreciation, they do not constitute the congregation to whom the preacher is called to minister. He has miserably failed if, addressing men and women in the great university of life, he has been intelligible only to a few who have happened to take a particular course of study. Claim as we will that every man "should know something of everything and everything about some one thing," it still remains true that the speaker whose discourse is adapted only to specialists has no right to reflect on the intelligence of nonspecialists who do not understand. The fault with technical preaching is that it brings to the people the process rather than the product. The people are not judges of the process; they are of the product. When I go to the surgeon for an operation I am not competent to judge his instruments, nor their use, but I am competent to judge the relation of his finished product to my general health. Many a layman has apologized for his criticism of a sermon by saying, "Of course I know nothing about sermon-making, and suppose, therefore, I should not judge." To such a man we should reply: "You are a competent judge. While you may know nothing of homiletics, or of technical theology, you do know whether the sermon inspires, illuminates, and helps; and this is the test of the finished product." Dr. A. J. F. Behrends compressed this whole philosophy into a significant sentence when on one occasion, referring to the inappropriateness of bringing the mere process of higher criticism to the people instead of the assured and vital results, he said, "The flail is for the threshing-floor, not for the banquet hall."

Another kind of preaching which passes "over the heads" of the people is that which presents truth which has not been fully mastered by the preacher. It is a truism that obscurity is often mistaken for profundity, but this mistake is as often made by the preacher himself as by members of his congregation. He must not mistake the obscurity due to his own mental indolence for that which is native to human apprehension of profoundest truth. The problem of the pulpit is the problem of the ages: the popular presentation of profound truth. Some one put strikingly the contrasts involved when he said, "Read Butler's Analogy and then preach it to untrained Negroes." When we become popular we often become superficial; when we are profound we are pedagogical. Pedagogy in the pulpit is as unbecoming as superficiality. The congregation cares for neither. The people are much more interested in the fundamentals than we imagine. Those who read magazines and editorials are certainly in our pews. If they have been interested in serious subjects which have no better medium of approach than the printed page, why should we hesitate to bring them profounder thought when we have at hand the mightiest medium for the conveyance of truth God ever gave, the medium of public speech? Our preaching is not too deep; it is too shallow. It is not too profound; it is often too technical and too obscure. Men do not hear too much preaching; they hear too little. Much that is said in the pulpit they do not hear because it is not real preaching. The largest limitation is not in the people but in the preacher. It is not in his congregation but in his own character and capacity. To assimilate the profoundest truth, to clothe it in the most lucid language, to illustrate it by the most striking and familiar analogies, and to deliver the whole with a mighty unction both human and divine—this is the colossal task of the preacher. The congregation stands ready to show its appreciation of his achievement at every point where he succeeds.

A higher appreciation of the capacity of the congregation will contribute helpfully to the solution of present-day problems in the work of the church. There is the problem of church attendance. There can be no question about the fact that multitudes

of people are irreligious to-day simply because they do not attend church. If nothing else were brought to pass in their lives save regularity in church attendance, decided religious interest would follow. How shall we reach them? Certainly not by disparaging them; yet this is precisely what we do when we discount the miscellaneous congregation which has been gathered by special effort. Go to the nonchurchgoers, who are becoming an increasingly vast army in our land, and tell them that they cannot appreciate anything in the church but an ecclesiastical clown, talk to them in technical terms, or speak as a pedagogue who regards his auditors as his intellectual inferiors, and their indifference to the church hardens into disgust. Yet this is what many a preacher does with the small fragment of this vast host which does hear him. The first step in saving a man is appreciation of him. It was because God loved the world with an appreciative regard for man's inherent value, not with a patronizing pity, that he gave his only begotten Son.

We have the problem of official restlessness. In many churches a few years of ministerial service suffice to provoke some disposition among the officary for a change of pastors. This disposition is attributed by most pastors to either a low order of spiritual life in the officials or a failure to appreciate the fundamental excellencies of the minister after the interest attendant upon his arrival has subsided. Dr. J. W. Dawson's *Prophet in Babylon* is an arraignment, in fictional form, of what might be called the official congregation of a church. The average official is typified by one Deacon Roberts, who is both narrow-minded and unspiritual. When the pastor, the Rev. John Gaunt, who has been delivering literary lectures, misnamed sermons, for five years, discovers that he has been a traitor to Christ, and begins to preach sermons of intellectual and spiritual power, his officials, with one exception, misunderstand him and hasten his resignation. He organizes an undenominational church, and to his support hundreds of disappointed ministers repair. They agree with him that the officials of the modern church are not spiritually-minded, and that only those ministers who are unspiritual and possessed of low ideals can find favor with the average official con-

gregation. Dr. Dawson does not seem to see the inconsistency of convicting the congregation and acquitting the minister after the latter's incompetency for five years has been described. Few congregations, official or otherwise, are strong enough to resist the influence of five years of pulpit incompetency. Because the officials did not see their mistake as quickly as their leader, and turn as suddenly as did he from the wilderness of thought and practice into which he had led them, therefore he regards their case as hopeless, and, reasoning from his own experience to that of the ministry as a whole, concludes and proclaims that there is no place for the spiritually-minded preacher except in religious movements of an independent character. The book is terribly lacking in a sense of proportion. The multiplied instances in which the official congregation perceives the minister's inefficiency before he himself becomes aware of it are ignored as if they were not. The sad fact that officials of many churches search long and wearily for just such men of high ideal and practical efficiency in pulpit and pastorate as the Rev. John Gaunt had become when he left the church, but was not while he was its pastor, is utterly overlooked. The only man who succeeds well with the modern church, according to this book, is the timeserver and the worldling in the ministry, typified by a certain Dr. Jordan, whose rule of life is an easy-going expediency entirely satisfactory to officials without principle or religious life. Of course it will be said that Dr. Dawson was writing fiction, and that we have taken his book too seriously. But the book is written seriously. This is its only claim to attention. As a piece of romantic writing it is a dismal failure. If, then, it was written to correct the worldly tendency of the church and ministry, it ought not to assume the very worldly attitude of unfairness to the church as a whole. As it stands, we see in it only an encouragement of that disposition to disparage the congregation against which we here protest.

It is the duty of the minister not only to obey the apostolic injunction, "Let no man despise thee," but also to see to it that he despises no man. We have learned not to despise the children, since none can measure childhood's possibilities. We

have learned not to despise the poor man, and have come even to make an economic doctrine out of the spiritual teaching of Jesus concerning the value of the human soul. Let us make haste to learn that groups of men, women, and children assembled as a congregation are no more to be despised. Let us not respect them simply because of sympathetic recognition of remote possibilities, but because of intelligent apprehension of their present capacity to receive the best things the preacher has to present whenever he rises from the levels of mere teacher or lecturer to the lofty altitudes of genuine preaching. Then shall the minister become more speedily like his Lord, then shall he come to minister and not to be ministered unto, then shall he ever keep the cross in view, and as he strives to measure up to his congregation's capacity, be that congregation rustic or refined, erudite or unlettered, he will find himself moving upward toward the crest of Calvary, seeing more clearly as he goes God's estimate of human capacity in the precious life which Jesus yielded up to meet the necessities of man. Then shall he have larger ambition to give forth his best, and to possess the best only to give it forth, making with a glad heart and free the sacrifice this may require and heeding constantly the injunction:

Measure thy life by loss, not gain;
Not the wine drunk, but the wine poured forth;
For love's strength standeth in love's sacrifice,
And he who suffers most has most to give.



ART. VI.—SOME ASPECTS OF MODERN PSYCHOLOGY

IF one contrasts in his mind the psychology of to-day with the discipline known by that name, say, a generation ago, he will be struck by at least four characteristics of the new psychology which are not only highly interesting from a scientific point of view, but which, from the point of view of their application, are of commanding importance. These are: 1. Its tendency to think of mind not as a substance or a thing, but as a process or a group of processes discoverable by introspection: modern psychology is a positive natural science. 2. Its tendency to regard these processes as standing in the most intimate relation to their bodily correlates or conditions: modern psychology is physiological psychology. 3. Its tendency to regard mind from a biological point of view, as an instrument standing in the service of the organism with which it is associated: modern psychology is prevaillingly functional psychology. 4. Its view of mind as a growth: modern psychology is genetic psychology. It is unnecessary to say that the purpose of this paper cannot include a full discussion, nor even an exhaustive enumeration of the many vexing problems to which these various tendencies and assumptions give rise. Our account must necessarily be merely descriptive of the widely prevalent tendencies enumerated, and not to any extent critical of the theories and assumptions involved in them.¹

The conception of mind as a process rather than a self-identical substance or entity is to an important extent a direct consequence of the strict method of modern psychological study, the method of inductive observation and of description, as contrasted with the method of speculation characteristic of the older rational or speculative psychology. Psychology, it is widely held, must be, as far as possible, presuppositionless; it must clear its workshop of the metaphysical lumber accumulated during the centuries, and must recognize nothing which cannot be discovered and verified by the ordinary method of introspective observation,

¹For a critical discussion of some of the problems involved, see the writer's article, "The New Psychology and Personality," *METHODIST REVIEW*, November, 1908.

carried on under the most carefully devised experimental conditions. When this method is rigidly adhered to the result is a convincing one: the mind is found to be something highly mobile; it is a process or group of processes; no matter how contracted the portion of our mental experience under examination may be, this portion will always be found in a state of change or transition, and no amount of introspection will discover anything answering to an unchanging, self-identical substance or entity lying behind mental processes in which these inhere as its manifestations or functions.

The second characteristic of modern psychology enumerated above is the thoroughly established tendency to regard mental states as standing in the most intimate connection with bodily states: modern psychology is physiological psychology. The evidence supporting the doctrine that the brain is the organ of mind is of so many kinds, and converges from so many directions, that this doctrine has, for the modern student of the problems of life and mind, become almost axiomatic. Not only is it impossible, so far as our verifiable knowledge goes, for mental processes to occur apart from an organism with a nervous organization, but all special kinds of knowledge, it is now the fashion to say, are only elaborations of certain materials which have come to man through the medium of his physical senses. All knowledge has a sensational origin. The view that the mind possesses certain truths and convictions which are not in any way derived from the external world through the ordinary channels of sensuous perception, but are original with the mind, is indeed one which has been widely prevalent under the names of intuitionism and rationalism, and is still held by minds of a certain romantic type. The Platonic theory of reminiscence, revived and beautifully expressed by Wordsworth, is but an imaginative attempt to account for certain innate ideas and other spiritual possessions with which man seems to be originally endowed. Browning, too, has given expression to a similar view in various passages in his poems, notably in a brilliant passage in "Paracelsus," the dash and finish of which bear witness to the enthusiasm with which he contemplated this object of his poetic imagination:

Truth is within ourselves; it takes no rise
From outward things, whate'er you may believe.
There is an inmost center in us all,
Where truth abides in fullness; and around,
Wall upon wall, the gross flesh hems it in,
This perfect, clear perception which is truth.
A baffling and perverting carnal mesh
Binds it and makes all error; and to *know*
Rather consists in opening out a way
Whence the imprisoned splendor may escape,
Than in effecting entry for a light
Supposed to be without.

It is safe to say, however, that the view so ardently expressed here has all but given way to the more empirical conception of the origin of our knowledge mentioned above. "Whatever knowledge man possesses," to quote a recent writer, "comes to him directly or indirectly on the basis of or in connection with that plain, everyday form of experience which is called sense experience. Apart from sensation what we call experience would be contentless and nonexistent; and this applies to the most exalted objects that enter into thought as truly as the most lowly." The practical application of the truth that the mind stands in the most intimate relation to the bodily organism, which suggests itself here, is that the bodily health must receive due attention and care if the mind is to develop most effectively. "A man's body and his mind," says the author of *Tristram Shandy*, "are exactly like a jerkin and a jerkin's lining—rumple the one and you rumple the other." The mind does not live in the body as in a tenement of clay, or even a sacred temple; it rather grows in the body, and is dependent upon it, as the plant grows in, and is dependent upon, its soil. "An impoverished and thin soil means arrested growth, while a strong and rich soil conditions full fruition."

We find in modern psychology, third, a tendency to regard mind from a biological point of view, as an instrument standing in the service of the organism as a whole; modern psychology is prevailingly functional psychology. Mind commonly used to be regarded as a sort of luxury or ornament with which man had been specially favored, and which distinguished him from the entire brute creation. Mind nowadays is not regarded as a use-

less appendage to the organism, but as a highly useful biological instrument or device, a sort of practical guide, in fact, its function being that of adjusting the organism to its environment. How mind aids in adjusting the organism to its environment can be best illustrated by comparing the purely reflex and instinctive forms of behavior found among the lower animal forms with the intelligent behavior found among men and, perhaps, a few other animals which stand closest to man in the scale of animal development. Instinctive action, too, is for the purpose of adjusting the organism to its environment; but this environment is relatively simple, presenting sufficiently constant phases for instinctive, that is, stereotyped and fairly constant forms of reaction to arise and be perpetuated. Where the environment, however, is highly complex and variable, a stereotyped form of reaction, such as instinct is, is no longer possible or serviceable, and action of a more adaptive type is required. Now, this is precisely what intelligent or deliberated action is. It is a highly adaptive and variable form of action such as is required to adjust the organism to novel and constantly varying phases of its complex environment; and that mind is the most intelligent and best mind which succeeds best in accommodating the organism to the ever-varying conditions of life, physical and social, under which it exists. That mind really has the function suggested here will perhaps be somewhat clearer if we turn for a moment to certain physiological and psychological considerations which have, indeed, well-nigh become commonplaces in educated circles. An examination of the ground plan and the minute anatomy of the nervous system will reveal the sensory portions, the portions having to do with the reception of stimuli and impressions, and the motor portions, having to do with the initiation of motor responses, standing in the most intimate anatomical and functional relations to each other, so that when the sensory centers are stimulated, the nervous discharge is immediately transmitted through connecting fibers to the appropriate motor centers, which in turn set up motor activities appropriate to the occasion. The view that the teleology of the mental life is the reaction in an advantageous manner upon data received from the environing world through the senses is still further con-

firmed by the consideration of a number of mental phenomena which are matters of common observation. Everyone has, of course, noticed the tendency in young children to react immediately upon any impressions which arrest their attention. Now, this tendency is not at all confined to young children, but is characteristic of all animals whatsoever. We find the phenomenon in the lowest forms of animal life, in unicellular animals, in the phenomenon of "irritability," the tendency, namely, of the organism to adapt itself, by a simple forward or backward movement, to the environmental forces playing upon the surface of its body. Now, you have nothing essentially different between the behavior of these rudimentary organisms and the complex behavior of the civilized man. The difference is only one of extent, complexity, and refinement of the process of adaptation, not one of kind. The discussion of the dynamic aspect of impressions, ideas, and feeling states forms, indeed, one of the most fruitful chapters in modern psychology. *Every idea*, we might state the law, *tends to act itself out, or have motor consequences*, and does so except in so far as it is inhibited or checked by antagonistic or contrary ideas. To use an illustration from Muensterberg: If I say to a man, "Please pass the cream," the action suggested is immediately executed. If I should say instead, "Please jump out of the window," the suggested act would not take place. Now, according to the theory suggested awhile ago, the latter idea would tend to issue in motor consequences just as truly as the former. Why, then, does it not do so? To quote Muensterberg: "The communicated idea by itself alone would have the effect of producing the action demanded; but it awakens by the regular associative mechanism a set of ideas on the folly of the demand, of the danger of the undertaking, and all these associations are starting points for antagonistic impulses which are finally reinforced by the whole personality; the proposed action is thus inhibited and the man does not jump."¹ The reason that the dynamic or motor aspect of mental states has been widely overlooked is that the motor consequences of mental states are not always superficially obvious. But the physical effects of mental

¹ Psychology and Life, p. 240.

states may be very real and important without being particularly conspicuous or striking. Everyone has noticed the difference in bodily appearance between a person who is drowsy or asleep and a person who is wide awake; but it has probably not occurred to everyone to connect definitely the condition of muscular tension of the waking person with the play of mental processes which maintain the body in an alert and active attitude. Frequently the very absence of bodily movement of any sort represents a high expenditure of physical energy, as when one restrains himself from coughing, sneezing, or laughing under circumstances when it would be inappropriate to give vent to these impulses, or when the schoolboy compels himself to sit still while his companions are engaged in an exciting game. The bearing of the foregoing upon the theory of education is obviously a very important one, and there is, perhaps, no other view which has affected educational theory and practice so extensively and profoundly as this biological view of the mind as an instrument standing in the service of our practical and active life. This view will affect seriously, first, the selection of the materials used for educational purposes, the studies, that is, which the pupil will be required to pursue. For if knowledge or culture for its own sake is regarded as the aim of education, any branch might conceivably have as much value as another; but if the practical aim of adjustment to one's physical and social environment is adopted as the end of education, then, obviously, studies will possess very different values, because they contribute in different degrees to the attainment of this end. So long, for example, as Latin served as an instrument of communication it possessed a high educational value, according to our criterion. Since, however, it has, owing to social and other changes, ceased to be a means of communication, it has ceased, just to that extent, to be a proper study for the boy to pursue in preference, say, to science or modern languages. Our view will affect, second, the whole technique of teaching. For if impressions and ideas do not stand alone, complete in themselves, as if expression and act were a kind of unessential after-effect, quite apart from thought and additional to it; if expression and act are, on the contrary, part and parcel of the mental life, then no method of teach-

ing is sufficient which neglects the expressive side of the child's nature. "No impression without expression" has indeed become a leading shibboleth of our modern pedagogy. The mind is not only receptive and retentive, it is responsive as well, and no theory of education and no method of teaching can lay claim to adequacy which do not provide for training in motor responses of every character. We must not only have more systematic provision for and regulation of play, gymnastics, athletics, manual, industrial, domestic, and agricultural training, but the methods of teaching the conventional branches must be modernized by insistence on thoughtful assimilation rather than slavish memory work; more written, research, and excursion work; more outlines, drawings, mountings, and maps, more laboratory exercises and experiments by reducing to a minimum the element of arbitrary authority, and offering opportunity for genuine self-government. The child's artistic and religious impulses must be refined and strengthened by permitting free scope for their exercise. One's æsthetic and religious culture is not complete if one has simply learned to admire the forms of beauty and the objects of the religious imagination. If art and religion, these finest fruits of our passionate and impulsive nature, are to be perpetuated, we must love and live them, giving passionate utterance and expression to our artistic and religious sentiment in poetry and musical measure, with pencil, brush, or chisel, and in those nobly active virtues of the religious life, faith, hope, and loving deed.

Psychology, fourth, regards mind as a growth; modern psychology is genetic psychology. The mind did not appear in the world a finished product, as if shot out of a pistol, but it, like everything else, is the product of a slow and continuous process of development. "Human nature," says a recent writer on comparative psychology, "is continuous with animal nature; the fundamental instincts and capacities of the human mind can be traced through the animal kingdom as surely, if not as easily, as the human backbone." Genetic psychology is nothing but a systematic attempt to trace the order of this development from its earliest beginnings through its various successive stages. The factors operative in this development are, I should say, mainly three:

(1) natural selection of the most favorable forms (we have seen that mind is a highly useful addition to the organism, a favorable variation, as the biologist would say); (2) the transmission of these favorable forms through heredity; and (3) training through the post-natal period. The relative amount of our mental equipment which we owe to heredity, on the one hand, and to training, on the other, is a question of first importance to education. A full discussion of this question would, however, lead us too far afield, and we shall have to content ourselves with the dogmatic statement that the prevailing tendency among biologists to-day is to place less emphasis than formerly upon the factor of heredity and vastly more upon training—a fact which must give educators hope. Acquired characteristics, so called, that is, characteristics acquired during the lifetime of the parent, are probably not inherited to any appreciable extent by the offspring. Moreover, heredity seems to be of general capacity rather than of specific ability. The son, for example, does not inherit a special mathematical bias from his mathematical father; he does not inherit any special bias at birth. What he probably inherits is a good nervous system, and this can be developed along any special line by special training, all of which may throw some light upon the vexing problem of free election of studies to suit special aptitudes of pupils. The contention here is that a student of good native ability is good at whatever he applies himself to, and that much waste is incurred in our schools by permitting the student to beat from pillar to post in the vain attempt to find some special aptitude or ability which exists only in his imagination, or the imagination of his academic adviser. A rolling stone gathers no moss, either in education or anywhere else. The study of the laws of mental growth through training further shows that training is always specific. Educators used to think that there were certain branches which possessed a high training or disciplinary value, in the sense that the pursuit of them trained the mind in general, so that it could afterward be used more effectively in any direction or pursuit whatsoever, about as sawing wood or rowing improved the general muscular power. Mathematics, grammar, logic and the classical languages, for example, were supposed to possess a

high degree of disciplinary power of this general character. We shall again have to content ourselves with stating the current view in a somewhat dogmatic and summary fashion without stopping at all to support it. It is to the effect that training in any specific branch of study increases one's ability in that particular branch, but not in any other branch except in so far as the two branches, like geography and history, or mathematics and physics, partly overlap each other or have identical elements. The only other possibility of improvement in one's power over other and unrelated materials would lie in the development of ideals of work, methods of study, etc., which can be transferred to any new field, and thus facilitate progress in that field. The bearing of this theory, too, would in a way be against the elective system in its more radical form. For if one does not gain mastery over a branch except as one cultivates that branch, it is obvious that the student should be required to pursue somewhat continuously those fundamental branches of study which are necessary to the life of anyone, no matter what his future vocation may be, and should specialize only in those departments special training in which will fit him most completely for his future career. The traditional disciplinary branches—mathematics, logic, and the classics, and other so-called training branches, scientific or what not—will have to look to their laurels, and will have to urge other reasons for their maintenance in the curriculum than their supposedly extraordinary disciplinary value. Such reasons can, in most cases, doubtless be given without undue embarrassment, but the classicists and other disciplinarians can make out a better case for their studies if they should urge an intrinsic value which these studies unquestionably possess, rather than a general disciplinary value which the progress of educational psychology has rendered extremely doubtful.

I am aware that some of the views developed here are somewhat reactionary, but I hope that the reaction is away from educational ideas and experiments of the wild-cat variety, and back toward more scientific, that is, more sensible, ideals and practices.

• E. E. Allen

ART. VII.—WOMAN'S WORK IN THE EARLY CHURCH

IN turning the potency of love into the channel of life few human agencies, probably, possess more magic than does the order of deaconesses. The most characteristic contribution of Methodism toward the redemption of humanity may yet be found to be in her reorganization of this gentle order of the virgins of God.

Reorganization, I say. Some people imagine that the deaconess idea is something new; or, if they do not hold the deaconess work to be entirely novel, they think that it is at least the outgrowth of the Mildmay experiment at Barnet, England, in 1860. If learned in such matters, they may explain the present deaconess movement as simply Pastor Fliedner's institution at Kaiserswerth transplanted. Few deem the order of deaconesses to be anything bearing a special seal of the primitive church. In reality, this order of deaconesses, which already has entered into the very being of Methodism, is apostolic, peculiarly and distinctively. The deaconess order began with the beginnings of the church. Nay, in making possible the church this order played no small part. During those first perilous hours of her blustering birth and chiding nativity the bride of Christ was nourished and sweetened by the self-abandoning diaconate of her holy women. Her very existence may have hung on the devotion of that sacred band. No institution of Christianity now existing savors so intimately of the early church as does this unique company of them who give themselves "without reservation to the service of the Lord of the vineyard." No creation of Christianity within its own bosom more clearly carries divine authority. In the presence of his lady, sings Heine in one of his lyrics, a clumsy, ignorant country boor became transformed into a refined and courteous gentleman. But even in deeper things than love

The indescribable here is done,

The woman-soul leadeth us upward and on!

If the true seat of faith be in the sphere of the intuitional, is not the nature of woman richest in that same region? Must we not, therefore, recognize woman as the archpriestess of religion? Some

one has reminded us that woman "never has sat at the councils of the church. She never penned a decree. She never has worn the triple tiara." And yet, at every great epoch of religious history, behind every great teacher there has stood a woman. Last at the cross, first at the tomb was Mary. Behind Jerome was the Roman matron, Paula. Behind Augustine rises his mother, Monica. Back of Basil and of Gregory of Nyssa was their sister, Macrina. When Boniface evangelized the Teutons his best workers were Sisters Lioba, Walburga, and Berthgytha. With Saint Bernard stood Hildegarde. All the world knows Saint Clara, Saint Catherine, Saint Theresa, Saint Susannah Wesley. The genius of Methodism takes its cast and color from this peculiar relation of woman to religion. Read the lives of the early Methodist heroines and study the present membership of the church to realize this. Methodism has moved to her goal utilizing always as a far-reaching means of progress this doctrine, that woman is the arch-priestess of religion. This is why, for her pattern of woman's work, Methodism, within our own day, has turned back to the usages of the primitive church. "And many women were there, . . . ministering unto him."

The first deaconess mentioned in the gospel record is Phœbe. "I commend unto you Phœbe, our sister, which is a deacon [diakonos] of the church which is at Cenchreæ." Tryphena and Tryphosa were deaconesses, as was Persis the beloved, and Priscilla, who, according to a brilliant German scholar, may have written the Epistle to the Hebrews. From these first deaconesses the number grew. Throughout the unstained years of early Christianity the usefulness and influence of the deaconess organization waxed steadily. By the middle of the third century there were fifteen hundred deaconesses in the city of Rome alone. At about the same time there were, it is said, flourishing deaconess institutions in Constantinople and Antioch, from which, as from burning hearths, spread holy light and inspiration. Even heretics like the Montanists, and irregular churches like that of the Nestorians, had their presbyteresses or deaconesses. Like the deacons, the first deaconesses were ordained. They were distinguished by a peculiar garb. They came from all classes of society. Before

her ordination a deaconess of the Western Church, Radegund, was the Queen of Neustria. Pliny describes the torture, during the Trajan persecution, of two deaconesses who had been maid servants. Among others of their order who, as martyrs, were interred in the Catacombs are five faithful deaconesses, or "virgins of God," who having made a good confession were "well-deserving." These were the matron Octavia, Gaudiosa, handmaid of God; Alexandra, a girl; Aestonia, a traveling virgin; and Furia Elpis, a *virgo devota*, or virgin consecrated. At first only widows, women of fifty or sixty years of age, thus were set apart as ministers of the church. It was a monstrous thing, thought Tertullian, when, in his time, a certain young virgin was made a deaconess. Such feeling might be expected in a saint who has left us the outburst, "Woman, thou art the gate of hell!" But time gradually changed this age rule. The most famous of all the early deaconesses was Olympias, a young widow, ordained in her youth because of her extraordinary virtue. These holy women helped to build and to shape primitive Christianity.

Multiform were their duties. They had charge, for example, of the doors of the church. Just as the official door-keepers stood at the Gate of the Men, so the deaconesses kept the Gate of the Women. One of their titles, indeed, was "Keepers of the Holy Gates." The deaconesses also regulated the behavior of the women both within and without the sanctuary. As governesses of the flock, they brought to the deacons or presbyters all women in need of the church sacraments. They assisted in the baptism of women. As catechists, or teachers, they prepared women for baptism. As messengers of the church, they carried on a kind of zenana mission to women in their own homes. Indeed, they were almost the only means that the early church had of private ministry of the Word to women. For they alone could, without scandal, reach the women of that time. The deaconesses visited and attended those who were ill and in distress. They were especially successful in their ministry to the martyrs, for these tender mourners could gain access to the condemned when others were denied. In describing the imprisonment of one of the Christian martyrs a Greek poet tells how, in the early gray of the morning,

one might observe the deaconesses with some of the orphan children waiting at the prison gate to bring food and comfort to the condemned. Libanius—remembered for his sneer at the Christians of his time, that they were vile artisans who had “forsaken their mallets and anvils to preach about the things of heaven and one Christos, whom they called the Son of God”—Libanius says that whenever there was any martyr condemned in his city there always could be seen the old mother of the deaconesses running about begging and taking up a collection for the man who was about to die. During the Valerian persecution the plague broke out in the city of Alexandria. The pagan population, in their panic for fear of death, forsook their own flesh. They left their sick unattended and their dead unburied. But the Christian women of the city remained, tenderly nursing both friend and foe. Foremost among these ministers of mercy were, well may we believe, the deaconesses. The bishop of the church in Alexandria tells how those of the workers who fell “died in triumph, while those who remained rejoiced greatly in the peace of Christ which he committed to us alone.” Julian the Apostate thought the Galilean-fisherman theology to be folly, but there was one thing about it all that he could not understand. He himself had failed to produce a charitable movement in paganism, which he patronized. But when he saw the followers of the Galilean support the destitute of their persecutors’ as well as of their religion he exclaimed, “It is a scandal!” Silly vassal of the world’s nightmares, he could not see that such pitying love must draw to itself the whole soul of paganism as morning sunlight drinks the dew.

Thus for a little space this sweetest flower that ever grew from gospel stock put forth its beauty and its fragrance. In the darkness of superstition and night it challenged the admiration and won the hearts of all true seekers after God. Into the perishing heathen world it exhaled a something “more precious than gold, more vital than art, more mighty than conquering legions.” As Matthew Arnold expresses it, “it drew from the spiritual world a source of joy so abundant that that joy was wafted out upon the material world and transfigured it.” For a little space this passion flower of God unfolded its white petals and breathed out

its heavenly sweetness, bringing to imprisoned souls the beauty, mystery, and radiance of the unthralled, royal life of the children of God. Then it withered. In the Latin Church, after the tenth or eleventh century, we find no sign of the order of deaconesses. In the Greek Church the order did not linger beyond the twelfth century. The word "deaconess" gradually fell into disuse. It well-nigh was forgotten. The reinstitution of deaconess work re-incarnates the triumphant life of the primitive church. Wise and far-visioned is this return to a ministry hallowed by such divine possibilities of power. The hope of the church to-day lies in its ability to bring men back to the ethical standards and spiritual practices of primitive Christianity. Thus alone can the church shore back the contracting walls of society. Thus alone can she "flash into the sloth of this age the force of her own convictions, the passion of her own resolves." The deep significance of deaconess work in this return to the methods of the primitive church may be understood from the fact that "the teaching of the earliest Christian homily which has come down to us elevates almsgiving to the chief place in Christian practice." We may not accept the doctrine, but the fact remains. "Fasting is better than prayer; almsgiving is better than fasting; blessed is the man who is found perfect therein, for almsgiving lightens the weight of sin" (2 Clem. Rom. 16).

That wizard of Scottish story, Sir Walter Scott, in one of his most graphic pictures shows an evil knight dying on the field of battle. As earth is receding from his gaze this unhappy mortal marks rising around him the ghosts of his wicked past. Hopeless night is settling down upon his soul. Then beside the dying man kneels a woman. And as in tender pity she laves the warrior's brow, and strives to win him to thoughts of immortal weal, the poet, as if conscious that such an act in such an hour is freighted with the pathos of all humanity yearning for consolation, breaks off from the narrative. In thought so sweet, so simple, so elemental that the lines have become a hackneyed commonplace of English speech, an exclamation lifts the mind to the universal:

O, Woman! in our hours of ease
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,

And variable as the shade
By the light, quivering aspen made;
When pain and anguish wring the brow
A ministering angel thou!

Yes, to give a heartbroken, dying soul the cup of consolation to drink—that is the supreme secret of empire! The gospel, imperative for the world's betterment, is resistless when it knocks at a human heart with the appeal of a woman's nursing, sympathy, and prayers. Thus wooed, unhappy souls, dead spent and sinking into midnight, leap to accept and to exalt the apostolic Christ-dream of the church.

When, summoned by the bell at her bedside, Sister Dora rose to minister, the face of the sick sufferer faded. Christ's face across her fancy came and gave the battle to her hands. When the church is lifted up to behold, in all its beatific beauty, the face of Christus Consolator, then men and women will become tenderly obedient to his summons. His ministry will be their glory. In divine presence Christus Imperator will give the battle to our hands.

Franklin Hamilton

ART. VIII.—METHODIST METHODS IN ROME¹

WE had thought we were living in the twentieth century, and were enjoying universal religious liberty and toleration. We had thought the days of ecclesiastical conflicts and denominational strifes were passed. We had thought that Protestant and Catholic, Jew and Moslem, in these days of light and liberty, were mingling together in the great field of ethical work, each respecting and recognizing the other. But we were mistaken. Our dreams of universal religious peace are rudely interrupted by the din of religious war. The screech of shot and shell makes us shudder as they are fired from the big guns through the religious and secular press of the land. "Vatican intolerance," "pernicious Methodist proselyting," "Rooseveltian Americanism" are echoed and reëchoed from shore to shore. The press has had a real war sensation, and has no doubt reaped a harvest of ducats on the war scale. But why all this noise, dust, and smoke? Some time ago Mr. Fairbanks, then touring the world, came to the city of Rome. Being an ex-Vice-President of the United States and a very distinguished citizen, he was shown marked attention in the "Eternal City." Upon Saturday he was received by the king, and was booked for an audience with the Pope on Monday. Being a Methodist, Mr. Fairbanks was asked to speak before the American Methodist Church on Sunday evening and very cordially accepted. He was also to take Sunday dinner at the American college for Catholic priests and to address the students of that institution. The congregation of the American Methodist church consists of Americans residing in Rome and tourists visiting the city. The Methodist part is emphasized to distinguish it from the American Episcopal and Scotch Presbyterian Churches, both of which conduct services in English. The church is attended and supported by English-speaking people and has no connection, except proximity, to the Italian Mission work. Very few of those attending the services of this church are Metho-

¹ The writer of this article was for some time pastor of the American Methodist Episcopal Church in Rome. His statements may be fully trusted, since he speaks with the authority of direct personal knowledge.

dists. The writer, during a year's pastorate in which a careful record was kept, found that Episcopalians, Baptists, Congregationalists, Presbyterians, and Universalists made up the larger part of his congregation. Nor did the writer ever speak, or hear spoken in this church, one word of vilification of the Catholic Church. It was in this church, and to Americans not connected with the Italian Mission work, Mr. Fairbanks was to speak.

The program was being carried out. Mr. Fairbanks sat at dinner at the American school for Catholic priests and Mgr. Kennedy, the head of the school, by his side. The situation was delicate in the extreme, but something had to be done, and Kennedy had to do it: "The Vatican has learned of your engagement to speak at the Methodist society this evening, and in the event that you do the audience with the Pope on the morrow will have to be canceled." The ex-Vice-President was sorry, but felt that he would have to keep his engagement that evening. For the time nothing more was said of it. After the dinner the students listened to an address by the distinguished American, which was highly approved by them. But Mgr. Kennedy was restless. More weighty matters rested upon him: "If you will only cancel your appointment with the Methodists, the audience with the Pope will go on as arranged." The world knows how he answered the question.

About this time another distinguished American was Rome-ward bound, and the press gave out the glittering news that he, with his family and party, would be received by the Pope. Why not? He had asked for the honor. But the Vatican was nervous. It feared a repetition of the Fairbanks incident. This time there must be no mistake, and Mr. Roosevelt is made to understand that while in Rome, if accorded an audience with the Pope, he must subscribe to the limitations of that audience. The world knows of that decision.

As an excuse for this extraordinary action of the Vatican the Methodist Mission work in Rome is offered. Archbishop Ireland in an elaborate defense of the holy see says: "The Methodist propaganda in Rome is so vile, so calumnious in its assaults upon the Catholic faith, so dishonest in its methods to win prose-

lytes, that the holy father is compelled by the vital principles of his high office to avoid at all cost the slightest movement on his part that might be interpreted as abetting the propaganda, or approving, even by implication, its purposes and tactics." This statement comes with the claim that he has made full personal investigation, and is approved by Cardinal Gibbons, the head of the Catholic Church in this country, and by Mgr. Falconio, apostolic delegate at Washington. The *Osservatore Romano*, the official organ of the Vatican in Rome, says, "It [the Methodist Mission] is the center of all hostility against the spiritual power of the supreme pontiff in his own seat; a center from which radiate all encouragements, material and moral, of a propaganda in Rome favoring apostasy and incitement, in every way and by every means, to open rebellion and war against the church." The other men and papers follow in the same strain. This is Rome's defense.

Just how much Methodism is at the bottom of the trouble is hard to get at. One thing is certain: the Mission on Via Venti Settembre is not the only thing that would preclude an audience with the head of the church. The distinguished visitor could not go direct from the Quirinal to the Vatican because such an act would suggest that the Pope recognized the king. The Choral Society of Cologne was refused an audience because they had visited and sung before the Italian sovereigns, and Archbishop Ireland canceled an engagement to speak at the Lincoln banquet in Rome because the toast to the President of the United States was to be followed by one to the king of Italy. The fact that Mr. Roosevelt was the guest of the Roman municipality, and spoke at the banquet over which the mayor, Ernesto Nathan, presided, would have precluded an audience with the Pope because the municipality and the Pope, like the Jews and Samaritans, have no dealings with each other. And, once more, the fact that Mr. Roosevelt was received by the Masons, and allowed a high degree to be conferred upon him, would have precluded an audience, because, as everyone knows, Masonry is anathema. So it is just as well that the ex-President bucked at the first fence, for he would not have submitted to the curb very long.

But what defense do the Methodists make? We answer, There is none to be made. The work stands on its own merits. In the course of events the Pope lost his temporal possessions, and Italy was given a constitutional government guaranteeing religious liberty. This government stands for education and enlightenment, for freedom of speech and the press, for individual liberty and representative government. Over this government rules a king whose deeds have endeared him to the hearts of the people, but whom the Pope calls "robber king." When the walls of Rome were shot down by Victor Emmanuel's victorious army, among other good things that came in were the Bible and the Methodists. The Methodists are not responsible for united Italy, nor for the new government. Neither are they to blame for what has been done by way of education and enlightenment. But they do believe in the new order and work for its best interest. And it is gratifying to know that the government, which is recognized by all the world save the Pope, is the steadfast friend and firm protector of those "pernicious proselyters." Not, however, in any dogmatic way, but in accord with the constitution which guarantees religious liberty. In Italy the die is cast for a new order, and the fight of the Vatican against it is as hopeless as that of the old woman who tried to drive back the tide with her broom.

The institutions of the Methodist Episcopal Church are located in Rome strategically. The main building, worth about \$300,000, is situated on Via Venti Settembre, opposite the war office and a short distance from the Quirinal, the palace of the king. This is one of the most imposing buildings in the city, and is sometimes called the "Methodist Vatican." On the ground floor of this building are the Italian church, the American church, and the printing department. The Collegio Metodista, or boys' school, is in the two upper stories. Offices and quarters for the missionaries utilize the rest of this very large building. The plant is one of which Americans, as well as Methodists, might well be proud. Crandon Hall, the best girls' school in Rome, occupied a handsome building on Via Veneto, in the best section of the city, just opposite the beautiful palace of Queen Margherita. Here it outgrew its quarters; the building was sold at a splendid advance

and new grounds were purchased adjoining the spacious gardens of the Villa Albana, just outside the Porta Salaria, where now there are being erected three buildings—an administration building, a recitation hall, and a dormitory. The plan includes a music hall, an art school, and a gymnasium. When these are completed Crandon Hall will be the best institution for the education of young ladies in Italy. It now easily leads any in Rome. Across the Tiber, and near the Vatican, is the Girls' Home School, an institution for the training of girls in domestic science. The Reeder Theological School, the Italian Deaconess Home, and the Isabel Nursery and Kindergarten are the other Methodist institutions in Rome. Mr. White, a former American ambassador, used to say to the writer, "My! but you Methodists have certainly gone into the real estate business here in Rome."

Now, just a word about the charges against the Methodist propaganda. Vile in make-up and dishonest in method is the accusation. But where?—and how? The schools are under government supervision, they may be seen and inspected at any time. The books are open, and the literature sent out is extant. It is the custom to translate standard American books and print them in Italian. The thing emphasized is moral life and honesty of purpose. I don't think Archbishop Ireland, or anyone else, can name any printed word that comes from the Methodist press in Rome that is in any sense of the word *vile*. As to methods, in no case are they dishonest. To the Italian mind the American ways are better than the Italian ways. America stands for liberty, freedom, equality, and justice. They like the way Americans do things, and hence an American school cannot help but be popular. The Methodist schools are well managed and the instruction is thorough. The students are taught patriotism and high standards of morality. They are also taught to be truthful and to shun casuistry as a deadly poison. This is new to the Italian mind. Many come direct from the priests' schools, and, while they receive every inducement to return to them, after they have breathed the freer atmosphere and partaken of the better instruction they scarcely ever do. There is no pressure brought to bear upon them to become Protestants. Many of them are already this in principle.

They are certainly not Catholics. Every girl in Crandon Hall and every boy in the Collegio Mettodista pays the tuition and board. They come of their own choice, pay for their instruction, and are not disappointed. They are of the best families of Rome and Italy—sons and daughters of bankers, high officials, deputies of Parliament, and members of the king's cabinet. The talk of proselyting among this class of people is folly. Every interest in Italy that throws its influence toward united Italy, the present government, and better education, wishes well the Methodist propaganda. Dr. Burt, before he was bishop and while yet head of the mission work, was decorated by the king for services to the state, which had been religious and educational pure and simple.

I am aware of the fact that the Vatican is not in sympathy with the forces that are making Italy a first-class world power. I know too well that Saint Peter has tried to turn back the tide of democracy so strongly set in. I know also what the Liberal Party, which holds a tremendous majority, contemplates doing when the proper time comes. The tide is strong against the Catholic Church in Italy. The tide is strong against it in other parts of Europe. This movement contemplates the separation of church and state. That the Vatican is angry is perfectly natural. That it should pour out its anathemas upon this movement is to be expected. That it should watch with jealous eye any other religious organization, when "she alone is the only guardian of the faith and the only possessor of the keys," is only in keeping with her convictions. To expect religious toleration, or ecclesiastical recognition, from Rome is to ignore the logic of the church. Great is Rome, and besides her there is no other. This is her position, and, like a lion, she will fight to the death. We believe her position hopeless, but cannot but admire her desperation.

I wish to raise the question seriously: Is there room in Italy for Protestant mission work? We concede that there is not if the Catholic Church is reaching all the people and giving them the gospel. For answer let us look at the facts. Italy reports the largest number of men who are atheists of any nation in Christendom. While a student in Rome it was given to the

writer on good authority that out of the 33,000,000 people, 23,000,000 never cross the threshold of a church. The hostility of the church to the present government has made the church very unpopular. Roma, a Catholic weekly, sums up the conditions as follows: "Of its [Rome's] five deputies four are violent anticlericals and the fifth can be anticlerical at times; its municipality is in the hands of the anticlerical block; its mayor is bitterly anticlerical; the last shred of religious teaching has been abolished in the public schools; the organizations of the working classes are dominated by the anticlerical spirit; three fourths of the newspapers are anticlerical." This is about the average condition over the entire kingdom. The masses are violent in their attitude toward the church because they believe that it is against freedom and democracy. What the future will bring is hard to tell. One thing is very certain—Catholicism cannot fill the breach as long as she remains as she now is. Therefore, if Methodism can save the situation in Italy, as it certainly once did in England, a common Christianity ought to be broad enough to be grateful. The writer does not deny that bitter words have come from the mouths of the Methodists. Vituperation has been poured out upon the Vatican. But this has come, not in attack, but in retaliation. The Vatican has not been guiltless, and if word for word were compared the milder forms would rest with the Methodists. And, considering that the latter are the weaker and the persecuted, this is certainly one in their favor. We can understand how Catholicism, claiming to be the only church and the only possessor of the truth, would guard with eagle eye the city of the see of Saint Peter, would look upon all intrusion of another religious body into that see as an open insult, and would fight to the death such organization. But once grant his exclusive right in Rome, and concede the claims of the Pope there, and you grant his exclusive right and concede the claims of the Pope over the world. Grant this, and liberty of religious thinking dies, and Protestantism dies—not of itself, but as the Huguenots died. Again, the bitter comments on the part of the Methodists have come from the rank and file of the Methodists, and in some cases from those who did not understand the situation, never from the

responsible heads. This much cannot be claimed for the other side.

One thing more: the Catholic view and the Protestant view can never be harmonized. They are diametrically opposed. Each knows he is right and will not give way. What, then, can be done? Simply this: let there be full religious freedom and toleration, each respecting the rights and prerogatives of the other, uniting in the spirit of love, but dividing in the forms of work and worship. There is plenty of room in the world of Christianity for such a spirit, and by its application the world will be made better and Christianity stronger, while there is no room for a close sectarian spirit; and if there are those who persist in applying such, the world will be made worse and Christianity weaker.

Grant Perkins

ART. IX.—PRAGMATISM AND THE PERSONAL PHILOSOPHY

THE recent drift in philosophy known as pragmatism has been popularly expounded by Professor James in his Lowell lectures delivered in Boston, repeated at Columbia University, and published in a modest-sized volume. The reception accorded this popular exposition is a good illustration of the fact that one has only to take an idea already familiar and useful, put it up nicely, give it a new name, and advertise it well, to get the credit of having put forth a brand-new thing under the sun. Be that as it may, it is undoubtedly a new thing under the sun for a book on metaphysics to sell like novels, and to have to hang out the "Standing Room Only" sign at philosophical lectures! But it must not be imagined that this doctrine called pragmatism is altogether the creation of the gifted scholars who now devote all their strength to its propoganda—Professors James and Dewey, Dr. Schiller at Oxford, and a few others. These philosophers have simply worked out the method in the form of a systematic exposition. The method was here long before Schiller published his *Studies in Humanism*, and the Lowell lectures of 1906 were delivered. But those who had been using the method did not call themselves pragmatists. These forerunners have been the modern thinkers in philosophy and economics who have refused to be swung away from the practical interests of life by the logical consequence-makers and the doctrinaires. Notable also among these have been the modern scientific workers. They have been pragmatists except when they would wander off their beat for a little while to write bad metaphysics for the magazines. Scientific facts are gotten from observing concrete conditions in nature or the laboratory. No room for speculation here. The uniformity of many of these facts has found formulation in laws; and the efforts to explain the facts have brought forth hypotheses. But when they understand themselves, scientists have not regarded their hypotheses as final or ultimate truth. The great scientific doctrines, however well they seem to be established, are true while they work, and they are

laid aside without grief or heart-searchings when other doctrines are formulated which better serve the practical purposes of explanation. Professor James lays no claim to being a pioneer in the pragmatism business. Yet it must be admitted that this new emphasis and exposition promise to help considerably in the work of rescuing speculation from the vague and empty abstractions in which it has too often lost itself. In this paper I shall try briefly to indicate the excellencies of the pragmatic method, and also to point out that what is popularly known as the pragmatic philosophy is the same old empiricism with new clothes, and brings nothing really new to the solution of the deeper problems of philosophy.

What is pragmatism? Perhaps we can most quickly understand it by noting the doctrines against which it protests. Idealists, though differing radically in their metaphysics, practically agree in their explanation of the mental processes through which knowledge is acquired. Kant's theory of thought has been improved but not displaced. The mind acts upon a flow of sense impressions received from without, selecting, comparing, and otherwise relating them to each other in thought. This the mind does in accordance with certain great fundamental principles, called the categories. These categories are such as "number," "identity," "space," time, causality, and purpose. They are the thought-forms so to speak—the principles in accordance with which the mind relates the sensations to each other, building up from them in the mind that thought structure we call rational experience. Without this relating activity of the mind sensations would simply succeed each other, each disappearing as the other appeared. Now, this doctrine of knowledge as the building up within of a world of ideas corresponding to the world of concrete reality without is the core of idealism so far as the problem of knowledge is concerned. And all idealists agree also that these categories, or primary principles, cannot be derived from anything antecedent to them in consciousness, but that they are imbedded in the nature of the mind itself. In other words, they are *a priori* or immanent. But just here the pragmatist enters his first vigorous protest. Dr. Schiller, in his Axioms as Postulates, holds that

all these categories revered as *a priori* since the days of Kant are simply postulates. Now, a postulate is assuming something as true that we absolutely need. If we begin by doubting everything that cannot be proved, as Descartes tried to do, thought gets hopelessly stalled at the start. We have to take some things as true because we need them to make a beginning of rational thinking. Thus we have to assume the general trustworthiness of our senses; that this is a rational world and therefore capable of being understood by us; that mind is essentially the same in all men, and so on. These are postulates of thought. They must of necessity precede all proofs and all reasoning. Dr. Schiller assures us that the categories are of this character. Our ancestors, away back in the dim ages of the past, when men were beginning to be rational beings, assumed the truth of these so-called categories, and began at once to use them. They worked very well. Instinctively primitive men learned to think of a thing as remaining the same thing through successive changes—this became identity of objects existing in certain positions in the world outside the observer—this was space; and so on. Now, all this is not very new. Nor is it so very shocking, except to the strict Kantians of the old school. Idealists may even agree to this suggestion from the empiricist without giving away or invalidating their idealism, just as the theists may accept the doctrine of evolution as a description of the process of creation without invalidating their theism. It would be a minor matter whether we regard the categories as primitive demands of the reason assumed as true at the start, or as fundamental truths of all reason constituting the very nature of thought itself, but for one fact, namely, that this suggestion about the categories as postulates swings us right up face to face with the question of the ground of reality, and the ultimate ground or validity of truth. In other words, we are on metaphysical territory. And here the parting of the ways between pragmatist and personal idealist becomes very decided. We venture to ask the pragmatist whether these fundamental principles of thought—postulates, or *a priori*—are *fundamental truths*, not simply as assumed as fundamental truths? He answers: "Do not ask about ultimate truth, or the ground of truth. These categories work

well, do they not? Yes. Well, then, they are true." And everything is true that works well. All we should mean by a doctrine being true is that it works well—serves to bring about practical and useful ends in concrete experience. The practical interests of life are the sole test, and any attempt to ground truths in anything beyond this is fallacious and futile. We can know nothing of an ultimate Reality, and nothing of Truth in the sense of a unified total corresponding to it. There is no Truth; but there are truths, this, that, and the other truth. Truths are truths *for us*. That is, they are relative to what we want to do or find. Thus, are you aiming to reach the railroad station? Then follow *this* street. This street is *your* truth. All others are error *for you*. Or are you aiming simply to take a walk for the air? Then take *any* street. Any one is your truth. Thus a thing may be true for you and not true for me because your purpose and aim are very different from mine: you want the station; I am out simply for the air. This, of course, abolishes any fixed or absolute element in truth, and makes it a relative, not to say, individualistic affair. Those who know something of the history of naturalism will recognize that here we have the same old sensation doctrine. All is relative to our experience. There is no source, sanction, or ground of truth except in our finite experience.

Now, that truths are instrumental, and that the practical issues of life often afford a valid test of truth when logic and speculation fail, no careful thinker would deny. But the unfortunate thing about this pragmatic doctrine of truth is that it leaves very little room for moral sanctions. The best test of the worth of a philosophic teaching is found in its ethics. What high moral incentives, what ethical imperatives are apt to result from such a relative view of truth? A pluralistic metaphysics naturally comes out into an individualistic ethics, and such a philosophy will not be long in exhibiting its moral weakness. In the pragmatists' criticisms of Idealism they have seen fit practically to ignore the only form of idealism that is surviving, namely, personal idealism. Absolute idealism, from Hegel to Mr. Bradley, is pretty badly lost in the hazes of abstraction and some of the attacks of pragmatists are well directed. But personal idealism, or person-

alism, as it is coming to be called, does not stand convicted of the sin of unlawful abstraction. The personalists do not deal in such abstractions as "Cosmic Consciousness," "Universal Mind," Thought with a capital T, and so on. They recognize that Consciousness which is not the consciousness of some one is nothing, nor is Thought without a Thinker anything but a meaningless abstraction. The personalist insists upon his monism entirely upon practical grounds. The mind can find rest only in the idea of a possible harmony beneath the discords of life. And the moral life of men also can derive needed impulses and sanction only from the idea of the Perfect One, rather than the imperfect many. The personalist insists also that the practical demands of a moral life, quite as much as the processes of reason, have led him to the view of a Supreme Spirit or Being, a Thinker, a Willer, and a Being with moral feelings, hence a Person; that upon the intelligence of this personal Being rests the intelligibility of the world of experience; upon his infinite wisdom and will rests the conception of the truth—a complete grasp of reality by the Divine Mind of which our grasp and view are but as broken fragments. Thus the personalist justly claims to be true to experience—to the practical interests of our moral life. When rational speculation led him to the point where the problems of metaphysics seemed insoluble, instead of plunging into the abysses with the absolutists he postulated the truths which the moral life of man demanded, and, like Kant, saved his work from a barren outcome in skepticism. In other words, the personalists have found their way to the truth of a personal God, moral freedom, and the faith of personal immortality, by being true to this method now called pragmatic. And they have been true to it all the way the method leads, not shying at the idea of a personal Infinite, but welcoming it, since they have come to see the imperative need of larger conceptions of truth than particular finite interests, to save ethics from being merely a doctrine of systematic sagacity and individual expediency. Indeed, the personalists have been more true to all of life and experience—moral no less than mental and physical—than those who now have the method baptized with the classical name pragmatism and stand up as its godfathers. Let anyone

who questions this consider how largely this appeal to the whole life of man has guided Professor Bowne, the leading expounder of the personal philosophy in this country. This thinker is never weary of urging the necessary and practical demands of the moral life as valid philosophical justification of our beliefs.¹ The pragmatic method is not at all the possession of naturalistic philosophers. When employed by thorough thinkers it will bring forth yet richer and more fruitful results for ethics and sociology; but in the hands of persons who have not yet outgrown materialism it simply promises dark possibilities of a dangerous individualism in ethics and practical atheism in religion.

In closing, let us ask a pragmatic question: What is the practical outcome of this empirical thought which calls itself pragmatism? For, after all, philosophies find their final test in the moral realm. The true pragmatist will reckon with the whole of experience—moral and religious experience no less than mental. The lofty moral incentives of self-sacrifice nourished by religious faith, how does the pragmatic philosophy reckon with these? In other words, how will it conserve religion—no unimportant part of experience? We do not need to wait to find out. The history of thought tells us that religion on a naturalistic basis has always been a pretty slim affair practically, and has had a chronic way of lapsing into atheism and pessimism. Positivism, though claiming at one time to be a religion, brought no music of joy into the common chords of life, which are often minor and broken harmonies. "By their fruits ye shall know them" is a test pragmatic enough, and by this test religions of humanity have dismally failed. Matthew Arnold had a spiritual nature but a naturalistic philosophy. He was "tender-minded," but embraced the "tough-minded" creed, to use Professor James's picturesque phrases. And the religious outcome is read in the pathetic hopelessness and depression of many of his otherwise beautiful poems:

The sea of Faith

Was once, too, at the full, and round earth's shore

¹ *Theory of Thought and Knowledge*, chapter on "Knowledge and Belief"; last three chapters of *Theism*; in his discussion of *Society* in *Principles of Ethics*; in the closing chapter of "Personalism" we find portions of his work where this practical method stands forth preëminently.

Lay like the folds of a bright girdle furled.
But now I only hear
Its melancholy, long, withdrawing roar,
Retreating, to the breath of the night-wind
Down the vast edges drear
And naked shingles of the world.

The realm of philosophy is not that of religion, but they are adjacent country, and the outlook from the land of philosophy ought to be inspiring, not depressing. After reason has done its best, the great hunger of the human heart remains. The processes of logic leave us still in the shadows. But philosophy is for life; and the needs of the human spirit and the demands of a moral life are factors of experience that philosophy must reckon with. And here the personal philosophy brings what no other system of thought has given—inspiration, moral incentives, a broader outlook, a cherished hope for still larger living. It does this by making a personal God—the Divine Father of men—the source and center of all, thus paving the way for those warm assurances of love which revelation brings from the heart of Him whom we have not yet seen but love.

Francis L. Strickland

ART. X.—ISRAEL'S THREAD IN HISTORY

How far does Providence rule history? A most interesting inquiry. Look where he will, the student sees events, seemingly disconnected, that have combined to produce or assist certain results. Believing that the Divine Father had plans for the world, and that these plans were to be promulgated through Israel, can we trace in history's record of early times God's providence over the people through whom he designed to work?

About B.C. 2000 Egypt was invaded by a hostile people. Either by gradual ascendancy or by immediate and complete conquest the Hyksos kings became its rulers and held their own for some four hundred years. The power of these invaders was such as to fill with terror the hearts of the people. The former Pharaohs were allowed by them to assume some power in the South as vassals, not as independent princes. For years this Hyksos yoke was submitted to, but it was always galling. When, finally, Egypt rose in her might, the stranger people, probably weakened by self-indulgence, were soon ejected and a native dynasty again established. The Pharaohs of this eighteenth dynasty seemed possessed with the idea of territorial expansion. That greed for conquest and the extension of power which predominates in the governmental mind of so many nations to-day is a heritage from these Pharaohs. Just freed from dependence, the Egyptians thirsted for conquest. The reign of Thothmes III, one of the grandest in Egyptian history, is typical in its *motif* of all the Pharaohs of his dynasty. He made fifteen military campaigns. He subdued Canaan. He marched against Syria, then a nation perhaps superior to Egypt herself in civilization, and soon laid her under tribute. He captured Carchemish and Aleppo, and carried much rich spoil from them back to his native land. He erected monuments on the borders of the Euphrates River. He aspired to reach the Persian Gulf, and thus dominate the commerce of the world and almost its very life. A favorite rule of conquest was the deportation of conquered peoples in mass. The Pharaohs married Syrian princesses, their officers took to them-

selves Syrian wives, the people often followed their example, and on the monuments now we begin to see a different cast of countenance. No longer is the face distinctly Egyptian; infusions of foreign blood have left their impress. The result of this contact with foreign peoples and infusion of foreign blood is best seen in the history of the reigns of Amenophis III and Amenophis IV. From the Tel-el-Amarna tablets we learn that the reigns of these monarchs were times of commercial activity and of the cultivation of the fine arts. Amenophis III married a Syrian woman of great force of character, whose influence upon the king was great. When her son, Amenophis IV, began to reign, still a young man, his mother's influence was predominant. In the sixth year of his reign, apparently but two years after the death of his father, he announced himself a convert to the Syrian faith. In place of the worship of Amon he declared Aten, or the sun god, to be the deity of the Egyptian state. His very name he changed to Khu-en-Aten, "the glory of the solar disc." The capital, Thebes, was honeycombed with temples, altars, and inscriptions to the gods of the Egyptians. Amenophis IV built a new capital for himself at Amarna, and there devoted his time and energy to the conversion of his people and the establishment of the arts. War was of secondary importance, territorial expansion a minor consideration. Religion and art were the dominating ideas. Internal struggles with the powerful priestly hierarchy weakened Egypt's foreign power, and with the relaxation of her hold on her foreign possessions their princes began to assert themselves. Turning our attention once more to Syria, we see a new people scattered over the northern country. When Thothmes IV conquered all that land, and erected monuments on the Euphrates River, we find in his annals no mention of the Hittites. Now we see them in great power. They have come down from the Taurus Mountains, have overrun the entire northern country, have laid Syria under tribute, and are now living the life of a conquering people. Against this new enemy now threatening her vassals Rameses II, true to the traditions of his ancestors, marched. For twenty-five years they fought, with varying fortune. Rameses has left a record that he conquered

the Hittites; but since he has also left a treaty made with them, by which Canaan and Syria were divided equally between the Hittites and himself, we rather doubt his statement. By the terms of this treaty the northern half of the land was ceded to the Hittite confederacy, the southern half to the Egyptian nation. Egypt must surrender her fond hopes of reaching to the Persian Gulf. A powerful people now stands in her way.

In ancient times, as in modern, reports of wealth attracted men. The tribute levied time and time again by conquerors gives evidence that Syria was a highly civilized and rich nation. Rumors of this wealth, and of the riches belonging to the Hittites and to Egypt, penetrated to the *Ægean Sea* and aroused feelings of cupidity in the dwellers around its shores. What was to hinder marching down and capturing some of this wealth? Sicilian, Sardinian, Greek and Cypriote combined their forces for this purpose. In the graphic words of the historian, "The people of the North came leaping up; they spread themselves over all lands; they ate up all who opposed them." Marching first against Syria, this barbaric horde demonstrated its power by defeating the Hittites. So completely was this people subdued that a late edition of the *Encyclopedia Britannica* doubted their very existence. Marching down through Palestine, we are told that they left the land desolate. Then they threatened Egypt. A simultaneous attack on land and sea was met by the forces of Rameses III, who during several years had been preparing for this great struggle. Levies had been made on all his possessions, and he now had a great force. Justly proud of his power, he has left a complete account of this land and naval battle. His soldiers routed the barbarian forces, his ships simultaneously broke up and destroyed the hostile navy. As he has expressively stated it, "Those who reached my boundary never reaped a harvest again." The barbarians were not only checked in their career, they were annihilated. The few that remained became the obedient slaves of the powerful Rameses III.

Now see the Israelitish thread that runs through these historical narratives. Knowing the enmity the Egyptians had reason to entertain toward shepherds, it seems strange that a

desert stranger should have been placed in a position next to that of the king. With one of the pure Egyptian monarchs on the throne it is not easy to see how a wandering Bedouin family could be welcomed and honored. Reckoning, however, that the entrance into Egypt had occurred during the reign of the Hyksos kings, all difficulties are removed. We understand the honors paid to Joseph, the reception extended to Jacob and his family, the kind treatment vouchsafed during the years of these desert kings to fellow nomads. And it was imperative that during these years the children of Israel should be dwellers in Egypt. With Egypt marching time and time again through Palestine, plundering the villages and destroying the inhabitants, with the Hittites coming down from the North and conquering the dwellers in the land, the barbarian hordes descending upon the whole land of Canaan like a swarm of locusts and leaving behind a trail of ravage, desolation, and death, during the years of Israel's sojourn in Egypt the land of promise was a scene of ceaseless warfare. How could Israel have prospered or grown amid such tumults? Humanly speaking, she could not have survived. And Egypt was the only place of safety near Canaan. She was the only contiguous nation strong enough during all these troublous years to keep enemies out of her land. Can we doubt that Israel's bark was guided into this safe haven by an almighty Pilot?

At the beginning of this era both Canaan and Syria were strong and civilized peoples, rich and prosperous. The successive waves of conflict that rolled over the land destroyed the nation's civilization and sapped its strength. If an effort had been made to possess this land at the beginning of the era we are considering, say from B. C. 2000-1700, Israel would have been stoutly opposed by a strong, wealthy, and comparatively civilized people. But the inhabitants were decimated by the constant warfare, their wealth had been destroyed, their civilization devastated. When the barbarian hordes swept down through the land their ravages gave the final blow to all sturdy opposition. Following this calamity, Canaan lay an easy prey for the first comer. Suppose that these wars had not occurred. If Egypt's plans of conquest had not been interfered with by the conversion of her monarch,

and then prevented by the coming of the Hittites, she would have marched victoriously on to the Persian Gulf. Looking at the prospects from a human standpoint, what chance of success would Israel then have had to possess Canaan? Egypt would have struggled on till the final death throes to prevent a small, despised nation possessing the highway of commerce, the land between herself and the plain of the Euphrates River, her fruitful possession. The conversion of Amenophis IV and the coming of the Hittite spoiled Egypt's ambitious plans. Suppose the Hittites had remained unconquered and at peace with Egypt. Israel would have been directly between two powerful nations. Egypt first, then the Hittites, would have marched against her for plunder and tribute. Her lot would indeed have been a sore one. The barbarians destroyed the Hittites, the Egyptians annihilated the barbarians, but were so weakened themselves by this great struggle that they were in no condition to debate with Israel the possession of the land of Canaan.

Disregarding altogether, then, the benefit to Israel of dwelling in contact with the most highly developed nation of the world during the years of growth from a nomad family to an incipient nation, will we not agree that God's hand was manifest in her destiny? We may not think that the Almighty caused these wars that prepared Canaan for Israel's occupancy. Will we not say that God used history to further his projects? that he sheltered his people from the warfare and tumult that prevailed for so long a time, and that he used these storms of human cupidity and passion to clear the way toward Israel's safe and comparatively easy possession of the land of promise?

NOTE.—I have omitted dates because of their uncertainty. I am, however, well aware that the above view would place the Exodus a little later than is commonly accepted.

E. G. Richardson

ART. XL.—AN INTERPRETER OF BROWNING

UPON what does the interpretative power of Professor Corson¹ depend? Does the secret of it lie in his ability to see and explain more clearly than others the subtle meanings and relations of the thoughts of Browning? Would a reader find his notes on Browning's poetry more helpful than he would those of other critics? By what method has he won for himself a name that is almost unrivaled in America as an interpreter of Browning? These are some of the questions that are asked by faithful students of Browning—questions that the younger generation, who have not come under the personal influence of Professor Corson, would like to have answered. A description of an experience that took place in the home of the venerable scholar may give in a satisfactory, though unexpected, manner the information desired.

The short December afternoon was drawing to its close. The gray light was beginning to creep down the hillsides, and a shadow had already fallen over the library where we were sitting. With the fading of the light came a slight feeling of relaxation and a pause in the conversation. Very gently Professor Corson said, as if doubting the great favor he was conferring, "Shall I read to you before you go?" He opened his book apparently at random, but no other selection could have suited the time and circumstances so well as the one chosen. Nature had shifted the lights to the right degree of grayness, and our minds, tired from our long journey to this home, a little depressed because of circumstances, furnished at this moment the fit stage for the enactment of one of Browning's soul-dramas. When the poem was named we regretted that we were not familiar with it, but the fact that we did not know it, nor of the literary controversies over it, supplied just the conditions necessary for testing the powers

¹ Hiram Corson, LL.D., Professor Emeritus of English Literature in Cornell University; a beloved friend of Mr. and Mrs. Browning, and widely known as an interpreter of Browning's poetry; author of many works on literary subjects; *Handbook of Anglo-Saxon and Early English*; *A Primer of English Verse*, chiefly in its *Æsthetic and Organic Character*; *An Introduction to the Study of Shakespeare*; *An Introduction to the Study of Milton*; *An Introduction to the Study of Browning*; *The Aims of Literary Study*; *The Voice and Spiritual Education*, etc.

of the interpreter. We gathered ourselves together mentally, as almost any student of Browning thinks he must do in order to appreciate a new poem. As if the effort were divined, before beginning to read, Professor Corson said: "Do not try to follow this poem intellectually, but with the spirit. Follow it lightly, catch its spiritual meaning, and make it subservient to your own souls." Could we do this—relax mental effort, while listening to Browning, fail, perhaps, to catch the meaning of whole sentences, possibly of stanzas, and drift with the spirit of the poem into the realization of some wonderful truth?

The deep voice began reading with such a note of weariness and despondency in it as would find an echo in every heart that has striven long and hard and failed to attain:

"My first thought was he lied in every word,
That hoary cripple with malicious eye
Askance to watch the working of his lie
On mine, and mouth scarce able to afford
Suppression of the glee that pursed and scored
Its edge, at one more victim gained thereby."

The voice, more than the words, made one feel the last insult offered to despair—the luring by the lies of the hideous cripple with skull-like laugh into an ominous tract where the Dark Tower hides. What was the Dark Tower? Neither question nor answer troubled us. We felt only the darkness that closes round one when hope dies. Hope may have died utterly, but something survived greater than hope. The faintest note of a far-off triumph sounded as the lines were read:

"Yet acquiescingly
I did turn as he pointed: neither pride
Nor hope rekindling at the end descried,
So much as gladness that some end might be."

Then, like a wave of warmth in the evening chill, was felt the grim endurance of the soul that was persevering under tremendous difficulties:

"Thus I had so long suffered in this quest,
Heard failure prophesied so oft, been writ
So many times among 'The Band'—to wit,
The knights who to the Dark Tower's search addressed
Their steps—that just to fail as they, seemed best,
And all the doubt was now—should I be fit?"

The dim day of the poem settled about us. We were in the midst of the great gray plain, endless and dreary beyond description. Monotony and lifelessness were everywhere—worse than lifelessness, for the few signs of life, the grass that “grew as scant as hair in leprosy” and the “one stiff blind horse” only added to the horror of the scene. We hardly noticed the words themselves—there was something finer and more powerful accompanying them, something that works when a great actor, speaking in an unknown tongue, is able to bind spirit to his spirit and take it whithersoever he will. So now, not words, but unending grayness, weariness, and hopelessness were all that we were conscious of. Not a recollection, even, from the past could throw a ray of light on the pathway:

“I shut my eyes and turned them on my heart.
As a man calls for wine before he fights,
I asked one draught of earlier, happier sights,
Ere fitly I could hope to play my part.
Think first, fight afterward—the soldier’s art:
One taste of the old time sets all to rights.”

But—“Not it”; the only taste of old times that came back brought with it the bitterness of defeat and disgrace:

“Better the present than a past like that;
Back therefore to my darkening path again!
No sound, no sight as far as eye could strain.
Will the night send a howlet or a bat?
I asked: when something on the dismal flat
Came to arrest my thoughts and change their train.”

A break came in the monotony, but the change only brought worse things. A little river like a serpent crossed the path—

“Which, while I forded—good saints, how I feared
To set my foot upon a dead man’s cheek,
Each step, or feel the spear I thrust to seek
For hollows, tangled in his hair or beard!
It may have been a water-rat I speared,
But, ugh! it sounded like a baby’s shriek.”

The horrors grew worse, but the soul moved on, and ever “just as far as ever from the end”—

“Naught in the distance but the evening, naught
To point my footsteps further!”

The spirit of the reader, the spell of his voice held the listeners relentlessly to the plain, as if fascinated with the scene and the movement forward that never ceased. At last a change came. The plain gave way to ugly heights. The soul could go no further. What would be the end?

"Burningly it came on me all at once,
This was the place; these two hills on the right,
Crouched like two bulls locked horn in horn in fight;
While to the left, a tall scalped mountain . . . Dunce,
Dotard, a-dozing at the very nonce,
After a life spent training for the sight!

"What in the midst lay but the Tower itself?
The round squat turret, blind as the fool's heart,
Built of brown stone, without a counterpart
In the whole world. The tempest's mocking elf
Points to the shipman thus the unseen shelf
He strikes on, only when the timbers start."

The weariness in the voice was gone. As if stirred by distant notes of martial music, we were awake, alert, and intent on the great issue before us. The Tower had been reached—whatever it stood for—the dark end to which all the preceding had been only a prelude. Ugly, strong, unlike anything else in the whole world that mortal had ever approached—what would the soul do now in the face of it and its forces that had never known defeat? The day came back to kindle the scene. The air was full of noise, tolling like a bell, telling the names of adventurers—the strong, the bold, the fortunate who had come to this place and were lost, lost! Ranged on the hillside in a sheet of flame, stood the defeated ones, met to see the last of one more adventure—"a living frame for one more picture!" What could the end be with no memory save that of defeat and no prospect but of defeat, with the defeated living and the defeated dead waiting for one more to join their ranks? And yet—a bugle-note of victory rang through the room—

"Dauntless the slug-horn to my lips I set,
And blew, 'Childe Roland to the Dark Tower Came!'"

The great play was done. A drama of a soul that always "marched breast forward" and endured "unto the end," had been enacted before us. No lights were turned on, no voices were

heard. We passed quickly into an adjoining room for wraps, said a few words in parting, and, like David in "Saul" after the truth had come upon him, found our way through the dusk, how, we knew not too well. The message of the poem had been received. No papers from the Browning Society, no comments of any scholar were necessary in order to understand the spiritual meaning of "Childe Roland to the Dark Tower Came." The voice of the poem had spoken distinctly through the voice of the reader. His desire that the spiritual teaching of the poetry be made subservient to the spirit of the hearers had been realized. We knew now, as never before, the dramatic power of Browning. We knew also what was meant by the interpretative power of Professor Corson—a power that is distinctively his own, that cannot be imparted nor imitated—the gift, rather, the natural possession of a man whose attainments of mind have been allowed to pay tribute to the spirit, and spirit in turn trained to find perfect expression through the voice.

Ellis B. Hallock

ART. XII.—A STUDY IN LOCAL CHURCH FEDERATION

THERE are four kinds of Christian union which may exist with one or more churches in single communities, and each of these has been exemplified in the country township of Lincoln, Vermont. In the first place, one needs to read Uncle Lisha's Shop in order to know the "folksy" temper of the one thousand people who are still to be found in Rowland Robinson's rustic corner of Yankeeland. A visit to Lincoln, which has excellent trout fishing, and "Potato Hill," one of the three or four highest mountain peaks in Vermont, would be better still. I shall never regret two years of pastoral relationship in this place to four different local churches and to the people, the part of whom having any creed at all as individuals represent fifteen denominational creeds. The fond touch with nature and the breath of the everlasting hills give to some people a homely charm which makes them more prized than the people of the metropolis. Comity, or interchurch courtesy—just for the sake of expressing innate goodness—is not always to be discovered in remote and narrow country valleys where two or three churches find themselves where only one ought to be. Although the breaches of courtesy in local church affairs—not so much from the choice of the people as caused by the churchly customs which have been thrown at us from the bigger, outside world—are almost as startling and abrupt as the rocky gorges of the mountain streams, yet the aroma of Christian tolerance must always exhale from the flowers which yield the fruits of coöperation, federation, and union. The spirit of politeness has not always been lacking as a spontaneous, if not an unconscious, grace of the churches of Lincoln.

The period of definite church federation in Lincoln began four years ago. At that time three churches—the Christian, Free Baptist, and Methodist Episcopal—federated for work and worship. A pastor of the Free Baptist denomination served for the first two years. The executive interests of the federation were cared for by a federation committee of eight persons, representing equally the three churches and the community at large. Though

the active membership of the three churches as an aggregate was less than forty, and the nominal membership about eighty, the organic identity of the three churches was still maintained. The community had many decided moral and religious needs, and the federation was a recognition of them. One beautiful Sabbath morning in June at the first united communion which I witnessed in the churches—and no Christians were kept away by any barriers of form or ill will—less than twenty-five persons out of a Protestant population of eight hundred and thirty appeared at the table of the Lord. Worship was held during the six summer months in the union church building, which belonged to an association of citizens, and during the winter in the Methodist Episcopal building. Economic necessity was the primary occasion of the federation; the originators were public-spirited business men, and, as we shall see, an increased social and spiritual efficiency has been the result. During the second half of its history the federation had a pastor of the Methodist Episcopal denomination. It was not federation in itself which attracted the minister to this field, but the opportunity which was afforded by the federation of making an example of positive regeneration in decadent rural life. The brighter part of the story is the harder to tell. This is because real progress is only just begun. And it will be the harder to understand unless one learns at the outset that church federation, in communities of the rural and hamlet classes at least, is only a transitional process. Ideally it is a means to an end, a hospital experience. Why should federated churches constitute anything like a new denomination of churches, bunched off in a class by themselves? Let us get the story.

Within the first three years of the federation no new members were added to any one of the three churches. During the third year by death and removal of members from town there was a decrease of eight in the aggregate membership. This is probably a larger decrease than had occurred in previous years. But this third year witnessed the turning of the tide. The pastor covered the whole township in more than seven hundred pastoral calls, the churches were brought into definite coöperation with the schools and the Grange, and evangelistic results began to appear.

The people came to realize the function of the Parish House, the ample two-storied building which was the home of the Grange, the Good Templars, the Ladies' Aid, the village library, the Young Men's Christian Association, the Grand Army Post, the mid-week prayer meetings, parish lectures, and all the worthy social entertainments of the churches and community. The accumulated forces of the whole mountain valley in the final year of the federation rallied for a campaign of betterment. And thus the scene changed. The old program of merely holding religious meetings was not sufficient. Standard life is apt to organize itself for permanence and conquest. The most intimate and real expression of the federal or unity principle among churches is that of organic union. People may be courteous to each other in everyday relations; that is comity. They may engage with the same employer and choose to exchange advantages; that is coöperation. As friends they may associate as companions and in economic partnership they may seek to realize common ends; that is federation. By marriage a new home is formed; that is organic union. What marriage is to individuals organic union is to local churches. New members were not added to the churches at Lincoln because the churches were not homes. Each by itself was more like a hovel. But evangelism, organic union, and increased church membership all sprang from the same source at the same time. The tide was rising and the ship was borne from its old rocky moorings. Surely there is something better than federation. There is the fruit of which federation may be the seed, or at least the tillage.

What was the actual transaction of local church union at Lincoln? At the unanimous request of the members of the federation committee the pastor wrote what was called "The Articles of Amalgamation of the Federated Churches of Lincoln." This document furnished a confession of faith and experience to which a body of Christians should subscribe. This body was to be composed of three classes: first, those available and willing persons from each of the three churches; second, those available and willing residents in town who were members of churches out of town; and, third, the new converts. The proposed new church into which this body of people was to be formed should be a church

of a denomination not already on the field but of a leading denomination which should be determined by a majority vote by sealed ballot of that portion of this body which was giving up the churches included in the old federation. Surely such a plan would mean equal sacrifice for equal gain. What could be more fair? But how did it work? Though the organic union of the three churches was first proposed by members of the Methodist Episcopal Church, the members of this church, due to attachment to former church associations, and nonlocal interference, did not proceed in the new movement. But as a means of conserving evangelistic results and of furnishing for the community at least one church home the Free Baptists and Christians became one regular Baptist Church with open communion. Thus in a country town among the hills where "pig-headedness" might be expected to exceed piety, a true ecclesiastical marriage has occurred, and the merrily ringing bells did not usher in the millennium even though a church of one denomination was organized, its creed written, and more than a third of its constituent members baptized by an ordained clergyman of another denomination.

The year in which the Lincoln federation of churches was eclipsed was a year of results. During the twelvemonth there were fifty or more professed conversions and twenty-two baptisms. The communicants at the Lord's table doubled in numbers over the previous year. There was a decided proportionate increase in money given toward pastoral support. Church attendance increased forty per cent above that of the year before. The outlying neighborhoods of the township became a part of the coöperating churches and Grange as the real social center. The Young Men's Christian Association, locally organized, has the supervision of the village athletics. The new Baptist Church and the Methodist Society are working in coöperative union. The community is a paradise compared to former conditions, and the work, though still under test, is moving forward.

George Frederick Wells.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENTS

NOTES AND DISCUSSIONS

A LETTER FROM PROFESSOR BOWNE

THIS letter, written October 1, 1900, to a sorrowing friend, expresses Borden P. Bowne's personal faith and may carry comfort to bereaved hearts anywhere:

MY DEAR ———:

My heart aches for you. It is no lonely experience that has come to you. In your special grief you but enter into the common fellowship of sorrow.

For some time you can only sit blind, dazed, and numb from the shock. But by and by faith will again remember the divine promise, and hope will begin to dream of the glad reunion of the better land. Meanwhile let grief have its way. It is natural and human and Christian to do so. But do not try to explain or understand or be reconciled. Leave all that and fall back on God. Go to God with the pain and the anguish and the overthrow and the desolate home and the life that seems worse than death, and wait for his salvation. Wait in the faith that God has not forgotten, and that he was never more your Father than just now. He is the only one that can help you. I pray that the tenderest ministries and consolations of the Comforter may be yours.

It will take time to readjust yourself in any case. Every familiar object and association will long give pain by recalling

... the touch of a vanished hand,
The sound of a voice that is still.

This we have to endure; but here too there comes a transformation. The pain becomes something tender and solemn—something at which the heart grieves, but from which we would on no account be divorced. It binds us to the dear ones gone. And gradually they too are freed in our thought from earthly limitation and imperfection and remain a perpetual treasure and inspiration.

There is only one person on earth from whom I get anything like the inspiration which comes to me from some who have passed on into the heavens. I have reference to them in my work. I expect

to meet them again, and I must do it with clear eye and face unshamed.

My lost, my own and I
Shall have so much to see together by and by;
For I am sure that just the same sweet face,
But glorified, is waiting in the place
Where we shall meet, if only I
Am counted worthy in the by and by.

In the midst of our sorrow let us also think of them, of their unfading and radiant life, and of the divine revealings which have come to them. God is not the God of the dead, but of the living. They live there to him, and are with him. And I have no doubt they have a knowledge of us which we could not safely have of them.

They "triumph in conclusive bliss
And the serene result of all."

And the longest life is short when it is done. If we live faithfully, and then having learned by loss how much we loved them, we meet them again to be with them forevermore, I am sure that then we shall not regret the brief earthly separation.

You remember I said to the class in theism that we should be undergoing an examination in real theism all our lives—you are now passing an examination in Christian theism.

Yours in all sympathy,

BORDEN P. BOWNE.

PLEASURES AND PAINS OF FOREIGN TRAVEL

MARY the maid with a book in her hand comes into the library where the lady of the house is sitting, and says: "I found this book upstairs, ma'am, and was told to bring it down to the library. Does it make any difference on which shelf I put it?" "Why, all the difference in the world, Mary. We have had the whole library classified—scientific works, religious, history, fiction, etc. What is the book you have there?" "The Pursuit of Happiness, ma'am." "Well, then," says her ladyship, "that goes right in with the books of travel."

This lady was not so far wrong as she might have been, for we all know that he who would overtake happiness must sometimes be a good deal of a traveler; and, on the other hand, well-conducted travel, when the duties of life leave us free to it, and conditions are favorable, is about as likely to be a successful pursuit of happiness

as anything earthly. To the prosperous pursuit of pleasure by travel a few things are essential: a consecutive outline plan of places to be visited based on an intelligent knowledge as to why they should be visited; the lightest possible luggage; a minimum of clothing, and that durable for the wear and tear of travel and rough weather—in the language of the great Dr. Johnson, “garments of abnormal spissitude and closely reticulated texture”; cheerful company of congenial tastes, habits, and purposes.

The traveler, in proportion to his intelligence and sensibility, will be full of keen interest and eager expectancy as he approaches the Old World, in which all to him is new. A man who has traveled in every State of our Union and in all countries of Europe declares that he never again can have on earth anything like the ecstasy he felt when he first sighted the coast and planted his feet on the soil of Europe. There is always a peculiar piquancy in a first time. Never again, perhaps, will land look so edenic as did green Ireland, the land of the shamrock, rising out of the gray sea; and later as we coasted up Saint George's Channel in sight of its sloping fields verdurous with May and flowered with yellow furze. Who can forget the first time he rolled in under the smoke of great London and rattled away through the narrow, somber, dingy streets, and the din of that vast city? One man can never forget what thoughts he had when he first noted the broken arches of ruined aqueducts fly past the car windows, and, looking out, saw the great dome of Saint Peter's far away against the sky; presently alighted from the train at the foot of the Viminal Hill and carried his satchel past the Baths of Diocletian; found himself riding where the Cæsars rode, under the identical walls which looked on Prisoner Paul as the soldiers took him along eighteen hundred years ago, among the seven petty little hillocks which tower so mountainous in history, from which an empire overlooked and overpowered the world; saying to himself with a thrill, “This is Rome, the Eternal City, and I am really here in old Rome.” Who did not swoon into a delicious mental trance when he first stepped from the railway station into a gondola, sank back half-reclining on the low cushions, and lay there dreamily while the strange black boat swam away with him, silent and graceful as a swan, thridding the canals with its high polished beak, moving through the air and barely deigning to touch the water, gliding phantomlike under bridges and past the portals of picturesque palaces whose foundations have been lapped by soft

Adriatic ripples ever since the splendid days when Venice ruled the commerce of the world? Charles Sumner to the end of his life was full of rapturous reminiscences of his first visit to Europe, and especially of a solitary summer he spent in Rome in his young manhood: from early dawn till bedtime the long, sweet hours of study, the ramblings out on the Campagna and about the venerable streets of Papal Rome, life seeming to stand still in one blessed pause of peace and high intellectual reverie. He called that delicious Roman summer the "Lost Garden" of his existence.

When you travel carry your romance with you. Let nothing dampen it. Let nobody badger it out of you. Be strong-minded enough to keep it. Bring that victory home with you, and so show that you were not quite unworthy to walk where the Cæsars' chariot rolled, being something of a conqueror yourself. Never mind if some prosy person smiles at your enthusiasm. In Paris, the pastor of the American Chapel, who was, like Ulysses, a much-traveled man, told a certain young man he would get over his romance when he reached Italy. The fleas would take it out of him if nothing else did. The young man resolved on the spot that the Paris pastor should be a false prophet, and so he proved. That young man took the whole curriculum of fleas—lay in the Villa di Roma at Naples while the fleeting hours of the soft Italian night and other nimble things skipped over him; he tossed and squirmed, and at last, tired out, fell into uneasy slumber and dreamed that the poisoned shirt of Nessus had been put on him; he woke stung with a sense of outrage all over his body, and, defenseless against his foes as Macbeth against the ghost of Banquo, he cried, "Come, O mine enemies, as the 'rugged Russian bear, the armed rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan tiger,' take any shape that hath dimensions and is big enough to hit and we will lay you, heaps on heaps, as Samson did the Philistines!" He suffered all this, and many "moving accidents by flood and field," without having one drop of romantic blood bled out of his veins. Indeed, he even aspired to cultivate the tender philosophy of good Cardinal Bellarmino, who used patiently to let the fleas bite him, saying: "We shall have heaven for our sufferings, but these poor creatures have nothing except this present life."

Far better as a condition and channel of personal benefit and enjoyment are reverent sentiment and romantic enthusiasm than, for example, the flippant spirit of the baseball nine who went to see where the Pilgrims came ashore from the Mayflower and wondered

why the Fathers didn't land on the wharf; then they thrust their feet through the iron railing which now protects Plymouth Rock in an effort to touch the sacred stone, and expressed a historic doubt whether the Pilgrims had feet that were small enough to slip through that railing and land on that rock. Various other historic doubts, broached gravely, have no better warrant. And a disposition to positive rapture on slight excuse is preferable to a fault-finding temper. Coleridge tells of a smart cockney who could see nothing in Dannecker's beautiful statue of Ariadne at Frankfort-on-the-Main but the few blue spots in the marble, which made him "think," he said, "of Stilton cheese." Fault-finders and fretful people neither get good nor give comfort anywhere. The only advantage in their going abroad is that the folks at home get rid of them for the time being.

Enthusiasm needs to be a steady glow, and not a fitful spark, if it is to stand the strain of travel, for endurance will often be tested to the utmost. Unscrupulous rascals will exasperate your righteous soul, and a thousand mean vexations will try your temper. You will sometimes be utterly weary, as was one of a company who said, toward the end of a long, hard, exhausting day of sight-seeing, "I don't want anybody to speak to me to-night, for I'm too tired to be civil." A first-rate traveler should have fortitude like Mrs. Bishop's, who, when bitten by an Oriental centipede, screamed no screams, but coolly cut out the bite with a pen-knife, squeezed it, and poured ammonia recklessly over the smarting wound; and who, when her feet were so swollen with various bites that stockings were an impossibility, sewed them up in linen and traveled in that condition. This was fortitude fit to be called fiftytude.

After landing in Europe the first great city you strike will probably be London, the heart of an empire greater than the Roman, and the commercial center of the world. It contains more Jews than all Palestine, more Irish than Dublin, more Scotchmen than Edinburgh, and more Roman Catholics than Rome. It has a population of six or seven millions. In its growth it has overlapped and absorbed over fifty villages, the names of which are still retained to designate the corresponding quarters of the city, as Chelsea, White-chapel, Bloomsbury, Brompton, and Paddington. When you read the morning papers in the English metropolis, you may be surprised at the small space given to the affairs of your own great and glorious country, and that mostly occupied with the cotton crops, lynching of Negroes, election riots, reports from the cattle ranches, failure of

mining companies, and such like. You may sometimes be amazed at the ignorance that prevails concerning America. A few years ago a photograph could be seen in the Alexandra palace in London labeled, "A View of N. Y. City from the Illinois shore." You read of disastrous forest fires in Milwaukee. Dr. Chalmers once told Dr. S. H. Cox that if he ever visited our country, he would go first to Kentucky to see Yale College. Mr. Edmund Gosse says that even some highly educated people in England are very ignorant of the condition of society in the United States. He knows English artists who think Central Park a dangerous place to sketch in because of the Indians. Some years ago a great tragedian declined to come to New York lest the savages should take his scalp. A young Briton, newly landed in New York, asked a policeman the nearest way to the buffalo hunting grounds. The policeman sent him over to Buffalo Bill's Wild West show at the Madison Square Garden. Professor Silliman, of Yale, was asked by a lady in London society, "Professor, wherever did you learn to speak English?" Americans have been known to take a sly revenge on this foreign ignorance. "Do they speak English in your country?" said a young English lady to an American girl. "Yes," was the quiet reply, "many do. It is taught in some of the schools, you know, and I learned it before I came to England." A Harvard graduate was asked in Birmingham if Boston were not the seat of the American Parliament, and the rogue said promptly with a perfectly sober face, "Yes, it was, up to the beginning of the Christian era, at which time it was transferred to Saint Paul, Minnesota."

It may be a painful surprise to find that there are people who don't like Americans. Your idea of your personal importance may come into collision with the Englishman's consciousness of lofty superiority, and the first time you encounter the superciliousness of the full-blooded Briton you may have peculiar emotions and thoughts too deep for tears. You will understand what Tennyson means in his "Maud," when he speaks of people who,

curling a contumelious lip,
Gorgonize you from head to foot
With a stony British stare.

You read in the London Telegraph that your dear native land is ugly to the eye because it is without hedges, and that no man's statement is worth two cents in America unless it is backed up by an offer to bet ten dollars. You take up Vanity Fair and find a letter

complaining to the editor against "the regular autumnal plague of wandering Yankees," who "as a race are simply unendurable, the vulgarest, shallowest, most uninteresting people under the sun"; and the letter closes mournfully with this lament, "Their nasal twang is heard in all our streets, and their keen vulpine faces stare from every hotel window." Or you may find in the *London Times* this amiable effort to enable you to see yourselves as others see you: "It is everywhere acknowledged that the crowd of tourists composed of the best English society is thinner this year than usual. It is swamped in the common variety of tourists and lower classes of American, whom even the republican aristocrats of New York would regard with doubt. The Americans follow the English by an unerring instinct into every pleasant retreat where we desire to sulk or amuse ourselves alone. Nice, Pau and Cannes, once English preserves, can now hardly be distinguished from American cities. The same thing is true of Homburg. The English sparrow is being pushed out of its nest by the Yankee cuckoo. Our only revenge is found in the conviction that, if we are disliked on the Continent, the Americans are more disliked. They inherit our unpopularity abroad, being more unsympathetic and aggressive, while the special aggravation of the Yankee voice and accent embitters their relations with less strident races. It is useless to have Chicago exhibitions unless the American people can by education or medical science uproot the national voice, which is at present a blight on all social relations and makes all American diplomacy at foreign courts impossible." Possibly you may have been prepared for such sweet language by reading in the *New York Sun* before leaving home the following letter from a burly Briton sojourning in the United States: "TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—Sir: I know Englishmen, by personal acquaintance, to be more manly, more honest, cleaner in mind, and purer in morals than Americans. Of course, I speak of the average. You measure, or affect to measure yourselves, with Englishmen. It is absurd. You are fifty years behind in refinement, in civilization, and humanity. Your laws are a farce and your boasted Constitution a humbug. Your big criminals, your murderers, your thieves, your boodlers, tear through the meshes of your law provided they have money or influence, while your wretched poor are treated with Draconic severity. I know you. I know your young men, with their minds full of lubricity and rapacity, unspeakably foul; and conscious of your depravity you think to square yourselves by making faces at Englishmen." When you

have duly contemplated such pictures of yourself and your fellow countrymen, it may console you a little to take up the Fortnightly Review, in which Sir Lepel Griffin, just back from your native land, sweetly tells his countrymen that "The English are not popular in America," and that "there is no reason why they should be," "for," he says, "Englishmen have fought and bullied in every quarter of the globe; they are the most disagreeable race extant, and are often unendurable to each other; nor," he adds, "is there any part of Europe, except perhaps Hungary, where they are not even more disliked than in the United States."

In such blunders as you may happen to make in a strange land, you can take comfort by remembering some of the mistakes of foreign visitors to your own country. There was the wife of an English poet who said to another lady in Boston, "I'm so glad to get to America, for now I shall have the long-wished-for pleasure of tasting a canvas-back clam"; and there was the burly Briton who called on Longfellow at his home in Cambridge and introduced himself thus: "Is this Mr. Longfellow? Well, sir, as you have no ruins in your country, I thought—I thought—I would come and see you!" When Oscar Wilde drawled in the ear of the wife of a United States senator, "Ah, but you have no ruins, no curiosities in this country," the lady mischievously answered the long-haired aesthete, "No, but our ruins will come soon enough, and at present," looking straight at Oscar, "we import our curiosities."

In "misty, moisty England" you may soon learn to take an umbrella every time you go out, for "it rains, or it has just been raining, or it is just going to rain." Byron wrote of English weather: "I like the weather when it is not rainy; that is, I like two months of every year." You have heard that London fog is at times so dense that you can stick your cane in it and thereon hang your hat. Ruskin used to rave against London smoke, "sulphurous chimney-pot vomit of loathsome blackguardly cloud." We were told some time ago that "the weight of the great smoke cloud daily hanging over the city of London has been computed by Professor Roberts at 50 tons of solid carbon and 250 tons of hydro carbon and carbonic oxide gases for each day of the year, and its value at £2,000,000 per annum." And owing to clouds and fog and smoke, altogether it appears by carefully kept scientific records that London enjoys, on the year's average, less than three hours of sunshine a day. There is a good story about an eloquent English bishop who, in his anxiety to convert

a Parsee who was in London, said to him: "I cannot imagine how any man of intelligence, whose mind has been enlarged by travel and association with men of different opinions, can worship a created object like the sun." "O, my Lord Bishop," replied the fire-worshiper, who had not been fortunate in the weather since his arrival, "you should see it; you have no idea what a glorious orb it is." Yet a thoroughly Anglicized American like Henry James may pretend to find delight in the fog and smoke. Once, when spending August in London, he said, "There is no other pleasure in the world equal to that of a foggy day in the world's capital."

In foreign travel you will need all your wits, for you are likely to get into scrapes and be tossed on the horns of unlooked-for dilemmas. In the most God-forsaken places you will find yourself attended by a preying band—not of the religious sort—but guides, couriers, tooters, thieves, and human vampires of various kinds, all bent on bleeding you. Said a tourist to a peasant one fine day: "Not much farming around here. How do the people live?" and the veracious Hodge brightly answered, "On the visitors." Hartley Coleridge said Wordsworth was "a most unpleasant companion in a tour from his terrible fear of being cheated." But we can hardly blame Wordsworth, for the tourist finds enough to keep such apprehensions rampant, and eternal vigilance is the price of his self-protection. You will learn that Denmark is not the only European country where "a man may smile and smile and be a villain." Some day, when "every prospect pleases and only man is vile," you will enter into the feelings which made Richter say, "There are men with regard to whom nothing could be more refreshing than to give them a sound drubbing." Charles Dudley Warner, telling his experiences in trying to buy ancient coins of the Greeks, says: "I looked in the face of a handsome gray-beard, who asked me two thousand francs for a silver coin, which he said was a Solon, to see if there was any guile in his eye; but there was not. I cannot but hope that this race which has learned to look honest will some time become so." A Protestant affirms that in Italy ages of Jesuitry and imposture have made truth a myth and honesty a lost art. Victor Emanuel I, King of Italy, said of himself, "I don't pretend to be wise, but I always keep my word." He was an utterly honest king. One never understands what a rare treasure such a man was to Italy until he finds what a dearth there is of that sort of human stuff in that most lovely land. An English painter in Rome praises the beauty of a certain artists' model—a young girl—and

then says, "Pascuccia was somewhat apt to leave truth at the bottom of her well and use fibs for everyday wear and tear; so it was not always necessary to believe her." Mr. Buscarlet, pastor of the Scotch Presbyterian church in Naples, told us not to take a guide from our hotel for our day at Baiae and Puteoli, but to stop at the gate of Pozzuoli and inquire for Gennaro Rocco, of whom he said, enthusiastically: "Gennaro is a good fellow. Best guide around here. O, of course he'll cheat you if he can." Two men remember an old Jew, named Moses, who piloted them in the region of Nazareth, who spoke twelve languages and could lie with equal fluency in all of them. But then, even in America there are Ananias Clubs.

Your itemized bill at the hotel may often interest you. There are hotel keepers that know how to charge for the amount which the reflection of your face, if you are a hard-featured person, has worn off the surface of the mirror. A visitor to Sicily writes that brigandage has ceased in that country, the brigands having gone into the hotel business, where they can plunder people legally and rake in more money with less risk. I heard once of a hotel where the rates were "\$4.50 a day—board and lodging extra." An American gentleman says he found many hotels that were on the way to be first class—already so in their prices, and only needing to bring other things up to the rates.

When you travel abroad the custom of tipping and the almost universal expectation of backsheesh, trink-geld, pour-boire, buona-mano may trouble you not a little. A big Yankee from Maine paying his bill in a London restaurant was told that the sum did not include the waiter. "Wall," he roared, "I didn't eat any waiter, did I?" But he looked as if he would on slight provocation, so the restaurant man concluded not to continue the dispute. Mrs. Hope-Edwardes once complained to an Egyptian government official of high position as to a very superior person, "Everybody seems to want backsheesh." And the great man, extending his soft palm, gravely replied, "Certainly—I also." T. B. Aldrich said: "A man of ordinary agility might walk over the greater part of Europe on the outstretched palms of the lower classes." A fellow demanded four shillings of an elderly lady for showing her through one of the great churches. She remarked that she had read of the nave of the cathedral, but never saw him before. In your travels you may occasionally get caught in a shackly vehicle that will threaten to do the "One-Hoss-Shay" trick, as did a carriage that was carrying a load

of divinity from Athens to the Piræus one dark night; and you'll ride behind beasts that make you think of Mark Twain's Palestine horse which he called Baalbec because he was such a magnificent ruin. A literary gentleman who landed at Kingstown was beset by a throng of Irish jarvies, one of whom bid for his patronage with the statement that his horse was a poetic horse. The litterateur was captivated with the naïve wit of the fellow, and engaged him. He regretted it all the eight miles to Dublin, which it seemed he never would reach. When at last he was set down at his hotel, he asked his driver why he called that a poetic horse, and jarvie said, "Because, sor, his good points are rather imaginary than real."

When you travel abroad the customhouse examination of your baggage, as you pass from one country to another, may afford you much variegated enjoyment. No matter how abstemious and temperate you may be in your habits, your luggage will be persistently searched for tobacco and liquors. An officer has been known to turn a lady's trunk upside down and empty its entire contents on the floor. Mr. Whymper, the first conqueror of the Matterhorn, says the customhouse is the purgatory of travelers. It is true his luggage was more than usually mysterious. He had a light ladder in sections, several coils of rope, an ice-ax, and other things of use in mountain-climbing. At the Italian frontier the officers refused to believe his explanation of these articles, and put their heads together over them to solve the mystery. Shortly the brightest fellow guessed it thus: Whymper must be a street performer—he climbed this ladder, balanced himself on the end of it, lighted his pipe, stuck a baton in the bowl, and made the baton gyrate around his head; this rope was to make a ring and keep the spectators back. "Monsieur is acrobat, then?" queried the chief officer. "Why, certainly," said Whymper, impatient to get through on any terms. "Pass the luggage of monsieur, the acrobat." At the French frontier not only his mountain outfit but every article in his portmanteau was scrutinized. Presently the officer came on something he had never seen before. "What is this?" he cries, holding up a half-worn tooth-brush. Then he seizes the accompanying box. "What is this?" "Tooth-powder." "Ah, but it is forbidden to carry powder on the railway. It is dangerous!" Mr. Spurgeon, going from Nice to San Remo, was ordered by the officers at the Italian border to give up some choice fruit which he was carrying. The London preacher quietly retraced his steps across the border a half-dozen paces into French territory, sat down by the wayside and ate the

fruit, and then crossed the frontier untaxed, thus deducting the item from Italian imports and adding it to internal revenue in his own Department of the Interior. The traveling public sometimes suffer not a little bad treatment in the customhouse. A copy of the *METHODIST REVIEW* in a missionary's baggage was once detained under suspicion for thirty-six hours at the Turkish frontier, for fear it might contain incendiary matter. After examination the mysterious magazine was released as probably harmless, with the remark that it seemed to be something published for amusement! This incident shows the benighted condition of the Turkish empire.

When you travel abroad you may have some difficulty with foreign languages. Byron said, "Never go to France unless you know the lingo." A story is told of an American lady who at an inn in Normandy was deputed, as being the best French scholar in her party, to make the arrangements for their accommodation. She did her best, but the clerk could not catch her meaning, and his remarks were jargon to her. Finally, in desperation, she said slowly and with awful distinctness, "Do—you—speak—English?" "Wa'al, neow, you're jest a-talkin'," shouted the clerk. "Guess I'd orter speak English. I was raised ten miles from Bangor." The lone traveler wearies at times of hearing everybody around him—men, women, and little children—jabbering in tongues he cannot understand, and after months on the Continent the very signboards in London seem like old friends to him; he is glad to read the signs of Waukenphast the shoemaker, and Strongitharms, the tailor. An untraveled Yorkshireman on his first day in France was perplexed at hearing nothing but unintelligible gibberish, and retired at night completely disgusted. Next morning he was awakened by the cock-crowing, and cried out with his first conscious breath, "Thank goodness, there's English at last." A little New York girl, over in Germany, where nobody understood her talk, said, piously, "I'm so glad God is an American, so I can speak English to him." An English gentleman who was humiliated in Vienna on account of his poor French, by an Austrian lady who said, "How is it that your countrymen speak French so imperfectly? We Austrians use it as if it were our native tongue," took his revenge by retorting, "I really cannot say, madame, unless it be that the French Army have not been twice in our capital to teach it as they have in yours."

Many things beyond the seas say to the visitors, "This is the old Old World." Americans, who have not yet celebrated their

second century, discover that a hundred years is but as a day in the history of some transatlantic lands. You no sooner sight Ireland than you see from the ship, perched along the coast of Munster, ruins nine hundred years old, of the towers and castles of Brian Boruma, the warlike king from whom all the O'Briens derive their name. At the old haunted Alloway Kirk near Burns's home you notice that the stone steps are worn six inches deep by the feet of the generations. You venerate England when you look on her as ruling with increasing greatness her empire of a thousand years. You see the green snake slide into the ruins of Nero's palace and the she-wolf chained near by, and you think back to the founding of Rome nearly three thousand years ago, to the half-mythical time when Romulus drew his furrow at the foot of the Palatine Hill and marked the bounds of Roma quadrata. At Athens one looks on the rock-dwellings southwest of the Acropolis, and is told by Curtius that they are Pelasgic remains from prehistoric centuries. After tracing the mossy foot-prints of history, and wandering in the shadow of gray antiquities a few months, one realizes that the United States is but a raw and recent country, without any historic background to speak of. Whatever else our civilization is, it is not yet venerable.

The smoking habits of many parts of Europe are an astonishment and an annoyance to Americans. A tourist's notebook says two things are requisite in Holland—an oilcloth suit to protect one from being spattered by the everlasting scrubbing and splashing of the women, and a pocket-compass to steer through the tobacco smoke. The only place where a Spaniard does not smoke is said to be in his coffin. On continental railways ladies especially are vexed to find that, whereas in America smokers are limited to a single car on a train, in Europe the reverse is customary, smoking being practiced everywhere on the train except in two or three cars out of a dozen. A sarcastic passenger, in a car where everybody but himself was smoking furiously, arose and said in his most courteous tones: "Beg pardon, gentlemen. I hope my not smoking doesn't inconvenience you." In May, 1909, Queen Alexandra and her daughter, the Princess Victoria, came ashore at Naples from the royal yacht in the harbor and lunched at Bertolini's Palace Hotel. The queen of England and the Princess Victoria both concluded their luncheon by smoking cigarettes. Even in America as well as in Europe the tobacco-smoke nuisance increases, and nonsmokers have more and more difficulty in finding any place free from the brutal selfishness

and outrageous insolence of smokers. In some hotels there is not even a dining-room kept free from tobacco smoke.

It would be base ingratitude not to confess that the traveler's natural desire to see wonderful curiosities is magnificently catered to by Europeans. Nowhere are such rare relics shown as in the Romish churches, among which there appears a jealous if not laudable rivalry in those matters. One cannot help admiring, for example, the enterprise of Cologne. There in a little old chapel behind the cathedral choir they have the bones of the three magi, which you are forbidden to doubt because the inscription assures you that they are all verily there—not one missing. But the church of Saint Ursula leads on bones. In it they show you the bones of Stephen, the proto-martyr, with the skull of Saint Ursula. In fact, its interior looks more like a bona fide sepulcher than like a church, for it is literally walled with bones alleged to be those of eleven thousand virgins slaughtered by the Romans. They have too one of the water vessels which held the miraculous wine at the wedding of Cana. If those churches push their bold enterprise, they will in time be able to show us the remains of Balaam's ass, Cain's riding boots, feathers from the wing of Noah's dove, the jawbone that Samson used, Jehu's whiplash, and a long lock of Absalom's hair. There is really no reason why our curiosity to see these things should not be gratified when it can be done so easily. The untamed Yankee has been known to treat these Old World humbugs with disrespect. An Italian monk was showing a traveler a consecrated lamp which he said had never gone out during five centuries. The wild Westerner coolly gave the flame a puff and remarked with satisfaction, "Well, I guess it's out now."

While many things fill the sight-seer with wonder, some things disappoint him. You have heard of the "Blue Danube." Has not its blueness been set to music in a song? But afloat on its bosom, you behold that the blue Danube is yellow; yes, yellow as the Jordan is where its clayey waters near the Dead Sea. What a mendacious world this is, to be sure! Do they not tell us that Tell is a myth, and Homer not one man, but ten or twenty or an age of men? And Whately has his doubts about Napoleon Bonaparte. One is disgusted to find the Ilissus a river that he can jump across, the fountain of Callirhoe only one washbowlful of water, and the Danube looking like a mud-puddle in motion at the rate of five or ten miles an hour. Who was the blind man who called the Danube blue? Did he know what blue is? Had he ever been on the Mediterranean before he lost

his sight? Did he know the hue of a star gentian where it contrasts with the near white snow? or the color of the arrowy Rhone where it shoots under the bridges at Geneva, as blue as Calvin's Calvinism?

The best rule as to guides is never to take one where you can do without, though they are sometimes so pertinacious that it is well-nigh impossible to shake them off. Their sole object is to rush you through the regular round as fast as possible, and they jabber incessantly in your ears so that you cannot think your own thoughts. We saw a Californian on the train from Florence to Pisa. As soon as he stepped on the platform at Pisa he was picked up by a professional who rushed him around without mercy. He had done the cathedral, been up the leaning tower and down again, and was scudding off across the green lawn to the Baptistry before we had finished watching the swinging of Galileo's bronze lamp. We caught a glimpse of him again in Venice bolting around in the Ducal Palace, and rushing past the busts of Marco Polo, Dandolo, Paul Veronese, Galileo, and Dante, without giving them so much as a glance, while an unfortunate and exhausted young woman was panting along in his wake. Above all, never take a guide with you into a picture gallery. Think of trying to compose your soul to take in some masterpiece of art, with one of those fellows dinging in your ears and dragging you along. While one man sat for an hour before Titian's "Assumption" at Venice, six or eight generations of sightseers came and went—entered at the door, were spun round on their heels by the guides, swept a wild staring glance along the wonderful picture-covered walls, and eddied out to be whirled about just so all day, and at night pay their guide his fifteen francs, sink dizzily with bewildered brains into their weary beds, with only such memories as a humming-top might have when it stops spinning and falls over on its side. A fair sample of sight-seeing *a la mode* is seen in the remark of an American tourist, overheard by Mr. H. G. Wells near Christchurch gate near Canterbury: "Now, does this Marlowe monument really and truly matter? We've no time for sideshows and second-rate stunts, Mamie. We want just the big, simple things of the place, just the broad, elemental Canterbury proposition. What is it saying to us? I want to get right hold of that, and then have tea in the very room that Chaucer did, and hustle to get that four-eighteen train back to London"—a remark rather more intelligent than the average.

Whatever countries are passed by, Switzerland and Italy should not be missed. One can have more delight in them than in any

other part of Europe. They are small but full of wonders. Switzerland has the area of Maryland and the population of Ohio. It has more surface in proportion to its size than any other land in Europe. A large part of its surface is set up on edge and stacked a good ways into the sky. Italy is a peninsula reaching from Mont Blanc to Cape Spartivento, and from its ramparts of ice on the crest-line of the Alps to the capes that breast the warm Calabrian seas is eight hundred miles. In charms for the eye and the mind no land in Europe is so rich as Italy, and especially no other country has so much of picturesque and varied interest in its cities. Ruskin said, "Everybody's education should include the history of five European cities—Athens, Rome, Florence, Venice, London." Three of the five are in Italy. As a woman wears on her arm a bracelet of Roman mosaics and turns them round to show, stone by stone, the different designs, saying, "This, you see, is the Colosseum, this is Titus's Arch, this Trajan's column, and these Pliny's doves," so Italy wears her cities; and on the face of each some one thing of distinction is inlaid as fit to be beheld in the beauty and lastingness of precious stones. Naples has its volcano and its wondrous bay bordered with loveliness and founded in fire; Bologna its seven-churches-in-one and its Saint Cecilia; Padua its metropolitan pile of San Antonio with seven domes and five towers, and Giotto's frescoed chapel; Verona the Gothic tombs of the Scaligers and its old amphitheater; Venice its Doges' Palace and the Bucentaur, emblems of her ancient glory; every town its own peculiar treasure.

Each place also casts upon the traveler the spell of some human memory like a spirit presence. As you might take a queen's necklace of cameos carved in pink and white and umber with the heads of gods and goddesses, and say, "Here is the head of Flora, here you see Minerva, this cameo keeps the features of Apollo, and this is Jove," just so you go the round of Italian cities, finding them linked together by golden bands of common pride, but each one cherishing and presenting its own favorite face, its household god of genius. Thus at Mantua you think of Virgil; at Ferrara of Ariosto, Guarini, and Tasso; at Verona of her great painter, Paul; at Padua of Catullus and Cornelius Nepos.

If one has any interest in the wonders of antiquity, he must linger around the Pantheon and the Colosseum; one the most perfect pagan building remaining in Europe, the other the most majestic ruin on the face of the earth. The Pantheon, built by Marcus Agrip-

pa, son-in-law of Augustus Cæsar, B. C. 27, was described with admiration eighteen centuries ago. Two friends in Rome lived near the Pantheon and every day about sunset they spent an hour with it, caressing its old stones with eyes and hands. Once at high noon they saw the planet Venus in the sky through its open dome. It seemed like the old pagan goddess revisiting her ancient shrine, and one friend wrote an exquisite poem about it with a refrain like this: "The iron gates do shut men out; the gods have always open doors." The other called it a heathen poem, and the poet said, somewhat resentfully, with the air of one unjustly accused of heresy, that it wasn't pagan enough to do any harm. Here is a glimpse of the interior of the Pantheon from Hawthorne's *Marble Faun*: "Hilda now looked up into the dome. It was to her as if she beheld the worship of the priest and people ascending heavenward, purified from its alloy of earth. . . . She wondered if angels did not sometimes hover within the dome and show themselves, in brief glimpses, floating amid the sunshine and the glorified vapor." In the niches where the statues of the old gods were, seven altars were afterward reared for the sacraments of the Christian faith. Raphael and Victor Emanuel and Humbert are buried in the Pantheon. Standing in the center of the circular floor, you are directly under the twenty-eight-feet opening in the summit of the dome, through which the rain falls freely on your face as you look up at the scudding clouds. The tapping of your foot on the porphyry pavement rings in the paneled canopy sharp as the distant crack of a musket.

As for the Colosseum, what dreams a man may have when, climbing to its ragged highest wall and lying outstretched on its topmost stone, he overlooks the hills that propped the throne of Rome's huge empire, and in the sunny stillness hears the watchdog bay beyond the Tiber, while the hum of many a century of history murmurs in his mind, then turns and looks down within on the vast amphitheater, from whose massive seats one hundred thousand spectators at once could witness the bloody sports, sees a cross planted in the center of the arena where gladiators fought and Christians were butchered to make a Roman holiday! The ferocious revels, with their retinue of savage witnesses, are long gone into oblivion and the triumphant cross of Jesus has the peaceful place all to itself. That stupendous Flavian Amphitheater, finished by Titus on his return from the destruction of Jerusalem in the eightieth year of our era, stands the most imposing ruin in the world.

No one who cares for the masterpieces of architecture can fail to see what Italy has to show in Milan, Venice, Florence, and Rome. The marvel of Christian Rome is the basilica of Saint Peter's, the largest church ever built. It stands on the site of a temple of Jupiter Vaticanus. Constantine the Great reared a church there. The present structure was begun over four hundred years ago. The main building without the chapels cost fifty millions of dollars, and requires thirty thousand a year to keep it in repair. To meet the expense of its erection Pope Leo X resorted to the sale of indulgences, which roused the wrath of Luther and led to the Reformation. It is the most splendid edifice ever raised to the uses of religion.

Venice holds that exquisite pile, the Church of Saint Mark's, Mr. Ruskin's idol, which he could never speak of except with rapture. He called it "the most precious building in Europe standing yet in the eyes of men and the sunshine of heaven." He described it as "a sea-born vase of alabaster, full of incense of prayers; a purple manuscript—floor, walls, and roof blazoned with the scrolls of the gospel." He pictured it as "a jeweled casket and painted reliquary—chief of the treasures in the kingdoms of Christendom." England, he said, has nothing so venerable, for the shafts and stones of Saint Mark's were set on their foundations so long ago as when "Harold the Saxon stood by the grave of the Confessor under the fresh-raised vaults of the first Norman Westminster Abbey, of which now only a single arch remains standing." The great basilica of Saint Mark's uplifts its sculptured front above the square, rich with Byzantine mosaic, marvelously delicate carvings, and no end of colors and columns. Over the portal stand the famous bronze horses with gilded hoofs and distended nostrils. Above, against the sky, the building breaks into a spray of fretwork with domes, spires, and crosses indescribable. There is no more poetic place than the Piazza of Saint Mark's at midnight, drenched with moonlight, forsaken of its crowd of chatting promenaders, the music ended, the bands gone, the cafes closed—all still save that the dreaming pigeons drop now and then a cooing murmur into the silence from shadowed cornices and gargoyles where they nestle. Straight and tall between you and the stars the slender campanile gleams like a shaft of frosted silver; but not a sound now falls from its slumbering family of lofty bells which at sunset shook down on the city a melodious canopy of sound. On this utter stillness the midnight strikes from the clock tower above

the old gateway, where two bronze vulcans with ponderous sledges hammer the hour upon the brazen bell. There, by the marble margin of the Grand Canal, in what Lowell calls "Venice's moonlight of gold" shining on the column of the winged lion and the Doges' palace, behind which in deep shadow is the Bridge of Sighs, one would not wonder to meet Antonio or Othello, the merchant or the Moor, Shylock or Bassanio, Portia or Desdemona.

Nearing Florence, Mr. Ruskin's third Italian city, you catch across the Tuscan valley the golden gleam of Brunelleschi's dome, of which Mrs. Browning writes, aloft in diamond air above the Arno; and you pay your reverence to Giotto's campanile, "that serene height of mountain alabaster, colored like a morning cloud and chased like a seashell," of which Robert Browning says:

Of all I saw and all I praised,
The most to praise and the best to see
Was the startling bell-tower Giotto raised.

But after seeing Rome, Venice, and Florence, it remains a question whether Italy's most wondrous architectural treasure does not stand northwest in the middle of the Lombard plain; for in Milan is one superb unequaled pile, towering white and stately over the heart of the city, seeming to occupy all vision and appropriate the sky; roofed with a forest of pinnacles and turrets, thronged with hundreds of snowy statues like a flock of migrant angels settling to rest undefiled upon this stainless temple, or a regiment from the armies of heaven camped in holy bivouac in the blue tenting-field of the upper air. Milan's miraculous Duomo is "piled like a mountain and finished like a jewel—mass and minutiae alike matchless." Night and day I could not keep from seeing it. No building ever so bewitched me. Its buttresses seemed to crowd into my room. It floated in the heavens above my bed, a celestial vision, all radiant in the dark, when I tried to go to sleep at night. It has been called the eighth wonder of the world.

When you visit foreign lands you will be amazed at the great variety of experiences that may be crowded into brief time. Within a few months one man paid Vienna-exhibition prices for dust, heat, and cholera—and received for nothing the hospitality of the monks at Alpine hospices; lounged in the glittering parlors of the Grand Hotel in Paris, and slept in a damp bed of musty moss on a wharf in the Zuyder Zee; lunched in the rain among the driftwood of the Dead Sea, the lowest water-level on the globe, and ate hasty omelette

in the hut of the Matterjoch, the highest human habitation in Europe; roasted eggs by putting them in red-hot lava in the hissing crater of Vesuvius and breakfasted on a glacier near Monte Rosa, watching the sun come up from behind the Strahlhorn; sipped sherbets on the luxurious cushions of soft divans in Damascus, and drank milk at lone chalets in high Alpine pastures; lay flat on the top of Cheops the Great Pyramid, dreaming over the vision of Cairo, the Nile, the Sphinx, and the desert, and leaned over the icy crest of the Breithorn, nearly fourteen thousand feet high, looking down on the dazzling prospect of snow-fields and around on an Alp-rimmed horizon; saw the tall aloes blooming below the Athenian Acropolis, and the Soldanella Alpina swinging its frail bluebell in the very snow at the southern base of Mont Blanc; the oleanders bright red and pink by the sea of Tiberias, and the edelweiss, white and velvety, on the almost inaccessible peaks of Switzerland.

When you travel abroad you will feel a new interest in geography. The dead old study that you learned to detest in schooldays begins to live as you journey through lands which before were but patches of color on a map. History too moves into the region of reality as you visit scenes where great events transpired, and live them out in imagination on the spot. For example, the battle of Solferino is fixed in memory when you have looked on the scene where it occurred, riding across the space of fifteen miles, where, from Lago di Garda on the north to the village of Solferino on the heights to southward, raged that obstinate fight in which the Italians, aided by the French, broke the grip of Austria and forced her to the peace of Villa Franca in 1859. Arnold of Rugby maintained that history and geography could only be taught in connection with each other; both can best be learned by travel. Goethe thought the Hydriote shipowners gave their sons the best possible education by simply taking the boys around with them in their voyages to see and to learn. Nothing so enriches and illuminates memory as travel, and it enlarges vastly the mental sky, in which, often at mention of a word, suggestions play like heat-lightning around the horizon of a summer night. In after life a thousand things will start up reminiscences like a flock of quails. A fig will make a traveler see Smyrna lying on its sloped crescent on Asia Minor's coast. Dates revive the vision of Damascus green and well-watered on the desert's edge. Pour sweet-oil on your salad and the old olive trees shimmer their little gray-green leaves in the sun, while it seems like the very essence of the yellow Orient itself that

you are pouring, and forthwith the Mediterranean swings its shores through your memory. An orange can put one once more under the loaded boughs and in the scented shade of the orchards of Joppa. A small fig-banana carries me again through the Nile delta, and I see the naked brown herd-boys and hear the sakias creak as they slowly lift water from the river to the trenches to irrigate the plain. The smell of grapes is enough to anchor me off Chios, where the balmy air is spicy and fruity with odors from steep vineyard slopes along which the potent sunshine of summer days is stored up in tiny wine-skins that hang in clusters of purple and gold, and where the sea is rippled with fragrant winds that whisper together like lovers loitering by rose-bannered garden walls. It was T. B. Aldrich, was it not? who said: "See here, three flowers pressed in one book. This white daisy I plucked one June on Keats's grave in Rome, in the shadow of the pyramid of Caius Cestius. This blue bell-gentian I found one July day blooming heroically through the edge of the snow on the Col de Seigne, in the high Italian Alps. This scarlet poppy I gathered one blue-and-gold April in the green valley of Eshcol in sight of the towers of Hebron and Abraham's oak at Mamre."

When you have traveled beyond seas you may come home with some respectable reasons for loving your own country more than ever. You will come, let us hope, with some fuller knowledge of the contents of other lands (not to mention veracity) than had the lady to whom Dr. Beadle, of Philadelphia, spoke of the beauty of the Dardanelles, and who responded, "O, yes! I know them well. They are intimate friends of ours. We met them in Paris."

And when at last from the steamer's deck your eyes see again the stars and stripes flying in the sea-wind above the Highlands of Never-sink, you may be forgiven if you say within yourself with a thankful heart, "There is the best land under heaven and the finest flag that floats!"—a sentiment not unshared, it would seem, by the rest of the world; else why do so many millions, born in other countries, forsake their native lands for ours?

THE ARENA

WHAT WESLEY SAID ABOUT CALVIN

In the Calvin Fourth Centennial it seemed worth while to turn to Wesley's works and see how he looked upon Calvin and what he had to say about him. I am not here concerned with Calvin's doctrines, but only with Calvin himself.

"Being in the Bodleian library, I light on Mr. Calvin's account of the case of Michael Servetus, several of whose letters he occasionally inserts, wherein Servetus often declares in terms, 'I believe the Father is God, the Son is God, and the Holy Ghost is God.' Mr. Calvin, however, paints him such a monster as never was—an Arian, a blasphemer, and what not; besides strewing over him his flowers of 'dog, devil, swine,' and so on, which are the appellations he gives to his opponents. But still he utterly denies his being the cause of Servetus's death. 'No,' says he, 'I only advised our magistrates, as having a right to restrain heretics by the sword, to seize upon and try that arch-heretic. But after he was condemned I said not one word about his execution.'" (Journals, July 9, 1741, *Works*, Lond., 14 vols. ed., i, 318). Let us bring together here all the references to the Calvin-Servetus matter. "An instance of which [that is, of the "dismal fruit" of the doctrine of "unconditional election and reprobation"] we have in Calvin himself, who confesses that he procured the burning to death of Michael Servetus, purely for differing from him in opinion in matters of religion" (A Dialogue Between a Predestinarian and His Friend, 1741, x., 266). In Remarks on a Defence of Aspasio Vindicated (1766), Wesley makes the same point about Servetus not being an Antitrinitarian, quoting the above confession and the additional words: "But I [Servetus] dare not use the word 'Trinity' or 'Person.'" Then Wesley adds: "I dare, and I think them very good words. But I should think it very hard to be burned alive for not using them; especially with a slow fire, made of moist green wood." Wesley then advises those who "love the memory of Calvin to let Servetus alone," and refers to Chandler's book on the whole affair (x., 350-1). In his sermon (55) on the Trinity (1775) he quotes the same words of Servetus on the Father, etc., being God and deprecates being burned alive for them with "moist green wood" (vi., 201). Of course Wesley was speaking in an offhand way, not intending to give a scientific judgment based on careful study. He seems to claim Servetus here as a Trinitarian, but he was misled by words. Servetus was really a kind of pantheistic monist. The so-called persons of the Trinity were only historical manifestations of the one idea of Deity. He denied that the Spirit and Son were eternal existences, but only successive masks in which God temporarily revealed himself, reminding us, as Professor Emerton well says (Harv. Theol. Rev. Ap. '09, 148), of the Monarchian thinkers of the second century. By a sentence whose meaning Wesley did not understand he really does Calvin

great injustice. Servetus utterly rejected the Trinity as held by the church. Harnack (*Hist. Dogma* vii., 133, n. 1) calls him the "most outstanding Antitrinitarian of the sixteenth century," and says that "his opposition to the doctrine of the Trinity was ultimately based on pantheism." In regard to Servetus being a "blasphemer," Calvin would have said that anyone who derogates from the honor of Christ as the eternal Son of God blasphemes; but besides that he would have pointed to actual expressions used by Servetus which were exceedingly offensive. As to the flowers, "dog, devil," etc., these were the controversial epithets of the time. Calvin did not hesitate to use them on occasion, nor did Servetus.

As to Calvin procuring the death of Servetus, with the contradictory report by Wesley of what Calvin said, both expressions may represent words used by Calvin, for both represent Calvin's real relation to the tragedy. (1) Calvin had Servetus arrested in Geneva and became his chief prosecutor. His fundamental reason for doing this was Servetus's religious errors. Calvin was profoundly convinced that he ought to be put out of the way. (2) But when once the judges had condemned him to death—in which condemnation Calvin had no part as judge or jury—then Calvin tried to have his sentence commuted to a speedy and painless death. There is truth, therefore, in both of the apparently contradictory statements of Wesley in regard to Calvin's part in the matter. (I judge Wesley's quotations are from memory.) The "slow fire, made of moist green wood" was something with which Calvin had absolutely nothing to do. Wesley's point that those who love the memory of Calvin better let Servetus alone is well taken. Calvin's part in the affair, especially his threat uttered years before that if he ever got Servetus in his power he would not let him depart alive, his communicating to the Catholic authorities in Vienne, France, materials for his condemnation, and his having him arrested when a transient, unknown guest of the city on his way to Naples—all this reflects no credit on Calvin even according to the standards of that age.

What was Wesley's general judgment of Calvin as a man? "I believe that Calvin was a great instrument of God; and that he was a wise and pious man" (*Remarks on a Defence of Aspasio Vindicated*, x., 351). "John Calvin was a pious, learned, sensible man" (*What Is an Arminian?* 1770, x., 369). Wesley makes a reference to Calvin in his defense of lay preachers. "Was Mr. Calvin ordained? Was he either priest or deacon? And were not most of those whom it pleased God to employ in promoting the Reformation abroad laymen also?" (*A Farther Appeal to Men of Reason and Religion*, 1746, viii., 222). Wesley was right. Calvin was never ordained, and the great theologian of the Lutherans, Melancthon, was also a layman. Wesley places himself on Calvin's side in a protest against overstraining the doctrine of the imputation of Christ's merits (x., 310, merely mentioned, 316). In his book against predestination Wesley quotes from Calvin on the subject, though without personal comment (206-7, 260-4). Also in regard to imputation (v., 240). Finally, in sermon 104 ("On Attending the Church Service") he refers to the statement that Calvin and Luther separated from the Church of Rome. "I answer: They

did not properly separate from it, but were violently thrust out of it. They were not suffered to continue therein upon any other terms than subscribing to all the errors of that church and joining in all their superstition and idolatry" (vii., 182).

JOHN ALFRED FAULKNER

Drew Theological Seminary, Madison, New Jersey.

THE EARLIEST TRACEABLE ASTRONOMY

DIVERS readers of the new book, *The Earliest Cosmologies*, having asked for the most recent light on the earliest traceable astronomy, the undersigned takes pleasure in calling their attention to the following publications: E. Walter Maunder, of the Royal Observatory at Greenwich, *The Astronomy of the Bible*, 1908. Same author, *The Bible and Astronomy*. The Annual Address Before the Victoria Institute, 1908. Same author, Article in the *Monthly Notices of the Royal Astronomical Society*, vol. lxiv, pp. 488-507. E. W. and A. S. D. Maunder, *The Oldest Astronomy*. Three Papers. *Journal of the British Astronomical Association*, vol. viii, p. 373; vol. ix, p. 317; vol. xiv, p. 241. "Ages of the World," in *Hastings Encyclopedia of Religion and Ethics* (1908), vol. i, pp. 183-210. R. Brown, *Researches into the Origin of the Primitive Constellations of the Greeks, Phœnicians, and Babylonians*, 1900. Two vols. W. W. Bryant, *A History of Astronomy*, 1907. E. M. Plunket, *Ancient Calendars and Constellations*, 1903. Franz Boll, *Sphaera: Neue Griechische Texte und Untersuchungen zur Geschichte der Sternbilder*, 1903. E. Bischoff, *Babylonisch-Astrales in Weltbilde des Thalmud und Midrasch*, 1907. Epping, *Astronomisches aus Babylonien*, 1899. F. Hommel, *Aufsätze und Abhandlungen*, p. 350ff. Dreyer, *History of the Planetary Systems from Thales to Kepler*, 1906. B. G. Tilak, *Orion: Researches into the Antiquity of the Vedas*, 2d ed., 1903. Same author, *The Arctic Home in the Vedas*, 1903, pp. 245ff, 454ff. J. R. Harris, *The Cult of the Heavenly Twins*, 1906. Otto Weber, *Göttersymbole*, in the *Hilprecht Anniversary Volume*, 1909. H. Gruson, *Im Reiche des Lichtes, nach den ältesten ägyptischen Quellen*, 2d ed., 1895. F. Hommel, *Das Tierkreislicht in der Symbolik des alten Orients*, 1910. E. Stucken, *Astralmythen der Hebräer, Babylonier und Ägypter*, 1896-1907. H. Winckler, *Himmels- und Weltenbild der Babylonier*, 1901 (2d ed. 1903). F. X. Kugler, *Sternkunde und Sterndienst in Babel*, vol. i, 1907. In criticism of Kugler, A. Jeremias, *Das Alter der babylonische Astronomie*, 1908. Rejoinder by Kugler, in *Anthropos* iv, Heft 2. Reply by Jeremias in 2d ed. of *Das Alter*, etc., 1909. Kugler's vol. ii, 1909. C. Virolleaud, *L'Astrologie chaldéenne*, 1903ff. H. de Genouillac, *Tablettes sumériennes archaïques*, 1909. F. Hommel, "Zur Geschichte der Astronomie," in *Beilage Münchener Neu. Nachr.*, 1908, Nro. 49. E. Mahler, in *Deutsche Literaturzeitung*, September 25, 1909. F. A. Jones, *The Dates of Genesis*, 1909. Also his article, "The Ancient Year," in *Proceedings of Society of Biblical Archeology*, 1908. Franz Boll, "Zur Erforschung der antiken Astrologie," in *Neue Jahrb. klass. Alt.*, xxi, pp. 113-123. G. Schiaparelli, "I Primordi dell' Astronomia presso i Babilonesi"; and his "I Progressi dell' Astronomia

presso i Babilonesi," both in *Revista di Scienza*, 1908. Fritz Wilke, *Die astralmythologische Weltanschauung und das Alte Testament*, 1907. "Astronomisch-Mythologisches," in Winckler's *Altorientalische Forschungen*, 3 Reihe, Bd. 1 and 2. H. Gressmann, "Winckler's Altorientalisches Phantasiebild," in *Zeitschrift für wissenschaftliche Theologie*, 1906, S. 302ff. Robert Eisler, *Weltenmantel und Himmelszelt. Religionsgeschichtliche Untersuchungen zur Urgeschichte des antiken Weltbildes*, 2 vols, 1910. Among less recent works the following deserve mention: Lockyer, *The Dawn of Astronomy*. (Gives special attention to the astral orientation of the Egyptian temples.) Tannery, *Recherches sur l'Histoire de l'Astronomie Ancienne*. R. Wolf, *Geschichte der Astronomie*, Munich, 1877.

WILLIAM FAIRFIELD WARREN.

Boston University, 2418786th day of the Julian Period.

"SERVICE IN PLANT LIFE"

IN the November-December, 1909, number of the METHODIST REVIEW appears a most interesting and suggestive article on "Service in Plant Life," by the Rev. K. D. Beach. His main idea of service being maintained by continuous self-sacrifice is most clearly and beautifully set forth. He chooses the wheat plant as a concrete illustration of the truth that all the energy of the plant is directed for the propagation of its kind; and the final words of the illustration are, "All growth is stopped, in fact, the whole plant is killed, for the propagation of its species." Following this, other plants are placed in the same category, among them the "banana." To such inclusion I take exception. It is quite true that while the banana fruit is being produced other young plants are springing from the roots ready to carry on the succession. But when the fruit has ripened and is gathered, the plant does not die, nor does it voluntarily, directly or indirectly, serve its future progeny, or provide for further propagation. It has become a cumberer of the ground. If left to itself, it would not render any further service, but would die out, together with all the young shoots around it. The energy of that plant is rather for self-preservation than for service. It does not serve, it does not give its life; rather, its life has to be taken away from it by force. Man has to cut down the plant that has produced the fruit, or it would cease to exist. Then, having been deprived of its life, the young plants have a chance to grow up into full fruition.

T. STEVENSON.

Guayama, Porto Rico.

THE ITINERANTS' CLUB**MINISTERIAL FIDELITY**

THERE are two passages of Scripture very suggestive of the minister's work and of an essential qualification for his success in performing it. The first is found in 1 Cor. 4. 1: "Let a man so account of us, as of the ministers of Christ, and stewards of the mysteries of God." Paul has previously in this letter spoken of the wisdom of God, which he describes as "not the wisdom of this world, nor of the princes of this world, that come to naught; . . . but the wisdom of God in a mystery, even the hidden wisdom which God ordained before the world unto our glory." The passage is a striking illustration of the apostle's high conception of the ministerial office, and especially of the apostolic office as understood in the early church. The mysteries of which the apostle writes here are defined by Ellicott as "the deep truths of the gospel dispensation formerly unrevealed to man, but now made manifest by Christ Jesus. . . . These holy truths are dispensed by the preachers and teachers of the gospel as the goods of an earthly lord are dispensed by the steward." They are truths not unknowable, but unknown until the fitting time in the order of God's providence when the world was ready for them: "When the fullness of time was come, God sent forth his Son." It is a mistake to understand the mysteries here mentioned as the sacraments, as there is no scriptural authority for such interpretation. If there is such reference in the Word, it is certainly not clearly defined. The gospel, then, is the mystery of God. The incarnation of Christ for the salvation of sinners, and the wonderful rescue of mankind through his life, death, and resurrection are the profoundest mysteries in the universe. They are mysteries which man could not have originated, which mere human intellect could never have revealed, but which have been announced by the direct inspiration of God through the apostles and prophets in the Holy Scriptures. These sacred mysteries constitute the substance of the minister's message to a lost world.

The second passage is the second verse of the same chapter. "It is required in stewards, that a man be found faithful." Fidelity is an essential quality of the steward of God's mysteries. 1. He must be faithful in the study of the Book whose mysteries he is called upon to unfold. There are many good and great books, but there is no book but the Bible which contains the mysteries of God. Called to dispense these mysteries, of which he is the steward, he must know them, and he can do this only by study, meditation, and prayer. The Holy Scriptures are well worth the minister's study as literature, but profound acquaintance with them is essential to interpret the deep things of God. Paul's advice to Timothy is equally needful now, "Take heed unto thyself, and unto the doctrine" (1 Tim. 4. 16); and he cannot know the doctrine unless he is the faithful student of the only source where it can be found, namely, the Holy Scrip-

tures. The doctrines which he is to preach are among the profoundest and most interesting that can engage the attention of men, and should be sought with the eagerness which is proportionate to their importance. The Scriptures abound in doctrinal suggestions and statements. The teachings of Christ and of John, of Paul and of Peter and James, are permeated with the wondrous truths which are the substance of these sublime mysteries, and they will always command attention when they are thoroughly understood and clearly expounded. It is a mistake to suppose that doctrinal preaching is without interest to the people. It is deeply and tremendously interesting when proclaimed in the power of the Holy Spirit and by one who has a profound acquaintance with the vitalities of the faith. Many of Bishop Foster's great sermons, which almost electrified his audiences, were on the deep doctrinal subjects of the gospel. The great evangelists of the world have made doctrine the basis of their appeals; Finney and Moody and many others might be cited who under God have been instrumental in saving men by first presenting to them the profound mysteries. The method of Paul uniformly was, first, doctrine, then life. 2. He must be faithful in the presentation of the mysteries. To the elders of the church at Ephesus Paul said, "I kept back nothing that was profitable unto you. . . . For I have not shunned to declare unto you all the counsel of God" (Acts 20. 27). He must present the mysteries in their proper proportion; he may not enforce one doctrine to the exclusion of all the rest; he may not proclaim doctrines that are pleasing merely and omit those that are not pleasing. The prophets of the Old Testament and the apostles of the New were brave men; they hesitated not to attack sin in its strongholds; they proclaimed unflinchingly the law and the gospel side by side. This aspect of fidelity is greatly needed in an age when so many neglect fundamental truth for the more popular aspects which appeal to the caprices of the times. The gospel is for all times and is not confined to time or place or local circumstances. 3. The minister must be faithful in enforcing the great ethical principles of the New Testament. A distinguished preacher once said: "Study theology; preach ethics." This is not an adequate statement. The full statement would be, "Preach theology and ethics in their proper proportions." The Old and New Testaments in ethical and moral teachings cover all the needs of our humanity. They meet every demand of our complicated life, both commercial and social. The study of the ethical teachings of the Scriptures will show their breadth and their depth, and it is surprising that so many ethical teachers in their writings seem to forget there was once an ethical Teacher, even Jesus, who announced for the first time in their fullness all the principles that are found in the most recent ethical systems. It seems strange that so many ardently devoted to the progress of the social and ethical life of mankind should so strangely have failed to acknowledge their indebtedness to the Master of them all. Fidelity to the proclamation of the ethical teachings of the New Testament will meet every exigency of modern life and touch all the activities of our human nature. 4. The true minister will be faithful to his ordination vows. When he assumes his high office he takes upon himself obligations of the most

sacred character; he pledges himself to the maintenance of certain doctrines and the performance of certain duties. These vows cannot be held lightly. He may not neglect them, he may not antagonize them; he must obey them until released from them. Here there is no room for doubt—fidelity must be his watchword. He must also be faithful to his ordinary ministerial duties. There are certain things which the church has assigned to him as a part of his professional life. He is to preach the gospel, superintend the meetings, bury the dead, lead men as opportunities occur into communion with Jesus Christ, and perform all those sacred functions ordained by the church which so closely touch the lives of men and women. In all these fidelity is required. Fidelity is the best possible substitute for genius. Genius may shine brilliantly for a season, like a meteor passing across the face of the sky, but the man of fidelity is like the sun shining in its strength, which though sometimes clouded is always somewhere enlightening the world. The highest tribute that can be paid to a minister is not that he is a great scholar, a great preacher, a great pastor, but that he is faithful in fulfilling all parts of his great mission. Fidelity will meet its own reward. It is approved of men, it is honored of God. "Thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things." "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life."

THE "LOS-VON-ROM" MOVEMENT IN AUSTRIA

ACCORDING to the report of the Protestant High Church council in Vienna, 4,585 persons came in 1908 from the Roman Catholic Church (or other religious bodies) into the evangelical church. Of this number 3,964 entered the Lutheran Church and 621 the Reformed. Of these 4,585 there were 4,099 who came directly from the Roman Catholic Church and a part of the remaining 486 came from that communion by some indirect way. In the same year 1,286 persons severed their connection with the evangelical church (963 leaving the Lutheran and 323 the Reformed Church), of which number 1,091 persons intimated their purpose of going into the Roman Catholic Church. It is noteworthy that the movement away from Rome is far strongest in the purely German dioceses. As compared with the year 1907 the number of transitions to the Protestant churches shows a considerable increase (there being 4,197 in 1907). This "Loose-from-Rome Movement" began fairly in 1898, in which year 1,598 persons passed over into Protestant churches; in 1899 the number rose to 6,385; in 1900 the number was 5,508; in 1901 the highest point was reached with 6,639; in the subsequent years the average has been about 4,500. Thus ten years after the beginning of the movement 51,177 persons have passed into the Protestant churches in Austria, almost wholly from the Roman Catholic Church.

ARCHEOLOGY AND BIBLICAL RESEARCH

HILPRECHT'S DELUGE TABLET

Dr. HILPRECHT, professor of Semitic philology and archæology at the University of Pennsylvania, and probably the most eminent of American Assyriologists, has recently published what he calls "The Earliest Version of the Babylonian Deluge Story." The fragment on which this is written was accidentally discovered by him last October while unpacking a box of cuneiform tablets and fragments, secured by the "Fourth Expedition" of his University from the ruins of Nippur. Or, to be more definite, the fragment was taken out of the so-called "Tablet Hill," or the famous Temple Library, which has already yielded about 50,000 inscriptions, more or less perfect. From the large number of inscriptions unearthed at this spot, and from their contents and character, it has been justly inferred by scholars that they formed a part of an extensive royal library connected with a state institution of learning. This becomes evident when it is remembered that a large portion of them are just such books as pupils would use in learning the cuneiform script, signs and ideograms, phrases, definition of words and expressions in the Sumerian, or the language of "Sumer and Akkad." There are, too, geographical lists of provinces, mountains, rivers, and cities, as well as arithmetical tables; then there are lists of gods and temples, hymns, prayers, incantations, magic formulas, and medical prescriptions. Of all the cuneiform fragments so far discovered bearing upon the great catastrophe which destroyed the world, none, according to Professor Hilprecht, possesses as great a value as this newly published Deluge fragment. It is provokingly brief and fragmentary. It measures in its greatest width only two and three fourths inches and two and three eighths inches in length. In its original form the tablet must have measured about ten by seven inches, and had from 120 to 136 lines. Unfortunately, the piece is very imperfect. Enough, however, remains to warrant the conclusion that it is a portion of a Deluge tablet. It was the word *a-bu-bu* (deluge) on the fragment that first attracted Professor Hilprecht's attention to it.

We can do no better, before proceeding any farther, than to subjoin Professor Hilprecht's translation. The words in brackets are not on the tablet, but inserted by the professor, as, in his opinion, representing the original text, if not in the very words, at least in sentiment:

1. . . . thee.
2. [the confines of heaven and earth] I will loosen.
3. [a deluge I will make, and] it shall sweep away all men together;
4. [but thou seek] life before the deluge cometh forth;
5. [For over all living beings] as many as there are, I will bring overthrow, destruction, annihilation.
6. . . . Build a great ship and
7. . . . total height shall be its structure.

8. . . . it shall be a house-boat, carrying what has been saved of life.
9. . . . with a strong deck cover(it).
10. [The ship] which thou shalt make.
11. [into it bring the beasts of the field, the birds of heaven,
12. [and the creeping things, two of everything] instead of a number.
13. . . . and the family . . .
14. . . . and . . .

Professor Hilprecht has printed in parallel columns his translation of this late tablet and the biblical version as found in Gen. 6. 13-20; 7. 11.

Nippur Version

Line 2: . . . "I will loosen."

3: "It shall sweep (or take) away all men together."

4: . . . "life (?) before the deluge cometh forth"

5: . . . over] "as many as there are, I will bring overthrow, destruction and annihilation."

6: "build a great ship and"

7: . . . "total height shall be its structure."

8: . . . "it shall be a house-boat carrying what has been saved of life"

9: "with a strong roof cover it."

10: . . . "the boat] which thou shalt make . . . into it [bring the beasts of the field, the birds of heaven,"

11: . . . "instead of a number"

12: . . . "and family" . . .

Biblical Version

Genesis 7. 11: "all the fountains of the great deep were broken up, and the windows of heaven were opened."

6. 13: "behold, I will destroy them with the earth."

18: "but with thee I will establish my covenant."

17: "And, behold, I do bring the deluge upon the earth, to destroy all flesh, wherein is the breath of life, from under heaven; everything that is on earth shall perish."

14: "make thee an ark."

15: "And thus thou shalt make it . . . and thirty cubits its height."

16: "A roof shalt thou make to the ark, in its entire length thou shalt cover it; and the door of the ark shalt thou set in the side thereof; (with) lower, second and third stories shalt thou make it."

19: "And from every living thing, from all flesh, two from everything, shalt thou bring into the ark, to keep them alive with thee; they shall be male and female."

20: "(two) from the birds instead of a number thereof; (two) from the beasts instead of a number thereof; (two) from everything creeping on the ground instead of a number thereof;"

18b: "And thou shalt come into the ark, thou and thy sons, and thy wife, and thy sons' wives with thee."

It will be noticed that our learned professor does not follow the English versions of Genesis in the above citations, but gives his own translation in two or three places. Whether he is justified in this is questionable. But the fragment as amended by him nevertheless agrees in a remarkable degree with the Mosaic account of the Noachian Flood as given in Genesis, and stands in marked contrast with the other two Babylonian versions of the Flood, which came to us from the library of Ashurbanapal, king of Nineveh B. C. 668-626. The first of these two is an Assyrian copy of a Babylonian original, not yet discovered, and forms the eleventh tablet of the great epic of Gilgamesh, king of Erech. A fragment of this same text, perhaps fifty or one hundred years later, is preserved in the British Museum, and is known as "S.P., II, 960." The second version bears the name of "D. T. 42," D. T. standing for Daily Telegraph.

because brought to light by George Smith, the correspondent of this paper. This copy is very imperfect and in a bad state of preservation. It is usually believed that Berosus, a Babylonian priest of about B. C. 300, got his account of the Deluge from the second of the above-named versions.

Mention should be made of another small fragment of a Deluge tablet, acquired by Professor Schell, and now in Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan's collection in New York. This is supposed to have come from about B. C. 1863. Unfortunately, it is so imperfect that it throws no additional light on the Story of the Flood.

The new fragment deciphered by Professor Hilprecht is, according to him, from one of the three lower strata of the Nippur library; thus from one of the strata where a large number of inscriptions of the time of Rân-Sin of Larsa (c. B. C. 2000) were found. To use Hilprecht's own words: "The small collection of tablets" (to which the one in question belongs) "was inscribed during the second half of Ur-NIN-IB, and ending with Damiq-ilishu, some time between B. C. 2137 and 2005." If this be correct, Hilprecht's new tablet is fifteen hundred years older than the copies above mentioned, found in the royal library of Ashurbanapal at Nineveh, or six hundred years older than the time usually assigned to Moses, and, indeed, earlier than the age of Abraham and Hammurabi. The age of this fragment is based upon the general character and make-up of the tablet, the style of the inscription, and the stratum in which it lay buried. Here, too, it might be added that there are but few persons in any land who have had as great or long an experience as Professor Hilprecht in paleography and cataloguing, deciphering, and dating cuneiform inscriptions. We say this because there are those of high scholarship who think that our learned Assyriologist has allowed himself to become intoxicated with this new discovery and willfully or ignorantly places far too high an estimate upon the importance of this little bit of inscribed clay. When doctors disagree, what is a layman to do? Who is to decide? The unprejudiced intelligent student of the Bible, without doubt, will fall to see nearly as much in this new fragment as Professor Hilprecht does. Some will object not only to the emendations of the Babylonian text but also to the proposed changes in the translation of portions of the sixth chapter of Genesis. To supply the original words on the tablet or even a probable substitute is, indeed, a risky piece of work, and can have but little or no scientific value. The translation of אַחֲרָיו and אֲחֵרָיו (Gen. 6. 20) rendered in the English versions, "after its or their kind," by "instead of a number," must be taken with great allowance. It is to be hoped that when all the tablets and fragments of this new collection brought from Nippur shall have been examined and deciphered, there may be other inscriptions which may throw additional light upon the points under discussion.

It will be perhaps admitted by scholars everywhere that this new fragment of a Deluge tablet was executed before the days of Abraham, and that the "father of the faithful" was perfectly familiar with the story of the Flood as related in the first book of the Hebrew Scriptures. This being true, there can be no reason for any school of critics to

assert that the writer of Genesis borrowed the Deluge story not only from Babylonia but from the age following the captivity. Had Professor Hilprecht not tried to emend the broken or missing part of the tablet, the fragment as it stands, notwithstanding its gaps and omissions, bears a striking similarity to the Pentateuchal version. It is simple and straightforward, free from that mythological prolixity so apparent in the other Deluge versions.

It is a source of comfort to every earnest Christian student and lover of the Bible that the more we study the cuneiform inscriptions and other monuments of antiquity, the less reason we have for doubting the genuineness and authenticity of the Bible, and, indeed, the less reason for depressing the dates of the Old Testament books, or for underestimating the high grade of civilization which, according to conservative scholars, prevailed among the Hebrews at the time when Moses is supposed to have lived and given his wonderful legislation to a people then in the process of development.

Finally, we may say that it is very unfortunate for American scholarship that a controversy has arisen and is still in progress concerning this fragment. It was especially uncalled for that the charges made against Hilprecht in 1904, but not substantiated, should have been brought before the public again in 1910. Whatever the end of this controversy may be, jealousy has played too prominent a part in the matter, for, say what we may, Professor Hilprecht is no fakir, but a man of ripe scholarship and the peer of any living Assyriologist.

FOREIGN OUTLOOK

RECENT PERSONAL CHANGES IN GERMAN PROTESTANT
THEOLOGICAL FACULTIES

THE intense and widespread interest of the German churches in the appointment of theological professors (see the Foreign Outlook in this REVIEW, September-October, 1909) finds from time to time fresh and striking illustration. Indeed, a lively interest in the particular cases is never wanting; but under some conditions the interest rises to a sharp conflict. Such conditions exist, for example, where one party seems about to gain, or has gained, a place previously held by the other; or where the conservatives, feeling that in the past they have not had a fair proportionate representation in a faculty, are eager to gain such representation. Sometimes also a faculty itself complains, as when the government, influenced, perhaps, by the ecclesiastical High Council, disregards its recommendations, or surprises it by erecting an additional professorship and sending to fill it an unwelcome "*Strafprofessor*." Several of these phases are illustrated by recent events. Thus there is general acquiescence when Mühlau, retiring from the New Testament professorship at Kiel, is succeeded by the able young Privatdocent Leipoldt, of Halle, for both are reckoned as conservatives. And when Zahn, of Erlangen, indisputably the most learned conservative scholar in the field of New Testament and patristic literature, became *emeritus* in 1909, it seemed perfectly fitting that his colleague Ewald, who hitherto had taught both systematic theology and New Testament exegesis, should be transferred to the New Testament professorship, while Hunzinger, professor extraordinary for apologetics at Leipzig, was called to Ewald's chair. Inasmuch as Bavarian Protestantism is overwhelmingly orthodox, no voice is raised against the conservative monopoly at Erlangen.

The appointment of a successor to the late Professor Pfleiderer, of Berlin, is an event of more than ordinary significance, not only because every Berlin professorship is relatively important, but especially because Pfleiderer's professorship for systematic theology and New Testament—both departments being otherwise abundantly provided for—has been changed to one for "the science of religion." A marked tendency in Pfleiderer's own work had in a great measure prepared the way for this step. But it is a noteworthy fact that this is the first professorship for the science of religion in Germany. In this (exceptional) respect Germany has lagged behind Holland, France, Great Britain, and America. And it is significant that it is not a German, but a Dane, Eduard Lehmann, of Copenhagen, who has been appointed to the professorship. The choice of the faculty was Troeltsch, one of the ablest theological thinkers of the time. But if Troeltsch had come, it is doubtful whether the present limitation of the professorship would have been quite acceptable to him.

In the year 1909 Heidelberg lost by death two active professors of theology, Merx and Bassermann, besides Hausrath, *emeritus*. Now the conservatives of Baden had long felt that with but a single "positive" professor (Lemme) at Heidelberg their equitable claims had not been duly regarded. So they immediately undertook to bring about the appointment of at least one conservative theologian. They made a special effort in behalf of the appointment of Sellin as successor to Merx in the Old Testament professorship. The faculty, however, had recommended *primo loco* for that chair Gunkel, of Giessen, and for practical theology Baumgarten, of Kiel. These are men of unusual power and of great distinction. But they are exceedingly "modern." The liberals of Baden were elated over the prospect of getting such men. Gunkel in particular was desired; for whatever objections might be raised against his theological standpoint, few will question his right to be regarded as the most brilliant and attractive teacher of Old Testament studies now occupying a theological chair in Germany. But Gunkel and Baumgarten were not appointed, nor was Sellin. The passing by of the former two was caused by objections on the part of the ecclesiastical High Council of Baden. The government then called men whose names were indeed included in the lists of the faculty's nominations, but not in first place. These are Beer, of Strassburg, for the Old Testament, and Bauer, of Königsberg, for practical theology. They are recognized as excellent men, but certainly they are not to be ranked with Gunkel and Baumgarten. These appointments are the result of compromise, and they satisfy neither the conservatives nor the liberals in Baden nor the Heidelberg faculty. The new professors are liberals, yet the liberals are displeased because their favorites were passed by. The conservatives are displeased because, although the appointments were made in a spirit of partial concession to them, they see that they really got nothing; and they have expressed their displeasure by many communications to the press and by public demonstrations in various places. It was inevitable that the whole matter, being an affair of a department of the government, should be critically reviewed in both chambers of the Baden diet. The situation is so serious that some prophesy that it will lead to the downfall of the minister of education and worship.

ARTHUR DREWS AND THE "CHRIST MYTH"

DREWS (who is professor of philosophy at the polytechnic school in Karlsruhe) has produced a real sensation by his recent utterances concerning the so-called "Christ Myth." Some time ago he published a pamphlet entitled *Die Christumythe*. The pamphlet, however, though contending for the amazing thesis that Jesus never lived, made no very great impression, for therein others—especially Kalthoff, a liberal preacher in Bremen, and Jensen, the Assyriologist of Marburg—had anticipated him. The sensation came when, a few months ago, Drews began to present his views before popular audiences in various German cities (Frankfort, Jena, Berlin, etc.). Inasmuch as at these lectures the speaker per-

mitted and even invited free discussion—and not a few availed themselves of the opportunity thus afforded—the public interest in them was naturally great. And it is not without significance that those who participated in the discussion were for the most part liberal theologians, such as Förster and Bornemann in Frankfort, Weinel, Thümmel and Stärk in Jena, Von Soden and Hollmann in Berlin, where also a leading social democrat spoke against Drews's position. Drews set up five theses which he sought to maintain. These (in abbreviated form) are as follows: 1. Even before the Jesus of the Gospels there was a Jesus-God and a cult of this God in circles of Jewish sects. 2. The earliest witness of Christianity, Paul, knows nothing of an "historical" Jesus. 3. The Gospels do not contain the history of an actual man, but only the myth of the God-man Jesus clothed in historical form, and that in such a way that not only the Israelitish prophets and the Old Testament types (*Vorbilder*) of the Messiah (such as Moses, Elijah, Elisha, etc.), but also certain mythical notions of the heathen neighbors of the Jews connected with the belief in the Redeemer-God, have made their contribution to the "history" of that Jesus. 4. Granting that, after all, there remains for this way of explanation an "undiscoverable" residue, that cannot be derived from the sources named, still this affects only nonessentials which do not touch the religious faith in Jesus as such, whereas all that is important, religiously significant, and decisive in this faith, as baptism, the Lord's Supper, the crucifixion and resurrection of Jesus, is derived from the symbolism of the cult of the mythical Jesus, and owes its origin not to an historical fact but to the pre-Christian Jewish-heathen belief in the Redeemer-God. 5. The "historical" Jesus is at all events, according to the settled results of the critical theology, a so uncertain, elusive and faded-out figure that faith in him cannot possibly longer be regarded as the indispensable condition of religious salvation.

Many pamphlets in reply to Drews have been published, some of the most important by representatives of the critical school. Particularly noteworthy are the following: Bornemann, *Jesus als Problem*; Von Soden, *Hat Jesus gelebt?*; Jülicher, *Hat Jesus gelebt?*; and Dunkmann (from a more conservative standpoint), *Der historische Jesus, der mythologische Christus und Jesus der Christ*. On Sunday, February 20, there assembled in the Circus Busch in Berlin, at the call of the "Positiv-kirchliche Vereinigung," a throng of seven thousand men and women, who, over against those who declare, "*Jesus never lived*," raised the battle-cry, "*Jesus lives!*" A living faith must affirm something more than the historical existence of Jesus. Addresses were made by several pastors and a layman. Then a demonstration was made before the Cathedral, which being then opened was filled to the last bit of standing room, multitudes being turned away. Here again addresses were made, essentially the same as in the Circus Busch. These addresses have been published in a pamphlet under the title, *Jesus lebt!* Many have expressed themselves as thankful for the agitation, for it seems that good must come out of it.

GLIMPSES OF REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES

THE Westminster Review (London), for May, presented fourteen contributed articles varying in length from two and a half pages to ten. One of the longest was on "Darwinolatriy." The Rev. Drew Roberts, asking if Socialists are opposed to religion, answers that they are not. He says: "There is a large number of Socialists who are sincere and faithful believers in God, and much of the Old Testament, especially of the prophets, is well known to them, and so are the Gospels. And the teaching that emphasizes the Fatherhood of God, the brotherhood of the human family, the true humanity of Jesus, and its vast implications, is among their deep convictions. A world-wide movement that possesses so many men and women of deep faith, of sincere conviction, and of undying hope, and the will and capacity to suffer for what they hold true, is a challenge to the church in every land, and cannot be denounced as opposed to religion without the implication that the religion to which they are opposed has lost its savor." A mystical article, entitled "Truth and the Mind of Man," begins thus: "At times, maybe unconsciously, we wander from the beaten track of life into a byway, decked with beauteous thoughts and strewed with quiet reveries. The rippling of a hidden stream runs through our consciousness, and slowly our earth-laden soul is lulled to peaceful meditation; and a dim conception of the hidden source of life steals through the outer mind, and faintly touches into passing life the dim perception of diviner elements. And thus, emotion, born from the whispering voices, which enwrap our thought, awakens into inspiration, and our gaze will penetrate within the veil of life, and see the hand which shapes and guards our destiny. But only for awhile—a transient glimpse of glowing light—and then the shadow of an overshadowing life obscures the sight—and we enter once again the humdrum streets of life, and taste the embittered waters of its manifold experiences, and wander fretfully on the confines of an unexplained existence. So do we touch the poles of life; the very sweet is merged too soon into the commonplace, and sinks beneath the load of paradox. And yet the power is ours to firmly grasp the Truth; to retain within our heart the firm conviction of divine intention, to feel perpetually the singing note of joy. So too these transient moments lead us to survey the shadowy outline of a final happiness: a goal we gradually attain by calm acceptance of conflicting cares, a strong adherent faith in mystical conceptions; a glimpse of God within the soul, a conscious flash of truth across the mind of man." The closing article in this excellent number of the Westminster is on "Poetry and its Opportunity," part of which we transcribe without quotation marks: Poetry is the attempt to pass behind the surface, and see things in the light of eternity, *sub specie æternitatis*. And he who opens a new door or window, however humble, into this wonderland should surely be praised for the attempt. A few succeed and bring back a good report from the

better world, and make earth brighter for the vision they have seen. In an effete society like the present, a society of week-end parties and desecrated Sundays and gambling, we ought to be grateful for any effort in a higher direction. The best commentary on the period, with its glorified vice and squalid magnificence, is the fact that thousands and tens of thousands of honest men and women are underfed and underclothed and overworked or unemployed, and children are starving, while England does nothing for them, though other countries have found remedies. Poetry, in one chief elemental aspect, comes forward as a protest against the disharmonies of life. It assures us, with unfaltering tones, that beauty and truth, and even love, do really exist, and (if in some places and at some times they appear only to be for the benefit of the upper classes, as toys and trifles among many more), yet, nevertheless, exist in the service and for the interests of all, especially the sad and suffering. Poetry means a return to nature, to such fundamental facts as this—that God reigns and rules, not merely *de jure* but also *de facto*, and in spite of appearances to the contrary, still overrules. There can be no better way of looking at things, at everything, and not least at the sin and sorrow of the world than this—to see the particular in the category of the universal, and all as interpreted by the cross of Christ. True poetry has always operated as the hunger for eternity and the thirst for God. "One thing is needful." By a true instinct poetry has felt this, and endeavored, however dimly and distantly, to incarnate the sentiment in song. It demands room, more room, and nothing short of infinity itself. Its "conversation is in heaven," and therefore from heaven and of heaven. "Like as the hart desireth the water brooks, so longeth my soul after thee, O God. My soul is athirst for God—yea, even for the living God: when shall I come to appear before the Presence of God?" "O God, thou art my God, early will I seek thee. My soul thirsteth for thee, my flesh also longeth after thee, in a barren and dry land, where no water is." The poet who makes mere happiness his aim and theme can never be really great, and quite misunderstands his divine mandate. Happiness arises, if it arises at all, incidentally and by the way, and is not worth singing about. And the sole happiness we may seek is wisdom or knowledge of God and man. "Happy is the man that findeth wisdom, and the man that getteth understanding." But this may be better described as blessedness. Poetry, then, does not concern itself with that splendid fraud, "the greatest happiness of the greatest number," and being essentially nonutilitarian, proves, therefore, to be essentially useful and of most service. It expresses itself, as a function of life, in a search for the all-inclusive, in the abstraction of the elemental, and in the pursuit of the One Supreme Category. As a sense of dissatisfaction with pure or impure earthly conditions, as an angelic unrestfulness in a strange land, as a thaumatalgia, a divine discontent and homesickness, it implies a conviction of an other-worldly, higher citizenship. "We look for a city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God." It means a passion for the permanent, not the hap or happiness of a passing moment, though a century long, but for perfection. It is the initial and yet the ultimate expression of everything. For men always

sang first in the fundamental language of love, before they wrote laws or recorded history. The cosmos itself around them, not merely or mainly a stupendous structure or piece of potent machinery, but a picture of beautiful thoughts, opened at once to their eyes and ears and hearts a ready-made poem, which required interpreting or translation into human hopes and fears. Children still and ever are all born poets, but of each, alas! it may be said, and with terrible truth,

Full soon thy soul shall have its earthly freight
And custom lie upon thee with a weight,
Heavy as frost and deep almost as life.

We begin life equipped with a cosmic consciousness, with universal cravings for a bedrock reality, and the anchorage of an assured harmony, and self-fulfillment in the great Whole. Feeling the presence of the Infinite immediately, we long with an insatiable desire to fall into the order of things, to place ourselves in touch with the underlying truth. Poetry is religion. All men's wildest delirations, the vices of the voluptuary, the self-murder of the sot, the worst debauches of the most debased, as well as the efforts of the "Christian Endeavor Society," are just so many vain or valiant attempts to *get more life and get the utmost out of life*, that men may realize themselves in all they have and are and do, and thus extend their being and consciousness, and thus multiply their powers and personalities. But the wrong turn at the outset, the false conception that confuses evil with good, stultifies the conclusion. The first movements were all from God, but they lost the right connection. Poetry gives us the true direction, shows man his entirety. It wants to make him whole, to complete his nature, and set his relations with God and his neighbor right. Revelation, the perception of the poetry at the heart of all, most frequently outflashes from suffering. "Beloved, think it not strange concerning the fiery trial, which is to try you, as though some strange thing happened unto you: but rejoice, inasmuch as ye are partakers of Christ's sufferings, that when his glory shall be revealed, ye may be glad also with exceeding joy." "If ye be reproached for the name of Christ, happy are ye, for the Spirit of glory and of God resteth on you." "As ye are partakers of the suffering, so shall ye be also of the consolation." Yes, Christus Consolator is Christus Consummator, and in his heavenly school of suffering, "we are his workmanship," or his poem. Poetry emphatically belongs to the church militant, or it could not be religion, and poetry as a crusade forever carried on against sin must be a warfare, and signifies at bottom the fighting of God's eternal battle with wrong and unrighteousness and misrule. Saint Simon said, "To do anything really great and true and good and lasting one must be a poet, with an appetite for the universal and a cosmopolitan soul." Here, as indeed often enough, doing and suffering, being and knowing, are identical. The passive and the active coöperate and blend. Our Lord and Master Jesus Christ came not merely as a Redeemer, but as a Poet, and his burden was threefold, as we should have antecedently expected, in exact correspondence with the triplicity of everything in heaven and on earth. The message which he

brought to build the ruins of a broken-down world and restore the forfeited paradise was repentance, faith, and love. Beyond these doctrines, beyond this great trinity of the Christian commandments, we cannot go. Here, if anywhere, we discover finality. Though in other more advanced states or stages of the eternal process, the evolution of character, or the development of latent Divinity, we may reasonably suppose that even these giant factors while remaining substantially the same will resolve themselves into yet other forms and forces, yet always in strict accordance with their present differential spirit. And so we have ready to our hands immediately a supreme and searching criterion of true poetry, or the best poetry. Does it embody a sense of sin and sorrow for sin, and abhor unrighteousness? Does it express and encourage a creative faith, which calls new spaces and times into being, to redress the balance of the old? And does it breathe the inspiration of a quickening love, transcendent, compulsory, immortal, which gathers the universe in its arms, and if there was no God and no heaven, would yet inhabit the one and adore the other? Now, it may be urged that such messages would be sermons or (in the proper sense) prophecies, and not poems. But if the poet may not preach, who may? Not that he assumes a didactic office of set purpose, or wears even an immeasurable white surplice, but he sings because he must, and what he must. Truth teaches of itself, shines by its own light, necessarily, automatically. Poetry illuminates, transfigures, transforms, interprets, reveals. It energizes as a universal force and factor of the cosmos, as the speech alike of man and God. It brings the fire from heaven for every heart and every home and every hearth. It carries the "everlasting gospel" of repentance and faith and love. "Repent ye, for the kingdom of God is at hand." "God hath commanded all men everywhere to repent." And unless poetry makes us at once and forever the sworn enemies of sin, it has not fulfilled its divine function. When we read poetry, we ought to hear the voice of God addressing us, and find the earth and ourselves transported into the higher regions of truth, coarse and conventional duties dignified, the crudest, lowest life idealized, and our muddy habitations turned to marble palaces. Pessimism has no gospel but that of despair, and the good news of eternal damnation (or annihilation) for all of us. Its supreme good is evil. It worships a crowned Death, whose throne is the grave, whose scepter is decay. Poetry believes the best, and "hopeth all things, and endureth all things," like charity. It can conceive of no message worth telling but that of an infinite and eternal optimism. It believes things just because they are impossible, absurd, unthinkable. "This is his commandment, that we should believe—on the name of his Son Jesus Christ and love—one another as he gave us commandment." Yes, as poetry keeps perpetually teaching us, so Christ proclaimed, we must repent and believe and love, all to order—*quod est absurdum et impossibile*. Any foolish prophet or preacher can bid us do the contrary, the easy and superficial and practicable. God says, do the impracticable, and find it, as you approach and enter in, a parted Red Sea, a divided Jordan, a Jericho walled up to heaven, but with open doors. The evangel of doubt or despair, the fashion-

able evangel of to-day, has no life in it, and no promise and no permanence. It contemplates its own sores and infirmities or imperfections, and falls down before them and worships a deity of dust. It is the leper making an apotheosis of his leprosy. True, clean, sane, and sincere poetry, religious to its last syllable and latest breath, dethrones distrust, loves all men, friends and foes alike, and thereby, in the sheer greatness of its confidence and charity, seats itself by the side of God, ranges its powers on the lines of fundamental evolution, and shares in the orderly government of the world. While the mere artist polishes his transfigured platitudes, the poet sings that eternal song, which haunts the hearts of men. "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men."

—On the last page of the Westminster for May are some lines quoted from Paul Hookham which find notable illustration in the career of Charles E. Hughes, governor of the State of New York:

There's somewhat in the upright principle,
High-handed and high-minded attitude,
Determination to stand by the right,
Not out of policy but for right's sake,
That is the best and final policy;
That may fence off from daring to oppose it
Those who feign to look on it as feigned,
But faintly dread it as a thing suspect;
And gathering strength from union with its like,
And crushing wrong and wiping weakness out
That hindering catches at the skirts of Time,
May make his country the world's masterpiece.

BOOK NOTICES

RELIGION, THEOLOGY, AND BIBLICAL LITERATURE

Tendency. By JAMES I. VANCE, DD. 12mo, pp. 247. New York and Chicago: Fleming H. Revell Company. Price, cloth, \$1.25, net.

THIS is the latest book by the author of a half-dozen or more volumes, the best known of which is probably *The Young Man Four-Square*, now in its seventh edition. The effect of trend and drift in the development of life is the general subject of the nineteen chapters of Dr. Vance's present study. Like the author's other books, this one is well thought out, well arranged, and its illustrations are apt. Here is one of the Saviour's love and compassion: "Among the charming stories written by Mr. S. R. Crockett is one of the days of Henry of Navarre, the greatest of the French kings. One of the characters in *The White Plume* is a Scotch-Spanish girl, Claire Agnew, who, because of her Calvinistic faith and for other reasons, had fallen under the ban of the Inquisition, that terrible and infernal institution of the Spanish Jesuits. A band of rough men had been sent secretly to compass the young girl's arrest and carry her across the border. Claire Agnew had won the love of a noble French youth, although as yet no word of troth had passed between them. This youth determined to deliver the maid from peril. Without her knowledge he secured her mantle, and disguising himself in it, he had himself arrested in her place and taken into Spain, where his identity was not discovered until he stood before the awful and hated tribunal. He was tortured, thrown into the horror chamber of 'the Eyes,' where he almost lost his reason, and at last was condemned to service as a galley-slave, where, chained to the weary oar, he toiled through the long hot days and sleepless nights, in the worst of bondage. In the meantime the girl had made her escape to a place of safety, but she suspected that all was not well with her lover, and by close questioning she at last forced from the old man who was protecting her the true story of her lover's devotion. Then, flashing her 'wet, splendid eyes' on the old man, and abandoning herself to the rapture of the thought of a love that had suffered so much for her, she cried: 'And all this he did for me, simply because he loved me, and he did it without my knowing it, and he did it knowing that I did not know it!' Give that story infinite measures, and let it have an eternal accent, and we shall at least begin to have some faint suggestion of the length and breadth and height and depth of the devotion of the Saviour's compassion, which passeth knowledge." Here is the story of a horrible dream: "What would the world be if Christ had not come and lived in it? We have grown so used to our blessings that we take them for granted. We forget that they came with Christ and are the product of his ministry among men. Among the cards which came to my table one Christmas was one entitled, 'The Birthday

of Hope.' It is the story of a minister's dream on Christmas Eve. He is seated in his study and hears in the street below his window a band playing the old Christmas hymn, 'O, come all ye faithful.' His New Testament is open before him and he has read in the Gospel of the beloved disciple to the line 'If I had not come,' when he falls asleep and dreams of a Christless world. The first thing to impress him about this world into which Christ had not come was that it was a world without Christmas. He steps into the street, but there is no Christmas cheer in the air. Instead of the salutations of good will, there are the curt nods and hurried greetings of those who are absorbed with their own plans. He enters the homes of the people and finds that the children have not hung up their stockings in glad anticipation of Christmas morning. He looks in upon the poor and finds that no one has been there with baskets of good things for the Christmas dinner. The faces of the children are pinched by poverty and pale with want. Turning to the street again, he sees a great bare spot on the top of the hill where had stood the splendid Cathedral overlooking the town with its protecting benediction. It had disappeared, for it was a world into which Christ had not come. As he went on, he came upon other vacant spaces, where had stood other churches, the hospital, the orphanage, the asylum, the dispensary, and various buildings erected as an expression of faith in the Man of Galilee. The people whom he met seemed anxious and weary, and as he looked closer he discovered that each carried on his shoulder a burden. One man as he passed him was saying: 'O, wretched man that I am! Who shall deliver me from the body of this death?' He was about to tell him of the cross where burdens roll away, when he remembered that there was no cross, for it was a world into which Christ had not come. Sick at heart, he entered his study again, to find that during his absence, a great change had taken place. Whole rows of books had disappeared from his library shelves. Every book about Christ was gone. He opened his Bible and found that it ended with Malachi. There was no New Testament, for Christ had not come. He took down Browning and Milton and found many blank spaces in these poets. He discovered that everything in his books prompted or inspired by Christ and his teachings had vanished. He turned to find an empty space over the mantle where had hung a picture he dearly loved. It was the picture of a man, blood-stained, foot-sore, in torn garments, bearing in his arms a tired lamb. Often, when worn and weary in his work as an under shepherd of the flock, he had gone to this picture of the Good Shepherd and thought of his Master and been comforted. Now it was gone, and as his eye went around the room, he found that almost every picture he loved had disappeared. With tears of disappointment, he sank into his chair, when a tap at the door told him that a child below was asking to see him. He went down to find a little girl, her eyes swollen with weeping, who said: 'Won't you come to see father? He is very ill.' Hand in hand, they went through the night to the home where the lights in the upper windows told of sickness. When he reached the bedside, the dying man said: 'Can't you help me?' 'I think I can,' he replied, and put his hand in his pocket for his New Testa-

ment to find that there was no New Testament and that he had no Gospel with which to comfort the last hours of a dying man. The man died a Christless death. At the funeral there was no song of hope, no blessed promise of the resurrection, no message of the mansions prepared for them that love Him. The only words of the funeral service were 'Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust.' As the hard clods fell on the coffin lid he awoke from his horrible dream to find that this cruel, pitiless, Christless world was false, and to hear the band a little further up the street still playing the old hymn, 'O, come, all ye faithful, joyfully triumphant!' It was only a dream, and yet there is a sense in which the dream is true, for if Christ had not come, the world would be all and worse than the dream. Society would go back to chaos and existence would become intolerable." Dr. Vance tells this story of a father's great love: "Recently in New York city a baby's life was saved through the transfusion of blood from the body of the father into that of his child. The operation was one of the most remarkable of its kind and has excited the keen interest of many outside the medical profession. Because of the delicate and dangerous character of the operation it was impossible to use either anesthetics or a connecting tube uniting the body of father and child. When the operation began, the child was in a dying condition, and before the operation was finished, to ordinary appearances, it was dead. The father's arm was opened from the wrist to the elbow and a vein lifted out. An opening was then made in the child's leg and the blood-vessels of parent and offspring stitched together. An attending surgeon said to the father, 'Does it hurt?' With a face livid with pain he said, 'It hurts like hell, but if I can save the baby, what of it?' At last everything was ready for the red tide from the father's heart to enter the apparently lifeless little body lying across his slashed arm; and the instant the blood rushed into the child's body it revived. What had been practically a dead body was quickened. On a divine scale this is the story of Calvary. Christ's death on the cross was the transfusion of God's life into the dead soul. There on the tree God opened his veins that the blood might save us. The life is in the blood. Christ came that we might have life. He has quickened us at tremendous cost. There is no suffering like that which pressed from him the bloody sweat in the garden. He suffered death itself and the pains of hell forever, and he did it to reveal God's great love. Some day, that baby will be old enough to hear and understand the story of how the father opened his veins to save his child. With that knowledge, there will come a stronger, deeper, truer love for the father. The child will say: 'I must not disappoint my father. I must not grieve him. With a great love he gave me my life, and I must try to live so that he will never regret the hour he opened his heart and shed his blood to give me life.' Man must not disappoint God. He has quickened him. We have heard the story of the suffering that saves us. We know how one was wounded for us and how his precious blood was shed that we might live.

"And we must love him too,
And trust in his redeeming blood,
And try his works to do."

The chapter entitled "The Altar and the Choir" begins thus: "Life is part a song and part a sob. It is half *jubilate* and half *miserere*. It is never far from a smile to a tear. Christianity's finest symbol of the victorious life is a cross encircled by a crown. The story of the ancient liturgy of religion is that 'when the burnt offering began, the song of the Lord began also' (2 Chron. 29. 27). The ceremonial of worship consisted of two parts—the offering of sacrifices and the service of song. The two went together. It was the gospel of the altar and the choir. In the ancient temple there was an altar, a place where sacrifice was offered. Beside the altar stood the officiating priest, with reverent attitude and awesome ritual, laying upon the flaming hearth the sacrificial gift of the sinful soul seeking peace with God. The altar was the shrine of the tragedy of religion. The story behind it was the tale of the ruin of the race, and around the altar surged the sorrows and woes and weaknesses of mankind. In the ancient temple there was also the choir, the service of song, the great chorus of praise to Almighty God, whose mercy blessed the sacrifice and whose pity spared the penitent. The choir was the shrine of the ecstasy and triumph of religion. There the holy Psalms were chanted which voiced the people's adoration of Jehovah. With sins forgiven, with hearts overflowing with gratitude, with sorrows comforted, and with woes and weaknesses cured, the hosts which thronged the temple courts worshiped God in holy song. Life must have these two great shrines of the soul for its highest development. It must have the altar, the sacrifice, the propitiation. True religion must have an adequate remedy for sin. It must cleanse the guilty heart and regenerate the dead soul. When the sinner comes with his burden of guilt, his load of woe, tormented by remorse of conscience and affrighted with the terror of an angry God, what he needs is not a creed that will set him to mortifying the flesh and mumbling phrases, but one that tells him that without the shedding of blood there is no remission of sins; that takes him to an altar where the sacrifice is the 'Lamb slain from the foundation of the world.' The sinner needs far more than a ritual; he needs a Saviour. It must also have the choir. Christianity is the one musical religion of the world. The great musical composers have come either directly or indirectly under the spell of Christianity. They have gotten their inspiration from the religion whose altar reconciles man to God, and makes of sinners the children of the Most High. Heathenism has no song. Paganism and infidelity are not musical. It is the gospel of the love of God that sets the heart singing. It is Christianity's heaven that is filled with an innumerable throng, singing 'the song of Moses and the Lamb.' The altar and the choir are related as cause and effect. It is the sacrifice that starts the song. If there were no propitiation for sin, there could be no forgiveness. If religion were only a ritual or a form of penance, it would depress us; but because it is salvation, it thrills us, it exalts and exhilarates us, it fills the soul with melody and wakes the world with song. Life is to be built around these two great shrines of sacrifice and song. God's temple is not so much these houses built of steel and stone, which we erect as places of worship, as it is the building whose invisible walls are the life

experiences of the immortal spirit. In each such life-temple there must be an altar, a shrine of sacrifice. If there is, there will also be a choir, a shrine where invisible voices chant symphonies of joy and peace and hope. These two shrines of tragedy and ecstasy express life." The following illustration applies itself: "Among the great paintings in Florence are the angels of Fra Angelico, which he is said to have painted when he was kneeling prayerfully at his work. A man who spends his time copying these angels says that he has little difficulty in the work when he is in a devotional frame of mind; but that, after a night at cards or a wine supper, he finds the work most difficult. He can get the outlines and colors, but after a night's carousal, it is days before he can get the expression in the faces of Angelico's angels. The peril which threatens many a man, in the awful rush and contact of modern life, is that he will lose his own soul, his ideals, his responsiveness, his aspirations, and become hard and cold and stale. Christ calls us aside to the meditative hour, that we may learn anew what makes true success; 'for what shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?'"

Belief in a Personal God. By the Rev. Professor A. V. C. P. HUIZINGA. Pp. 52. Boston: Sherman, French & Co. Price, cloth, 50 cents.

THIS book is one of the early products of the author's pen, and deals with a live subject in a live way. It consists of only fifty-two pages, but the amount of thought which has been stowed within the limits of so small a scope is truly surprising. The author approaches the subject by the way of Matthew Arnold's scoffing version of the popular notion of "the magnified non-natural man whose chief function is to dispense *arbitrary* punishments and rewards," but at once confesses his inability to discover Arnold's warrant for the assertion that people believe that God distributes punishments and rewards in arbitrary fashion, and distinguishes between arbitrariness and unfailing and inerring equity. But Arnold also bewails his inability to share the ancient faith. He perceives the incomparable grandeur of Christianity. He sees no connection between the belief in the crude notions of traditional Christianity and the envied Christian dispositions reared under the influence of these inadequate representations of God and the world's government. Yet one thing Arnold perceived clearly. This he proclaimed with sympathetic warmth, to wit: The good must triumph. For there is "a Power not ourselves which makes for righteousness." Lyman Abbott is next quoted as saying that he believed God to be impersonal. The God of the fathers . . . was impersonal, an it, a power; without even Arnold's addition that it is "making for righteousness," which at least brings it out of the force-and-power conception of the exact sciences and introduces a personal element by giving the power an ethical flavor. But this impersonal attitude which characterizes monism "shatters the three central dogmas of the dualistic philosophy—the personality of God, the immortality of the soul, and the freedom of the will." In literature the impersonal attitude has worked equal havoc. The mere registration of facts has a significance which the author asserts requires the personal element and its valuation.

In his "Roman experimental" Lola may say: "We live only upon science. . . . We shall be more virtuous and happy in proportion as science abolishes the ideal, the absolute, the unknown"; or he may declare boastfully: "We authors give instruction in the bitter science of life: we teach the lofty lessons of reality. This is what exists, we say; reconcile yourself to it. I know no school more moral or more austere." The trouble is, as the author remarks, that morality has not shone forth particularly bright from the pages of naturalism. Human life engulfed by vicious tendencies and passions appears driftwood, aimlessly tossed about, and the naturalists gloat over it. Distorting reality in disproportion to fit a morbid taste, they pretend to give artistic pictures of reality: "Art a corner of nature seen through a temperament." This art, however, is the result of the temperament of the small philosopher who has done away with the incomprehensible. And here the author comes to the heart of his subject as he leads his readers to recognize back of environment the personal element and influence which subtly pervades it all." As Hugh Black puts it in his sermon "Listening to God," "*The chief environment of a human life does not consist of things but of persons.*" "The beginning and the middle and the end of all influence is really personal if we probe deep enough into its seat." Human personality suffers no undervaluation. Its suppression is the destruction of life. The elimination of the personal equation as a legitimate factor in the appreciation of author or reader has now been declared by literary critics, almost with one voice, to be not only impossible but in its attempts and influence degrading. Hence, as the first step toward the realization of the personality of God, the native dignity of the human soul, together with its priceless value, is once more to be affirmed. It is the reign of materialism in which "man poses, along with capital and land, simply as a factor of production, a means and not an end." Kant's valuable contribution against the materialistic and commercial attitude which tends to slight personality is his famous ethical formula: "So act as to treat humanity, whether in thine own person or in that of any other, in every case as an end withal, never as a means only." The old query of Matt. 16. 26, is still in place, "What shall a man give in exchange for his soul?" Goethe once remarked, "We never know how anthropomorphic we are." In the light of which remark it is comforting to think that when "things are in the saddle and ride mankind," it is of short duration, because, as the author adds, as human beings we must for that reason needs get our every conception humanized. And is not this anthropomorphic conception, which we of necessity have of God, who is enthroned at the heart of things, and most potently manifest in our own heart, a reliable one? "Who by searching can find out God?"

Yet high above the limits of my seeing,
And folded far within the inmost heart,
And deep below the depths of conscious being
Thy splendor shineth: there, O God, thou art!—(Eliza Scudder.)

The importance of conscience for theism was especially emphasized by Cardinal Newman. Conscience, the author tells us, is nearer to us than

any other means of knowledge. Daniel Webster's famous saying is familiar to us all, namely, that the greatest thought he ever conceived was the awful idea of his personal responsibility to a personal God. All ethics require a belief in God the Father Almighty. Sidgwick speaks of that "unanalyzable Ought-feeling" in every breast. "The revelation of God at the heart of man is the original source of all oughts and duties of whatever specific content they may be." "Ethics derives from religion its motive and basis." Only if ethics rests on a religious basis have the old English words "duty" and "ought" sense in bringing in One who is Creator and Judge, to whom is *due*, to whom is *owed*. To a something nothing is owed or due. To a mere power we cannot pray, and we cannot try to please it. Let God be reduced to a blind, heartless force, and prayer becomes a futility. We might have ethics and laws of justice, but there would be no dynamic goodness, no sacrifice. Sacrifice is the heart of our holy religion. It is but natural, therefore, that "Christianity for the lowest bidder" does not make conquests. In these days people incline to worship only as it is seen to be a utilitarian act. The great difficulty experienced in all rationalistic movements and tendencies, as our author further states, is that it does not suffice to reason oneself into a deep-felt obligation. Rationalism, disregarding the personal God as revealed in Christ, sinks necessarily into a conventional morality; and then conscience is naturally belittled and, as a matter of fact, robbed of its authority. Morality, strictly speaking, then resolves itself into adaptability, always with the determining norm in the subject. We stand over the conscience, instead of the conscience over us. The spirit of social morality is evidently not as overawing and imperative as when the Holy Spirit breathes upon the heart of man and Christ is enthroned as Lord of the conscience. This sharpens our moral responsibilities, when spirit meets with spirit in our personal dealings with our personal God. This is the sphere of genuine Christian religion. All other is sham and counterfeit. The personal element must be prominent, subjectively and objectively. I feel that I am alone in my individual aspirations and responsibilities. It is my private concern. Moral obligations are not discharged by proxy, and I also feel that I am not accountable to the world. With my God I may rise in sovereignty against the world to conquer even in apparent defeat. I may tremble before the judge at the bar of the only written law in the midst of the greatest worldly success and applause. Our deepest insights into the heart of reality are born of an ethical nature. Personality is the reality of reality. As the claims of conscience are allowed freer scope over our lives the world's claims are losing power over us. We may view Christianity from its inward, positive, dynamic side—Christ at work on the hearts of the believers, as contrasted with its formal, external, its social and historic course. Christ buttresses Christianity. Christ as Lord of the conscience vitalizes the God-consciousness. We cannot, even in theory, be good without God. When man feels small, God looms up large; when man feels big, God loses his awful majesty. In proportion as God is our main concern, we will be less concerned about the opinions of men. He who stands in fear of men cannot obey God. Where we face God the

world's claims and its wisdom are lost on us. Religion is taking our duties as divine commands. The author continues to emphasize the personal self as a reality, the inner life as a fact, and again quotes Newman as saying, "In religion we have to deal with concrete, living realities, namely, the soul of man and God." Now, if the personal elements are slighted, the recognition of personality is not easy. "So long as we deal with the cosmic and the general we deal only with symbols of reality, but as soon as we deal with private and personal phenomena as such we deal with realities in the completest sense of the term," says William James, and adds the author: "We acknowledge this reality in dead earnest. As Lotze said in his *Microcosmos*, 'We are immediately conscious of self as thinking and energizing; that is, as a substance with power. If we are not conscious of this, we are conscious of nothing. We cannot think and not be conscious of a thinking self, and a thinking self is a substance.'" The first point of all certitude is in consciousness. The home of truth is in man. Says Browning, "Truth is within ourselves." Hence within we have the distinctions between right and wrong. Within are built the primordial truths on which we build all our knowledge. If we do not know ourselves as persons, and kindred to the Spirit, who upbears our own, then of course we fall into the impersonal atmosphere of pantheistic or materialistic thought. But in such a system morality has hardly a place. If we accept the truth of personality, we must grant free agency. It is personality's soul. Conversely, if we sufficiently recognize the fact of free agency, we have to acknowledge personality within and without. As Victor Hugo puts it, "the 'me' below is the soul, the 'me' above is God." "No man," says Calvin, "can take a survey of himself, but he must immediately turn to the contemplation of God in whom he lives and moves. . . . Religious life is at a low ebb. . . . People have lost interest in the supreme issues of life, hinging on their soul concern, and such is the case with the belief in a personal God. . . . The rejection of the belief in a personal God in our times is of a materialistic flavor. Standing four-square on the seen, the Unseen is less potently in evidence to the mind of the average church member. The conception of a personal God may assume crude forms, but it is always infinitely superior to the fallacy of making impersonal our triune God, Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, because then the moral relationship has an end." Professor Hugo Munsterberg, of Harvard, fittingly remarks: "The individualistic conception of life and the religious conception of the world favor each other. The more that an individual's religious temperament sees this earthly life merely as a preparation for the heavenly, the more he puts all his efforts into the development of his individual personality. General concepts, civilizations, and political powers cannot as such enter the gates of heaven. The perfection of the individual soul is the only thing which makes for eternal salvation. And that effort implies intercourse with the personal God of Salvation." But we must close. Enough has been quoted to show that this little volume of only fifty-two pages is a notable contribution to the Christian literature of our day, and that the thoughtful reading of it by clergy and laity alike must go toward deepening of that life of inter-

course with the personal God of Salvation by which, in the words of the author, the believer grows in grace and becomes more obedient unto God than unto men.

PHILOSOPHY, SCIENCE, AND GENERAL LITERATURE

The Spirit of America. By HENRY VAN DYKE, Professor of English at Princeton University. 12mo, pp. 276. New York: The Macmillan Company. Price, cloth, \$1.50, net.

THIS book contains the first seven out of twenty-six lectures delivered by Dr. van Dyke on the Hyde foundation at the University of Paris. The object of the lectures was to promote an intelligent sympathy between France and the United States. They aimed to set forth the things that seem most vital, significant, and creative in the life and character of the American people. Dr. van Dyke describes the real people of America as "a nation of idealists engaged in a great practical task." He notes some signs that America is not fully understood nor very well known in Europe. An English lady inquired, "Have you any good writers in America?" The answer was: "None to speak of. We import most of our literature from Australia by way of the Cape of Good Hope." Another English lady once asked Eugene Field if he knew anything about his ancestors. "Not much, madam," he replied, "but I believe mine were living in trees when first caught." To Europeans who inquire whether the Germans, or the Irish, or the Scandinavians, or the Jews will dominate the United States in the twentieth century, Dr. van Dyke would reply: "I can take you into quarters of New York city where you might think yourself in a Russian Ghetto, or into regions of Pennsylvania which would seem to you like Hungarian mining towns. But if you will come with me into the public schools where the children of these peoples of the Old World are gathered for education, you will find yourself in the midst of fairly intelligent and genuinely patriotic young Americans. They will salute the flag for you with enthusiasm. They will sing 'The Star-Spangled Banner' with more vigor than harmony. They will declaim Webster's apostrophe to the Union, or cry with Patrick Henry, 'Give me liberty or give me death.'" Professor Barrett Wendell says that the first ideal to take form in the American consciousness was "the ideal of liberty." Professor Hugo Münsterberg calls it "the spirit of self-direction," Professor van Dyke calls it "the spirit of self-reliance." Telling the Parisians about religious liberty and the peaceful independence of the churches in the United States, Dr. van Dyke says: "The religious bodies include the large majority of the American people. Twelve millions are adherents of the Roman Church. The adherents of the Protestant churches are estimated to number between forty and fifty millions. It is true that the different churches are sometimes very jealous of one another. But, bad as that is in some respects, it is rather a safeguard from a political point of view. It is true that some ecclesiastics have schemes that look toward obtaining special privileges or powers or appropriations for their own organization." But, we will add, the religious bodies in general are vigilant enough to see to it that no one organi-

zation overreaches to take an unfair advantage. Dr. van Dyke goes on: "In our country, which, as a matter of fact, is predominantly Christian and Protestant, there is neither establishment nor proscription of any form of faith. In the President's Cabinet [1908] are a Jew, a Catholic, a Presbyterian, an Episcopalian, and a Methodist. The President himself is a member of one of the smallest denominations in the country, the Dutch Reformed." Professor Münsterberg says: "The entire American people are, in fact, profoundly religious, and have been from the day when the Pilgrim Fathers landed down to the present moment." Speaking of real democracy of feeling in America, and the sense of the essential equality of manhood, Dr. van Dyke says: "It is pleasant and wholesome to live with men who have a feeling of the dignity and worth of their own occupations. My guides in the backwoods of Maine and the Adirondacks regard me as a comrade who, curiously enough, makes his living by writing books, but who also shows that he knows the real value of life by spending his vacation in the forest. As a matter of fact, they think much more of their own skill with the ax and paddle than of my supposed ability with the pen. They have not a touch of subservience in their manner or their talk. They do their work willingly. They carry their packs, and chop the wood, and spread the tents, and make the bed of green boughs. And then, at night, around the camp fire, they smoke their pipes, and the question is, who can tell the best story?" These guides have some racy and graphic expressions. One of them described the life of a certain village as being "as calm as a clock." A certain American author writing about his country says that in her emotional life there is "conventional sentimentality," in her religious life "spiritual feebleness," in her social life "formlessness," and in her political life "self-deception." He goes on as follows: "We accept sentimentality because we do not stop to consider whether our emotional life is worth an infusion of blood and vigor rather than because we have deliberately decided that it is not. We neglect religion because we cannot spare time to think what religion means rather than because we judge it only worth a conventional lip service. We think poetry effeminate because we do not read it rather than because we believe its effect injurious. We have been swept off our feet by the brilliant success of our industrial civilization; and, blinded by vanity, we enumerate the list of our exports, we measure the swelling tide of our national prosperity, but we do not stop even to repeat to ourselves the names of other things." On this Dr. van Dyke comments thus: "This rather sweeping indictment against a whole civilization reminds me of the way in which one of my students once defined rhetoric. 'Rhetoric,' said this candid youth, 'is the art of using words so as to make statements which are not entirely correct look like truths which nobody can deny.' This description of America given by her sad and angry friend resembles one of those relentless portraits which are made by rustic photographers. The unmitigated sunlight does its worst through an unadjusted lens; and the result is a picture which is fearfully and wonderfully made. 'It looks like her,' you say, 'it looks horribly like her. But, thank God, I never saw her look just like that.'" And then Dr. van Dyke re-

marks upon the vast number of noble lives that are freely consecrated to the service of ideals and to promote man's religious, moral, intellectual, social, and physical welfare, and says that in America there is no lack of men and women ready and willing to undertake such a life of slightly paid service. And then this illustrative incident: "I was talking to a young man and woman the other day, both thoroughbred Americans, who had resolved to enter upon the adventure of matrimony together. The question was whether he should accept an opening in business with a fair outlook for making a fortune, or take a position as teacher in a school with a possible chance at best of earning a comfortable living. They asked my advice. I put the alternative as clearly as I could. On the one hand, a lot of money for doing work that was perfectly honest, but not at all congenial. On the other hand, small pay in the beginning, and no chance of ever receiving more than a modest competence for doing work that was rather hard but entirely congenial. They did not hesitate a moment. 'We shall get more out of life,' they said with one accord, 'if our work makes us happy, than if we get big pay for doing what we do not love to do.' They were not exceptional. They were typical of the best young Americans. The noteworthy thing is that both of them took for granted the necessity of *doing something* as long as they lived. The notion of a state of idleness, either as a right or as a reward, never entered their blessed young minds." Dr. van Dyke tells the Parisians that the place to see an American crowd in its most extraordinary aspect is a political convention for the nomination of a candidate for the Presidency of the United States. Here is his description: "The streets swarming with people, all hurrying in one direction, talking loudly, laughing, cheering; the vast, barnlike hall draped with red, white, and blue bunting, and packed with twelve thousand of the two hundred thousand folks who have tried to get into it; the thousand delegates sitting together in solid cohorts according to the States which they represent, each cohort ready to shout and cheer and vote as one man for its 'favorite son'; the officers on the far-away platform, Lilliputian figures facing, directing, dominating this Brobdiagnagian mass of humanity; the buzzing of the audience in the intervals of business; the alternate waves of excitement and uneasiness that sweep over it; the long speeches, the dull speeches, the fiery speeches, the outbreaks of laughter and applause, the coming and going of messengers, the waving of flags and banners—what does it all mean? What reason or order is there in it? What motives guide and control this big, good-natured crowd? Wait. You are at the Republican Convention in Chicago. The leadership of Mr. Roosevelt in the party is really the point in dispute, though not a word has been said about it. A lean, clean-cut, incisive man is speaking, the chairman of the convention. Presently he shoots out a sentence referring to 'the best abused and the most popular man in America.' As if it were a signal given by a gun, that phrase lets loose a storm, a tempest of applause for Roosevelt—cheers, yells, bursts of song, the blowing of brass bands, the roaring of megaphones, the waving of flags; more cheers like volleys of musketry; a hurricane of vocal enthusiasm, dying down for a moment to break out in a new place, redoubling

itself in vigor as if it had just begun, shaking the rafters and making the bunting flutter in the wind. For forty-seven minutes by the clock that American crowd pours out its concerted enthusiasm, and makes a new 'record' for the length of a political demonstration." Our Paris lecturer concedes that sometimes when we read the "yellow journals" with their flaming exposures of social immorality, commercial dishonesty, political corruption, and unpunished homicides we are tempted to discouragement. Yet he says that a steady look into the real life of the typical American home and the normal American community perceives that the black spots are on the surface and not in the country's heart; for the "heart of the people at large is still old-fashioned in its adherence to the idea that every man is responsible to a higher moral and spiritual power—that duty is more than pleasure; that life cannot be translated in terms of the five senses, and that the attempt to do so lowers and degrades the man who makes it; that religion alone can give an adequate interpretation of life, and that morality alone can make it worthy of respect and admiration. This is the characteristic American way of looking at the complicated and interesting business of living which we men and women have upon our hands. It is rather a sober and intense view. It is not always free from prejudice, from bigotry, from fanaticism, from superstition. It is open to invasion by strange and uncouth forms of religiosity. America has offered a fertile soil for the culture of new and queer religions. But on the whole—yes, in immensely the larger proportion—the old religion prevails, and a rather simple and primitive type of Christianity keeps its hold upon the hearts and minds of the majority. The consequence of this is (to quote again from Professor Münsterberg, lest you should think me a prejudiced reporter) that 'however many sins there are, the life of the people is intrinsically pure and devout.' 'The number of those who live above the general level of moral requirement is astonishingly large.'

Egoists. By JAMES HUNEKER. 12mo, pp. 372. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Price, cloth, \$1.50, net.

MR. HUNEKER is well described as an enemy of dullness and a man of brains. His writings are helped to be vivid, brilliant, and intense by the human subjects he chooses—in this volume Baudelaire, Flaubert, Anatole France, Barrès, Huysmans, Nietzsche, Blake, Ibsen, and others of like ilk. The author calls it *A Book of Supermen*. *A Group of Abnormals* would seem to us a fitter title. We cannot accept these as supermen; they are erratic rather than superior, nervous freaks rather than consummate flowers of human development. If they fore-type what our race is to become, then this will be "a mad world, my masters," a revel of numerous and various fantastical insanities. The superman, of whom the figures in this book are given as forerunners, is to be, it seems, when he arrives, a gentleman whose superness will consist in being superior to all established rules and customs, contemptuous of conventionalities, entirely disembarassed of moral prejudices; not merely queer, uncanny, morbid, neurasthenic, but revolutionist, anarchistic, demoniac, the unrestrained expression of anti-social, dissolute, and world-wrecking individ-

ualism. We are of opinion that to all sane and normal people Mr. Huneker's *Egoists*, taken on his own definition and evaluation, will seem an unsound, unwholesome, sinister, and dangerous lot, a company of "undesirable citizens" for any community that values stability and security as conditions of human peace, comfort, and well-being. Some diagnosticians would classify them as perverts and degenerates. For a sample of gay, light, airy description of one of the "supermen," take haphazard this bit, which happens to be part of the author's picture of Anatole France: "An art, ironical, easy, fugitive, divinely untrammelled, divinely artificial, which, like a pure flame, blazes forth in an unclouded heaven . . . *la gaya scienza*; light feet; wit; fire; grace; the dance of the stars; the tremor of southern light; the smooth sea—these Nietzschean phrases might serve as an epigraph for the work of that apostle of innocence and experience, Anatole France." Really it takes a superman to appreciate and sympathetically describe these supermen; and, while Mr. Huneker makes a fair try at it, he is too near normal to succeed; the reader is aware of a sound-minded criticism cutting sharply along through the eulogies and sometimes drawing blood; and we notice that in the brief bit just quoted about Anatole France our essayist had to help himself out by borrowing some phrases from Superman Nietzsche. The *Egoists* will sometimes agree to play what Henley called "the sweet old farce of mutual admiration," though in general egoism is promotive of aversions and antipathies—electrolytic, solvent, and centrifugal. So far as life means organization, and society depends on agreement and regulation, egoism encouraged means presently the bursting of the fly wheel and life's machinery running wild to inevitable crash and smash. Mr. Huneker's epithets and criticisms never lack piquancy whether in his *Iconoclasts*, or his *Melomania*s, or his *Visionaries*, or his latest art essays, *Promenades of An Impressionist*, the motto of which is "Let us trot out our prejudices." His brilliant or pungent and salty phrases are always ready and often incisively apt. Thus Renan is "a cork soul"; Edmond de Goncourt "a sublime old gossip," Huysmans "the Schopenhauer of the cook-shops, a Hamlet doubting his digestion," Baudelaire "a poet of ideals, spleen, and music"; Stendhal, "an imposing, vulgar, and preposterous little pot-belly"; Ibsen, "a lofty thinker, moralist, and satirist." So far as this book aims to be critical it can hardly live up to Matthew Arnold's definition of the business of criticism as "simply to know the best that is known and thought in the world and, by making this known, to create a current of true and fresh ideas," for the best of knowledge and of thought is not found in Mr. Huneker's supermen. Nor, with such subjects, can our essayist let himself go under Swinburne's loose notion that the critic's sole legitimate opportunity is the indulgence of noble praise. Yet with what gusto he can write about a superman when his mood is more fervid than critical is illustrated in the following: "It was some time in the late spring or early summer of 1879. I was going through the *Chausée d'Antin* when a huge man, a terrific old man, passed me. His long, straggling, gray hair hung low. His red face was that of a soldier or a sheik, and was divided by drooping white mous-

taches. A trumpet was his voice, and he gesticulated freely to the friend who accompanied him. I did not look at him with any particular interest until some one behind me—if he be dead now, may he be eternally blest!—exclaimed, '*C'est Flaubert!*' Then I stared; for though I had not read Madame Bovary, I adored the verbal music of Salammbo, secretly believing, however, that it had been written by Melchior, one of the three Wise Kings who journeyed under the beckoning star of Bethlehem—how else account for its planturous Asiatic prose, for its evocations of a vanished past? But I knew the name of Flaubert, that magic collocation of letters, and I gazed at him. He returned my glance from prominent eyeballs, the color of the pupil of a bit of faded blue sky. He did not smile. He was too tender-hearted, despite his appreciation of the absurd. Besides, he knew. He too had been young and foolish. He too had worn a velvet coat and a comical cap, and had dreamed. I must have been a ridiculous spectacle. My hair was longer than my technique. I was studying Chopin or lunar rainbows then—I have forgotten which—and fancied that to be an artist one must dress like a cross between a brigand and a studio model. But I was happy. Perhaps Flaubert knew this, for he resisted the temptation to smile. And then he passed from my view. To be frank, I was not very much impressed, because earlier in the day I had seen Paul de Cassagnac, and that famous duelist was romantic-looking, which the old Colossus of Croisset was not. When I returned to the Batignolles I told the *concierge* of my day's outing. 'Ah!' he remarked. 'M. Flaubert! M. Paul de Cassagnac!—a great man, Monsieur P-paul!' He stuttered a little. Now I only remember 'M. Flaubert,' with his eyes like a bit of faded blue sky. Was it a dream? Was it Flaubert? Did some stranger cruelly deceive me? But I'll never relinquish the memory of my glorious mirage." Of Superman Stendhal we are told that a volume of witty and immoral maxims could be gathered from his writings. "I require three or four cubic feet of new ideas per day, as a steamboat requires coal," is supposed to be witty. What are these?—"Modesty is the virtue of the mediocre," "My country is wherever there are most people like me." We are told that "Stendhal first etched the soul of the new superman, an exalted young man and young woman, both immoralists, exceptional souls, who in real life might have been sent to prison." Stendhal disliked America because he hated democracy. He loathed the mass and despised the doctrine of equality. The only use of the French Revolution was to evolve one strong man—Napoleon. We read that when something happened that particularly pleased him, Stendhal "threw himself on his knees and passionately thanked the God in whom he did not believe"! His nonchalance is illustrated by the fact that being at Jena to witness the battle and see what war was like, he coolly asked, when the fighting was fiercest, "Is that all?" It is comforting to think that this particular superman did not do very much harm through literature, since we read that exactly seventeen copies of his book were sold in eleven years. Napoleon is called the superman of his day, one who bothered little with moral obligation; his smile was wicked, "the smile of the theater, in which one shows the teeth, but with eyes that

smile
acter
Hugo's
hal w
he kn
sound
part.
souls.
some
Hun
his b
love
outs
The
stra
ligh
"Th
per
his
evil
hes
eve
As
mo
Ba
fo
hl
w
th
b
s
n
t
c

smile not." Stendhal disliked "the ingrained Hebraism of English character and literature," and "the rhythmic illuminated thunder" of Victor Hugo's writings. Cynical and sensual, ironical and blasphemous, Stendhal was an atheist: "he left the soul out of his scheme of life; never did he knock at the gate of her dwelling place; spiritual overtones are not sounded in his work"—all of which comports into consistency, part with part. Finally he is called a "protean old faun," a "seductive spiller of souls." Is it improper to suggest that for such as he there should be in some world a penitentiary or reformatory? Even to glance through Mr. Huneker's gallery of a dozen supermen is impossible. But before we leave his book we hear Baudelaire speaking of Wagner's music with irony: "I love Wagner; but the music I prefer is that of a cat hung up by his tail outside a window, and trying to stick to the panes of glass with its claws. There is an odd grating on the glass which I find at the same time strange, irritating, and singularly harmonious." This superman so delighted in paradox that he might have written against Browning's lines, "The devil is in heaven. All's wrong with the world." Through sheer perversity he posed as a worshiper of the devil; but Huneker says that his litanies to Satan ring childish—he was a pretender and a hypocrite in evil—in his heart he was a believer. When he is in trouble we overhear him talking of prayer's dynamic force, and resolving to "make every morning my prayer to God, the reservoir of all force and all justice." As Paul Bourget said, "he saw God." Our essayist speaks of him as "the most sorrowful of sinners." Barbey d'Aureville had prophesied that Baudelaire would either blow out his brains or prostrate himself at the foot of the cross; and at last he brought the wreck of soul and body to his God. Such is the sort of stuff which these essays contain. We cease with the record of what is called Huysmans's conversion. We read that the operation of divine grace in his case began with his writing of his book *A Rebours*, which is the history of a conversion, and that the explosion of grace in him, after years of unconscious mining, the definite illumination on some Damascus road, took place after his other book, *La Bas*; that, being temperamentally pessimistic, some of his sayings made his coreligionists question his sincerity. Nevertheless, "through the dreary mists of doubtings and black fog of unfaith the lamp of the church, a shining point, drew to it from his chilly ecstasies this hedonist. Like Taine, he craved some haven of refuge from the whirling wings of Wotan's ravens; and in the pale woven air he saw the cross of Christ." On the whole, a pitiable, bizarre, maleficent set are these abnormals; but this is a sparkling book.

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND TOPOGRAPHY

Ten Great and Good Men. By HENRY MONTAGU BUTLER, D.D., Master of Trinity College, Cambridge. 12mo, pp. 313. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. Price, cloth, \$1.50, net.

TEN Englishmen are here labeled by an Englishman as great and good. No one is likely to quarrel with his adjectives or his selections. He calls these lectures unpretentious sketches. He publishes them

because he thinks they may be of service to men or women who are called upon to make addresses, as examples of how, without deep research, the lives of great and good men may be made interesting, instructive, and uplifting subjects of discourse. The men he presents are Edmund Burke, the second William Pitt, George Canning, John Wesley, William Wilberforce, Lord Shaftesbury, John Bright, Charles George Gordon, Thomas Arnold, Thomas Erskine of Linlathen. Asking wherein lies the charm of Edmund Burke, our lecturer replies: "In this, that he touches the public life of man at so many points and with so much depth, dignity, and grandeur. If you wish to test a writer's greatness, note how he deals with the commonplaces of life. The psalmist shows this greatness when he says, 'The days of man are but as grass; for he flourisheth as a flower of the field.' Shakespeare shows it when he says,

"We are such stuff

As dreams are made on, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep."

Gray shows it when he writes, like a scroll on the tomb of human pride,

"The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour,
The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

And Burke shows this same note of greatness again and again when dealing with the commonplaces that he has made his own, the commonplaces of politics. What are some of these? I suggest the following: the nature and limits of liberty, the responsibilities of empire, the influence of tradition, 'the divinity which doth hedge' historical institutions, the true conception of a people, the meaning of political rights, of representation, of compromise, the value and the danger of party, the influence in politics both of morality and religion, the small part played by theory and speculation as compared with the large part played by custom and acquiescence? Those who study Burke will find that on such subjects, such commonplaces as we call them, he has said something, and said it well—said it in the grand style, with 'the large utterance of the early gods.' When Burke's constituents at Bristol were criticising his course in Parliament and asking him to explain, he replied to them, as an honest pastor might appeal to his flock for their forbearance, sympathy, and confidence, "Applaud us when we run; console us when we fall; cheer us when we recover; but let us pass on—for God's sake, let us pass on." Some of Burke's wise sayings survive as maxims: "By an eternal law Providence has decreed vexation to violence and poverty to rapine"; "I have no idea of a liberty unconnected with honesty and justice"; "Your ancestors did not sit down *alone* to the feast of Magna Charta"; "Great and acknowledged force is not impaired, either in effect or in opinion, by an unwillingness to exert itself"—which recalls Canning's kindred saying, "It is one thing to have a giant's strength, but it would be quite another thing to use it like a giant." Of course no selection from the great sayings of Edmund Burke can omit the loftily wise words of his appeal to England to

deal calmly, fairly, honorably, and magnanimously with the American colonies: "Magnanimity is not seldom the truest wisdom and a great empire and little minds go ill together. If we are conscious of our situation, and glow with zeal to fill our places as becomes our station and ourselves, we ought to auspicate all our public proceedings on America with the old warning of the church, *Sursum Corda*, Lift up your hearts! We ought to elevate our minds to the greatness of that trust to which the order of Providence has called us." In Burke's day as in our own the souls of good men were sorely tried by "the profane herd of vulgar and mechanical politicians; a sort of people who think that nothing exists but what is gross and material, and who, therefore, far from being qualified to be directors of the great movement of empire, are not fit to turn the smallest wheel in the machine." William Pitt when prime minister said a significant thing concerning Sir Arthur Wellesley (afterward Duke of Wellington): "I never met any military officer with whom it was so satisfactory to converse. *He states every difficulty before he undertakes any task or service, but none after he has undertaken it.*" To forecast cautiously—even hesitatingly, to take the measure of all obstacles, to count the cost fully beforehand—this is wisdom; and then, when the decision has been made and the enterprise has been entered upon, to signal "Full steam ahead," to drive on with ardor, force, and intrepidity as Wellington did at Waterloo, to plunge in with might and main, giving no place to doubt or hesitation—this also is wisdom. There was wisdom as well as wit in Canning's lively image when he cried, "Away with the cant of 'measures, not men'—the idle supposition that it is the harness, and not the horses, that draw the chariot along." Fourth in the list of Ten Great and Good Men presented by this Church of England clergyman is John Wesley, concerning whom this head of Trinity College, Cambridge, says at the outset of his lecture: "It may be said with literal truth that among all the men of light and leading living in England in the eighteenth century, not one—unless it be Lord Chatham, who secured the North American continent for the English race (instead of for the French)—not one has left so widespread or so deep an impression on mankind as John Wesley. . . . He has lain more than a century in his grave, but he still stirs the heart and molds the faith of many millions of Christians." Our lecturer names Wednesday, May 24, 1738, as the central date in Wesley's history. On that day, at the age of thirty-five, John Wesley entered on that life of unclouded faith which made possible his mighty career through fifty-three subsequent years. It was at a meeting in Aldersgate Street and while listening to the reading of Luther's Preface to Paul's letter to the Romans that something forever momentous and boundlessly influential happened in Wesley's soul. Then and there he felt his heart strangely warmed, and afterward wrote of it in his journal: "I felt I did trust in Christ and in him alone for salvation; and an assurance was given me that he had taken away my sins, even *mine*, and had saved me from the law of sin and death." And the difference he noted from that hour in his spiritual strivings was that, whereas, before, he was sometimes conquered, after that experience he "was always con-

queror." This College-master of Cambridge University says that by the empowering which came in that supreme hour, Wesley "rebuilt a crumbling church," "removed mountains of apparently hopeless impossibilities," and "gave, under God, peace to thousands upon thousands in life and in death." W. E. H. Lecky is a cool and critical secular historian, far from likely to overrate the significance of any religious event, yet he attaches such national importance to the pivotal moment in Wesley's life as to write: "It is scarcely an exaggeration to say that the scene which took place at that humble meeting in Aldergate Street forms an epoch in English history." This lecture, which was delivered more than once at Cambridge University by one of its chief officers, closes thus: "The work of Wesley still survives and still advances. . . . It is said that already the Methodists far outnumber every other Nonconformist body in England and every other religious body in the United States of America. But the eye which surveys the work of Wesley refuses to be bounded by the limits of earth. We are carried in thought backward and forward—backward to the vast multitudes who owe it under God to 'the spirit and power' of this man that they have lived lives unspotted from the world and then fallen asleep in Jesus; and forward to the day when the secrets of all hearts are disclosed, when the fire shall have tried every man's earthly work of what sort it is, and the word of promise is no longer a human hope but a divine event: 'They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that have turned many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever.'" The lecture on William Wilberforce illustrates the fact that no great and good work is ever carried to success except by resolute and patient persistence through many moments of doubt and discouragement. Wilberforce, feeling himself called of God to secure the suppression of the slave trade, fought twenty long years before his righteous efforts won. In 1796 he carried the measure through the House of Commons on the second reading by a majority of more than two to one; and his heart was glad at the prospect of victory close at hand. But when the time came for the third reading the bill was lost by the inexcusable absence of four of his supporters, whose votes would have carried it. Many a pastor knows exactly how Wilberforce felt, when under that cruel disappointment, defeated by heedlessness and indifference, he wrote: "Ten or twelve of our friends absent in the country or on pleasure; enough of them were at the opera to have carried it if they had been in their places in the House." But after seven more years of toll and conflict there came a night when this great lover of his fellow men laid his head on his pillow knowing that the diabolical slave trade was no more. A saying of the great Commoner, John Bright, is worth quoting: "Palaces, baronial castles, great halls, stately mansions do not make or house the nation. The nation in every country dwells in the cottage." No really strong man is made without some severity in his training. When Charles George Gordon was a young engineer in the Crimean war, he wrote: "For thirty-four days I have been twenty hours a day in the trenches." He was learning his trade in that stern school the curriculum of which is "cold, hunger, toil, and misery," which Na-

poleon said is the only process for making real soldiers. As wonderful a character as has lived in our day was "Chinese Gordon." When commanding the "Ever-Victorious Army" in China, his soldiers were bent on loot and plunder. He forbade it and added, "Any man who disobeys my orders shall be shot." The soldiers were angry and sent him word that unless they were allowed to do some looting, there would be trouble. Gordon summoned them to the barrack yard. They came growling and cursing. "Fall in," commanded Gordon. They refused. This was mutiny. "Give me the name of the ringleader—quick," cried he. "Out with it, or within an hour one man in every five of you shall be shot." They answered with a defiant yell. One ruffian yelled louder and fiercer than the others. Gordon spotted him as a leader, and instantly had him dragged from the ranks and shot. The men were cowed. The mutiny stopped then and there. Gordon was not a man to be trifled with. When he was set to govern, he did it with a strong hand. When his work in China was done this man went back to England and for six years was no more the soldier, the planner of forced marches, the leader of forlorn hopes, the queller of mutinies, the deliverer of China; but a shy, quiet gentleman, spending himself in acts of sympathy and love for the poor, the weak, the friendless, repeating often his favorite saying, "Love is the badge of Christian discipleship." He haunted the workhouse and the infirmary. When the poor were dying they sent for him rather than for a clergyman. He befriended sailor-boys and chimney-sweeps, and they chalked on the fence before his house, "God bless the Kernel; he's a jolly good feller." Here is one picture of him: "He would sit on a low form in a crowded Sunday school room, teaching a group of urchins, on a summer afternoon, in a temperature sufficient to parboil any except the thickest skins." Set it down as a fact that the bravest man alive was also the gentlest, the shyest, the most unselfish, and loving. So shy and modest was he that only once could he be induced to address the school. Then he opened his pocket Bible and read as his text, "Whosoever shall confess that Jesus is the Son of God, God dwelleth in him." God indwelling in every child of man because he is also a child of God—made in God's image—this was the central conviction of Gordon's religion. Queen Victoria got possession of the little Bible out of which Gordon read that passage to the Sunday school, and kept it in an enameled case, lying open at that text, with a bust of him on a pedestal beside it. An army officer who knew Gordon well said: "He was the nearest approach to the man Christ Jesus that I ever saw." In 1884 this gentle Christian was sent by the British Government to the Soudan to quiet the region and rescue beleaguered garri-sons. Departing, he wrote his sister: "I leave for the Soudan to-night. May God be glorified, and the people of the Soudan be blessed, and may I be as the dust under his feet." He did many mighty works in the Soudan, but in the end his force was outnumbered and surrounded in Khartoum. The English government was shamefully slow in sending troops to his help. Gordon was killed by the rebels and his head was stuck up in a tree as a target for stones. It is said that Gladstone was sleepless for several nights after learning that General Gordon had been

sacrificed by the neglectful tardiness of his government. Gladstone, or whoever else was most responsible for this tragedy, ought never to have had a night's rest after that. Kipling was not too harsh in what he then wrote about "England's awful way of doing business." To serve God, to serve man, and to neglect himself—these were the passions which ruled Charles George Gordon's life and death, "of whom the world was not worthy."

Western Women in Eastern Lands. By HELEN BARRETT MONTGOMERY. 12mo, pp. 286. New York: The Macmillan Company. Price, cloth, illustrated, 50 cents, net.

NOTHING equals a face. To the glancing eye the finest things in this book are faces; the delicate, exquisite face of Mrs. Doremus as frontispiece; the serious, sweet, ineffably lovely face of that divine woman, Dr. Eleanor Chestnut, who entered heaven through the martyr gate; the maternal benignity of Mrs. William Butler's countenance, looking ready to mother-comfort the woes of all the world. Such spiritually high-bred faces proclaim and present to men and angels the aristocracy in a kingdom that is supreme and everlasting. The light that men saw in the face of Jesus Christ shines in them. The stories that go with these faces fill this book and help to redeem and glorify human history. How incredible it seems that when Christian women began to form their missionary societies there were some old fossils who distrusted and discouraged the movement! Can it be true that one pastor gave as a reason for always attending the women's missionary prayer meetings that "There was no telling what those women might take to praying for if left alone"? For, you see, they might get the Lord on their side; and then what? Why, their work might go forging ahead of the men's work, which would be clearly out of order. Now, "the women that publish the tidings are a great host"; and in many lands an Ever Victorious Army, very different from the one which General Gordon commanded in China, is on its march of relief and rescue. The most inspiring spectacle on earth to-day is the missionary movement, and the most convincing apologetics grow on mission fields, glimpses of which are given by this book, which is the tenth volume in the series issued by the Central Committee on the United Study of Missions. This series, published yearly, has had a great circulation, the first volume, Miss Louise M. Hodgkins's *Via Christi*, having sold more than fifty thousand copies. These books were preceded by Mrs. J. T. Gracey's admirable volume, *Eminent Missionary Women*, which is quoted from in the book now before us. Such literature, scattered broadcast, is seedcorn for future harvests which will feed the manifold hungers of starving millions. A reminder of what schools and colleges have done for religion and missions is in the fact that Mary Lyon, founder of Mount Holyoke Seminary, during the six years of her principalship, saw not one graduate leave her school unconverted. Naturally enough, seventeen of her pupils became wives of foreign missionaries, as did thirty-six more in Mount Holyoke's early years, while literally hundreds married men who were carrying the gospel to Western frontiers. The Student Volunteer Missionary Movement is to-day not only a recruiting agency for the

missionary army, but the most powerful influence for spiritualizing the life of our schools and colleges. The mission field produces the most superb results in character, among both missionaries and native converts. Even Theodore Parker, though belonging to a non-missionary church, could not help seeing this, and said that if foreign missions had produced only one such character as Adoniram Judson they would have justified themselves as well worth while. And with like perception of greatness ex-President Harrison, listening to Lilavati Singh, at the Ecumenical Missionary Conference in New York, was moved to say that if he had given a million dollars to evangelize India, and if that wonderful woman were the only convert, he would feel that his money had been well expended. Such was the impression made on Benjamin Harrison by the winning sweetness, humility of spirit, breadth of vision, intellectual mastery, and practical sense of Lilavati Singh, who was one of Isabella Thoburn's trophies won for Christ out of the turbid abyss of woman's degradation and misery in India. Two of the advance guard of women missionaries in China were Beulah and Sarah Woolston, founders of our Girls' School at Foochow. It so happens that while we are writing this book notice, with Mrs. Gracey's book open on our desk at the story of the work of the Woolston Sisters, the morning paper brings notice of the death at Mount Holly, New Jersey, on June 11, of Miss Sarah H. Woolston, at the age of eighty, having survived her sister Beulah by twenty-four years. It was by the importunities of missionary women in China that an edict against foot-binding was secured from the throne. For ages the men of China had crippled their women to keep them from gadding about, maiming them with as little compunction as if they were animals, in harmony with the pagan notion, "Woman is a buffalo, man alone is human." Now ladies of the highest rank are setting an example by unbinding their own feet and are actively promoting the reform. And, what is more remarkable, fathers, husbands, and brothers are saying, "Take the bandage from the feet of our women, and the veils from the eyes of their understanding." The book we are noticing justly characterizes the woman's movement in missions as "a great league of pity and sisterhood of service." The swelling volume of its resources and its power brings to mind Ezekiel's vision, wherein the prophet saw a river flowing out from the sanctuary; first a trickle of bright drops, then a streamlet, then waters to the ankles, to the knees, waters to swim in that could not be passed over, a river gladdening wherever it flowed. Contemplating this, the book before us says that if we are to realize this vision, we need *two convictions* burned into our souls—the *world's need of Christ* and the *life-giving power of the Divine Redeemer*. If our sense of the first is weak, the sorrowful and shameful story of woman without the gospel may arouse and strengthen it. If we are in doubt about Christ's power to destroy the works of the devil, to flood with light the dark corners of the earth that are full of cruelty, to make the desert blossom as the rose, to recreate and make all things new—if any question this, why, the story of the miracles continually wrought by Christ through the hands of our missionaries may put assurance in the place of doubt, enthusiasm in the

place of apathy, and activity in the place of indolence. And the stream of missionary effort will continue to swell, and "everything shall live whither the river cometh." This year marks the first half century of women's work for foreign missions. And these missionary women call for its celebration with a great thank offering, and ask the women of American churches to pour out their offerings at the feet of the Madonna's Son as a jubilee gift. And their motto is, "We can if we will: We can and we will." Such books as this, and the work it reports and incites to, make glad the Heart that broke on the point of the Roman soldier's spear.

MISCELLANEOUS

The Soul of Dominic Wildthorne. By JOSEPH HOCKING. 12mo, pp. 376. Cincinnati: Jennings & Graham. New York: Eaton & Maina. Price, cloth, \$1.50.

JUDGED by the number and aggregate sales of his books, Joseph Hocking is the most popular author in England. The story before us has had an enormous sale. A fair description of it is the following: "This book is a study of a condition which exists within the Anglican communion; and it is also an account of the growth of one true man's soul amid the trials and dangers of such a condition. The condition is that brought about by the endeavors of the so-called Catholic Party in the Church of England to undo all that the Reformation has accomplished and bring that church back to Rome. The study of the soul is the story of Dominic Wildthorne—the story of his adoption as an orphan boy into the Community of the Incarnation, a monastic order of Church of England priests who belong to the Catholic Party; of his growth to manhood trained only in the false doctrine of these self-deceived thinkers and living under their threefold vow of poverty, chastity, and obedience; of his entrance at last into the world of men and women, where his artificial tenets and doctrines fall flat in the face of everyday facts; of how love comes and the inheritance of a fortune; and how, finally, tortured and harassed by the doubts and fears of an expanding intellect, he is tempted to seek peace in the Church of Rome itself—but does not—and why!" If any one unfamiliar with the writings of Joseph Hocking (a Wesleyan Methodist) wishes to make acquaintance with them, this is a good book with which to begin.